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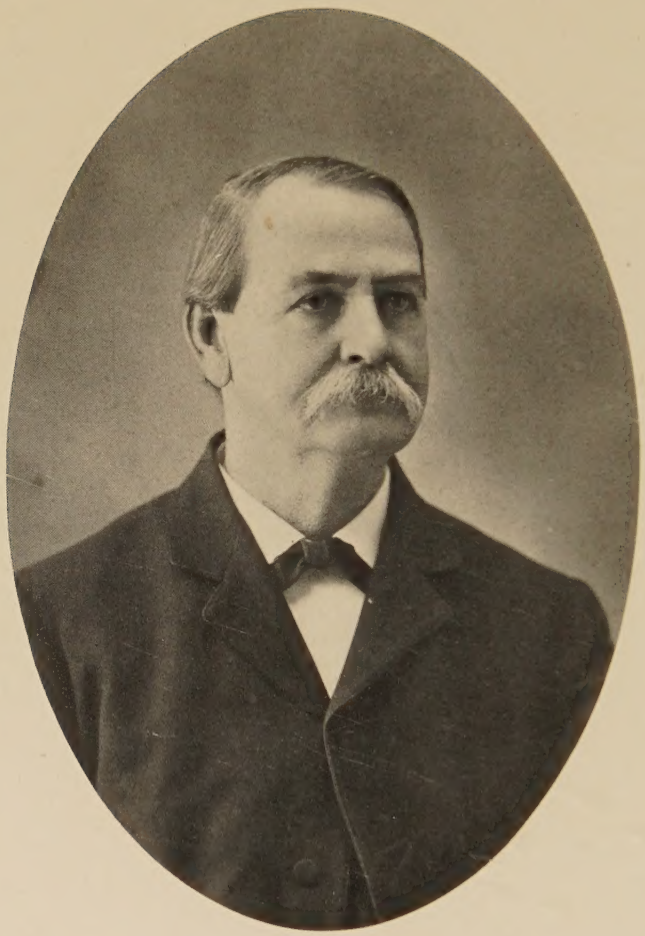

Daniel McDonald

A TWENTIETH CENTURY HISTORY

OF

MARSHALL COUNTY INDIANA

ILLUSTRATED

HON. DANIEL McDONALD
AUTHOR AND EDITOR

VOLUME I

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EDITOR'S INTRODUCTION.

When the writer entered into an agreement with the publishers of this work that he would write a History of Marshall County, he was fully aware of the herculean task that loomed up before him. He had had considerable experience along the lines of historic writing, and knew that to gather the data and compile and write such a history as would be satisfactory to the patrons of the work, and creditable to the writer and to the publishers as well, would be a laborious work not easy of accomplishment.

The writer was the author of the first history of Marshall county ever written, and for nearly thirty years was the editor of the Plymouth Democrat, during which time he gathered much data and wrote many articles on historical subjects, expecting at some future time to write another history of the county, greatly revised and improved. That time has come in the writing of the present history. The facts contained in the first history written by him in 1881 and in the sketches written for his paper from time to time, will be used in this work as occasion may require, as facts never change and history cannot be written without them.

The writer came to Marshall county with his parents in 1836, when a mere child; when the county was also in its infancy, and almost a wilderness, with few log cabins, no churches or schoolhouses and no public buildings; and as he has grown to manhood and age he has seen it developed from year to year, from a population of a few hundred to more than 25,000, with churches and schoolhouses on every hand, magnificent county buildings, five lines of railroads, telegraphs and telephones, and everything that can be desired to make life comfortable and enjoyable.

Time is swiftly passing away. Already three-quarters of a century has gone since the first white settlement was made, and the few now living who were here then must soon depart to "that undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveler returns." While they yet remain it is deemed advisable to obtain the facts within their knowledge and place them upon permanent record for the benefit of those who come after they are gone.

In the preparation of the matter for this work, the writer has not the remotest idea that perfection will be attained; on the contrary, he is absolutely certain it will not; therefore the reader must not expect it. His experience in gathering statistics from various sources has already convinced him that the correct data in all cases cannot be obtained. During the period of the organization of the county, and for many years afterwards the records, especially as to dates, are very unreliable. The files of the county papers have been found to be deficient in regard to the very things it was

desirable to know. Weeks and weeks would come and go, and either nothing worthy of note transpired, or the editor did not think it worth while to bother his head about such trivial matters as local news. If reference was made to anything of a local nature, it seems to have been stated in the briefest manner possible, without any regard whatever to details. The oldest inhabitant, too, cannot call to mind dates with any degree of certainty, and so, upon the whole, the sources from which information must be derived are not sufficiently numerous and reliable to enable the historian to insure the reader that he will in all cases demonstrate to a mathematical certainty every proposition that may be touched upon as the work progresses. When the work shall be completed, there will, undoubtedly, be found many omissions. Among the many scenes and incidents that go to make up the history of the county, it will be a miracle should nothing escape the historian's notice. Each reader will undoubtedly peruse the work with a view of finding something with which he was familiar, and, if he fails to find it, will probably make up his mind that the historian purposely omitted it. Unfavorable criticisms of this kind are expected, but the consciousness of knowing that every effort has been made to gather everything worthy of insertion shall stimulate the historian to bear up under these afflictions until the storm shall have passed.

In the beginning of this work it has been deemed advisable to incorporate in the first pages a brief sketch of the pre-historic age when the mastodon flourished in this part of the country, coming on down to the Mound Builders, and especially to give a complete and truthful history of the Pottawattomie Indians, the first owners and inhabitants of all this part of the country, who were here in peaceable possession of the lands when the first white settlers made their appearance in this county, which has never before been presented in consecutive order, and is now for the first time placed on permanent record in the present History of Marshall County.

Hoping that the arrangement of the matter found in the following pages will meet the approval of the people of Marshall county, for whom it is intended, the work, with all its imperfections, is respectfully submitted.

DANIEL McDONALD.

Plymouth, Indiana, 1908.

HISTORY OF MARSHALL COUNTY

I. PRE-HISTORIC AGE.

Indications of the beginning of the first animal life in the territory now composing Marshall county is found in the discovery of numerous bones of the mastodon. In June, 1874, Mr. Oscar L. Bland, while bathing in a pool in Deep creek, on the farm of his father, Alexander Bland, in the northeast corner of Walnut township, Marshall county, Ind., found a very large tooth, whose weight at that time, including the debris connected with it, was about eight pounds. Further search was made, and within a few feet another tooth, about the same size, was found. Further examination of the banks of the stream was made, and, some 200 feet farther up, several very fine specimens of the remains of what must have been a very large animal, were found. The "find" naturally created quite an excitement in the neighborhood, which extended all over the country, and many exaggerated descriptions of the relics and the supposed size of the animal were made by newspaper correspondents and others. In December, 1874, a correspondent of the Warsaw Northern Indianian had the following in relation to it:

"Mr. Alexander Bland has discovered on his farm near Bourbon a great number of large bones of an unknown animal, that, according to careful measurement, was certainly a huge old monster, the largest ever known. Several of the teeth are in a partial state of preservation and weigh over eight pounds each, and several of the ribs are almost like the ribs of a mammoth man-of-war ship in size, the other bones being proportionately large. One of the officers of the Academy of Sciences of Chicago came here to investigate the remains, and pronounced the animal to have been over sixty feet tall and of proportionate length! The bones are to be carefully collected and sent to the Academy Museum in the city, as of rare value to antiquarians."

Of course the above statement was exaggerated beyond all reason, as neither sacred nor profane history gives any account of any living thing one-fifth the height or length indicated. But it had the effect of calling the attention of the people to it, and hundreds visited the residence of Mr. Bland and made an examination of the relics and locality where they were found, and numerous letters were received making inquiry in regard to them.

The specimens found consisted of two teeth almost exactly alike, each weighing six pounds. They were eight inches long, seven inches high from point of root to upper surface, and four inches wide, and contained five

divisions or separate grinders. The preservation was perfect, both as to the teeth and the enamel. The enamel was composed of a mixture of black, white and brownish gray. The third tooth was four and a half inches long, three and a half inches wide, three inches high, the roots having been broken off. Its weight was about two pounds. There were four sections of the vertebræ, all in a perfect state of preservation. Their measurement was about thirteen inches across at bottom part, eight inches at upper part, two and a half inches thick, twelve inches from top to bottom, and weighed four and three-fourths pounds each. The section of the skull measured twenty-one inches in length by thirteen inches in width, was about one inch thick and had about 100 brain cells. It was a grayish color, having much the appearance of the first coat of plaster on a building. One tusk was found in a splendid state of preservation. Since it came in contact with the air, portions of it have dissolved and fallen off. It was about nine feet long and about twenty inches in circumference where it joined the head. A section of the shoulder blade was also found. It measured eight inches in thickness and fourteen inches in width, and weighed thirty-six pounds. The outer extremity had been broken off, so that it was impossible to say what its length originally was. Two ribs were also found, one of which measured two and three-fourths feet in length; the other, somewhat smaller. About 100 pieces of various sizes were found, a description of which is impossible. The place where they were found is low, marshy ground, on the east bank of Deep creek. All the specimens, except two of the teeth, were found in a wet place, where a branch had run into the creek, and about four feet under ground, near and under the roots of a beech tree four and a half feet in circumference. The earth under and surrounding the tree is made entirely of drift, and has undoubtedly accumulated and the tree has grown since the animal mired down and died. There is no doubt but the remains are those of a mastodon, probably about eleven feet high, seventeen feet long and about sixteen feet in circumference. They inhabited this country so long ago that the memory of man runneth not to the contrary—certainly long prior to the Christian era.

The geological position of the remains of the mastodon has long been and still is a subject of dispute among geologists; in a few instances they are said to have been found below the drift in the pliocene, and even in the miocene; but they have generally been obtained from the post-pliocene or alluvial formations, at a depth of from five to ten feet in lacustrine deposits, bogs and beds of infusorial earth. Some have thought that the mastodons became extinct since the advent of man upon the earth, like the dinornis and the dodo; according to Lyell, the period of their destruction, though geologically modern, must have been many thousand years ago. The same causes probably acted in their extinction as in the case of the fossil elephant—perhaps partly climatic changes, but more probably some great convulsion on the surface of the globe at an epoch anterior to man. According to Owen, the mastodons were elephants with molars less complex in structure and adapted for coarser vegetable food, ranging in time from the miocene to the upper pliocene, and in space throughout the tropical and temperate latitudes. The transition from the mastodon to the elephant type of dentition is very gradual.

The Mound Builders.

Since the days of the mastodon there are traces of the Mound Builders, who are supposed to antedate the American Indian. Several years ago the writer examined two mounds situated close together, located on what was called the "Burr Oak Flats," a short distance north from Maxinkuckee lake. Digging a considerable distance into them, nothing unusual was found. The tops of the mounds arose to a height of about six feet above the surface of the ground on which they were situated, which was a level country all about, showing plainly that the mounds had been built for some purpose by human hands, but as they were composed of solid earth with nothing in them to indicate the object of their building it is difficult to conjecture what they were for. A mile or so farther west from these mounds there was also quite a large mound which seemed from the digging that had been done in and about it to have been the subject of investigation. But in that, so far as is known, nothing that would indicate what it was built for has been discovered. On the west side of Maxinkuckee lake, on what is known as "Long Point," was in the early days quite a large sized mound, which many curious investigators had dug into from time to time.

Whether these mounds were the work of the Mound Builders or not is not known only as a matter of conjecture. They were here, however, long before the Indians came to this part of the country, as trees and shrubbery grew on some of them and were of considerable size when they came. These mounds were supposed to have been intended as burial places for the dead, as, in excavating in some of them, human bones were found as well as tools and implements of stone, pottery, iron and copper. In digging into the mound on Long Point, Lake Maxinkuckee, a quarter of a century ago, human bones were found, also charcoal, stone arrow points and other Indian trinkets, indicating beyond a doubt that it was the burial place of Mound Builders or of Indians of a later period who made use of it for that purpose.

The Buffalo.

When most of the Indians found their way here is not positively known —probably not until after the passage of the ordinance of 1787, establishing the Northwest Territory. At that time and prior thereto the face of the country was quite different from what it is at present. A great deal of country now covered with timber was then open prairie. A few miles west of this county was the beginning of a boundless prairie that extended westward to the Rocky mountains. Buffalo were numerous on the prairies of the Kankakee, and frequently many of them strayed over into this region, and occasionally still farther east. As they lived on wild grass they preferred a prairie country, and therefore their regular runways were on the prairies farther west.

A pioneer who settled in a very early day on Aubenaube's prairie, a short distance southwest of Maxinkuckee lake, said:

"When we came to this country we settled on the prairie. There were the remains of beaver dams from a hundred yards to almost a mile long, and one over that length at Beaver lake. There were also round holes in the prairie covered with grass, that the Indians said were once buffalo wallows. Deep paths were worn in the solid prairies, the Indians said were

made by the tramp of the buffalo. We found some remains of the heads and horns of buffalo, and the Indians then here said there were plenty of buffalo in their fathers' time many years before that."

A little paper published in the region of the Wabash seventy years ago contained an account of the killing of the last buffalo that was probably ever in this section of the country. The story was as follows: "A young Miami Indian, who had never seen a buffalo, was riding along on his pony one day at a point between where Huntington and Wabash now stand, when he noticed a huge animal, the like of which he had never seen before. At first he was inclined to be scared, but as the animal moved very slowly he took courage and fired at it with his gun, and after several shots succeeded in bringing it down. He looked in wonder and amazement, not knowing what it was, until he brought some other Indians, who pronounced it an old buffalo, in all probability the last of its kind in the state."

The presence of the buffalo in this region is further proved by adopting him as one of the emblems on the state seal. And that leads to the inquiry, does anybody know why this peculiar design for our state seal was adopted? A rampant and ridiculous buffalo, and tail and hoofs up, is kicking away at a hardy pioneer, who has stood for many weary years with an ax uplifted in front of a towering oak, which seems to have been left alone in its glory, the pioneer never making a cut, the scene illumined by the rays of the rising sun that still keeps hanging on the verge of the horizon! The picture is well known, but the history of its adoption as a part of the state seal is shrouded in mystery. It was used by the territorial officers, and as the limits of the territory comprised the present states of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin, and part of Minnesota east of the Mississippi river, the design is not so inappropriate as it would appear at first thought, as buffalo were very numerous at that time in the western portion of the territory.

The meaning of the hieroglyphics on the seal has been freely translated as follows: The scene represents the struggle for the possession of the territory. In the figure of the buffalo, we have the emblem of all the original inhabitants of the forest; the woodcutter is the type of that hardy race of pioneers who cleared the way for that civilization soon to burst in all its glory and splendor over the land, and which is fitly represented by the rising sun!

II. COMING OF THE POTTAWATTOMIE INDIANS.

The Indian Age.

In writing the history of Marshall county, it will be of interest to go back to the earliest ownership of the territory of which it is now composed, in order that those now living here, and those who may come hereafter, may be able to trace our genealogy from a state of savagery to our present state of advanced civilization. The territory now included within the boundaries of Indiana, Illinois and Michigan, of which Marshall county is an important factor, was in the early days of the history of America, owned and occupied by the Miami Indians, originally known

as the Twightwees. It was claimed by France from the time of the discovery of the mouth of the Mississippi river by LaSalle in 1682, to 1763, when it was relinquished to the government of England, and held by it until 1779, as a part of her colonial possessions in North America. The state of Virginia extended its jurisdiction over it until 1783, when it came by treaty of peace, and by deed of cession from Virginia the property of the United States. In 1787 an ordinance was passed by congress creating the territory northwest of the river Ohio, which embraced the territory above referred to.

At that time the territory now embraced in Marshall county was held by right of discovery and occupation by the Miami Indians, who permitted the Pottawattomie Indians, which were gradually gaining a foothold in this region, to occupy their lands and hunting grounds, until finally they were recognized as the owners of the territory occupied by them, being the country north of the Wabash river and south of Lake Michigan. After the United States came into possession of the territory through the ordinance of 1787, treaty making began and was kept up until all the lands were secured from the Indians, opened to entry, and the Indians removed to a reservation provided for them by the United States, an account of which will be given in another part of this work.

The Pottawattomie Indians.

Prior to the organization of Marshall county, which occurred in 1836, the territory was owned and occupied by the Pottawattomie tribe of Indians, and as they were the first inhabitants here, they are entitled to prominent mention in this connection. Up to 1834 the population was composed entirely of Pottawattomie Indians, of whom there were, as near as could be estimated, about 1,500, located in villages along the lakes and rivers in the county.

The Pottawattomie tribe of Indians belonged to the great Algonquin family, and were related by ties of consanguinity to the Ojibways, Chippewas and Ottawas. The first trace we have of them locates their territory in the Lake Superior region on the islands near the entrance to Green Bay, holding the country from the latter point to the head waters of the great lakes. They migrated southward and finally camped in this region, where they became later permanently located and were recognized as the rightful owners of the territory.

The name of this tribe is said by a writer on Indian lore to be a compound of Put-a-wa, signifying a blowing out or expansion of the cheeks as in blowing a fire; and "Me," a nation, which, being interpreted, means a nation of fire-blowers. The application seems to have originated in the facility with which they produced flame and set burning the ancient council fires of their forefathers beside the waters of the Green Bay country.

The Indians who resided in the territory of Marshall county prior to and at the time the white people began to come, lived in villages of which there were several scattered over the southern half of the county.

Menominee Village.

Four or five miles to the southwest of Plymouth, just north of the Twin lakes, was the Me-no-mi-nee village, containing near one hundred

wigwams, cabins, and tepees, scattered promiscuously over several acres of ground. Around and among the wigwams were partly cleared cornfields, from which the Indians raised considerable inferior corn. The village was the largest and most important of those within the county. Here was erected a church, or chapel, as it was called, by the missionaries sent out by the French Catholics to christianize the Indians. Through the influence of these missionaries the larger proportion of the Pottawattomies had embraced this form of religion, and knowing no other, were attentive and sincere worshipers at the altar of that church. This chapel was said to have been erected in 1827, and stood on the north bank of the middle Twin lake, west of the Vandalia railroad about twenty rods. It was quite large for those days, and was considered a very comfortable building for the purposes for which it was intended. It was built of hewed logs and covered with clapboards, its dimensions being about thirty by forty feet, with doors and windows and a room above the west end for the missionary priest to live in. Up to the time of the erection of this chapel the Indians had not known that there was such a day as Sunday, and in none of the villages had an attempt been made by any of the white people to cause it to be observed, for the reason, probably, that they, themselves, hardly knew when Sunday came, and were not, as a rule, very particular about its observance. As soon as it became generally known that on certain days there were gatherings of the people there, the different bands of Indians began to come from far and near, so that it was not long until large congregations assembled when the weather was pleasant, sufficiently numerous to fill the building to overflowing.

At first the services were a great mystery to them, and be it said to their credit, none of them were ever known to create any disturbance during the entire period services were held in that, the first place of worship in the county. The Indians knew nothing about creeds or doctrine: They had a vague idea that there was a Great Spirit that ruled and controlled all things, and that at death the spirit of the Indian was simply translated by some mysterious process from this mundane sphere to a similar, but happier, hunting ground in a far distant country, he knew not where, and that was about the extent of their knowledge on that subject.

Services were held in this chapel until the Indians were driven away in 1838, when it was closed, and never afterwards used for that purpose. It was an object of curiosity for those who passed that way for many years later, but it finally went to rack, was torn down, and no traces of it now remain.

Nees-wau-gee Village.

Next to the Me-no-mi-nee village in importance was the Nees-wau-gee and Quash-qua village on the eastern shore of Lake Maxinkuckee, immediately across the road from the present residence of Peter Spangler. All along that bank about 1835-36, when the white settlers began to arrive, there was quite a settlement of Indians, mainly under the supervision of Nees-wau-gee. Quash-qua also had some authority over the band, but delegated it mostly to his brother chief, Nees-wau-gee, who ruled his people with mildness, moderation and decorum.

This was a charming spot, and the Indians who occupied it had the

most delightful place to live this side of the land of Paradise. Fishing and hunting could not have been better; there was an abundance of pure spring water; and all sorts of berries, and wild fruits in abundance in their season grew in the forests near by. Trails led in every direction to other villages in the region for many miles round about, so that the villagers could visit back and forth whenever they felt inclined to do so. Off to the northwest, west and southwest over the lake was presented a picture unexcelled for beauty and grandeur anywhere in this part of the country. It was indeed

> "A scene for a painter,
> A gleaming and glorified lake,
> With its framing of forest and prairie,
> And its etchings of thicket and brake,
> With its grandeur and boldness of headland,
> Where the oaks and the tamaracs grow,
> A league with the sunlight of heaven,
> And the spirit-like shadows below."

A Dead Indian Chief.

Among the very first things the writer of this remembers was going to this village, or near it, to see the temporary burial place of an Indian chief. That region of country was at that time an unbroken wilderness. The Indian had been killed in a fracas with one of his tribe, and before burying him permanently his relatives and associates had fixed him up in his finest clothing, with a headdress gaily ornamented with colored feathers, and his face painted yellow, red and black. He was placed against a large tree in a sitting posture, and around him was built a large pen made of poles, the space between the poles being sufficiently wide to permit a perfect view of the "good Indian" therein! A great many trinkets of various kinds were placed around him, and he sat there, grim and ghastly, tomahawk in hand, as if waiting the approach of an expected enemy!

The Good Nees-wau-gee.

This good old Indian chief, Nees-wau-gee, was the friend of all the early white settlers, and, while he remained, frequently visited and became much attached to many of them. He took a fancy to, and formed a warm attachment for a sprightly young man of the neighborhood, just then in his teens, but long since passed over into the "happy hunting grounds." The old chief had a charming daughter about the age of the young man, and from his actions it was clear that he would not have objected to a match between them. He took the young man with him on one occasion, introduced him to his daughter, and had his French cook prepare an extra meal in his honor. The table was furnished with dishes made of silver worth many hundred dollars, and the bill of fare was elaborate and delicious. The young man was seated by the side of the charming young squaw, and after saying grace in his peculiar way, the chief, turning to his visitor, said, laughingly: "Maybe so you want a wife?" About that time there was a good deal of blushing, and "hemming and hawing," and it is quite probable, if there had been a hole down through the floor of the cabin sufficiently large, the young man would have suddenly crawled out and run home for dear life! At that time he was inexperienced in the mysteries of courtship

(something which, however, he learned later on), and knowing little about Indian customs, he did not know but the old chief had inveigled him into his tent under the guise of friendship for the purpose of compelling him to marry his daughter, nolens volens. But other topics of conversation were introduced, and the subject dropped, much to the relief of the blushing young couple. When the young man was ready to return home the chief presented him with two sacks containing saddles of venison, squirrels, pheasants, ducks and fish, as an evidence of good will; and as he mounted his horse, the entire family assembled to bid him goodbye. About a year from that time the good old chief disposed of his reservation to the government, and with his little band started west to the reservation provided for them.

Nees-wau-gee was a quiet, peaceable chief, and made friends with all the white settlers in all the region round about. When the time came to leave he determined to go peaceably, as he had agreed he would. The day before he started he sent word to all the white settlers to come to his village as he wished to bid them farewell. A large number assembled and through an interpreter he said substantially:

"My White Brethren: I have called you here to bid you farewell. Myself and my band start at sunrise tomorrow morning to remove to an unknown country the government of the United States has provided for us west of the Missouri river. I have sold my lands to the government and we agreed to leave within two years. That time is about to expire and according to the agreement we have made we must leave you and the scenes near and dear to all of us. The government has treated us fairly, and it is our duty to live up to that contract by doing as we agreed, and so we must go. The white settlers here have been good and kind to us, and in leaving them it seems like severing the ties of our own kindred and friends. We go away and may never return, but wherever we may be—wherever our lot in life may be cast we shall always remember you with sincere respect and esteem."

The old chief was visibly affected, and tears were seen to flow from his eyes. All the people present took him by the hand and bade him a final adieu as well as most of the members of his band. Early the next morning, with their personal effects packed on their ponies, they marched away in single file, following the Indian trail along the east shore to the south end of Maxinkuckee lake, thence southwest to Kewanna, where they joined the other bands and immediately proceeded on their long and wearisome journey.

On the bluff on the east side of the lake, and south of the Nees-wau-gee village, was an old Indian village or camping ground, and one of the most delightful of the numerous places of that kind around that beautiful sheet of water. Walking over the plowed ground near there a number of years ago, in a short time a dozen or more stone or flint arrow points, some of them very fine, were picked up by the writer. At another time he picked up a fish line sinker smoothly wrought out of stone, with a crease or groove around one end for fastening the sinker to the fish line. It was one of a kind described and illustrated in the Smithsonian collection at Washington, and, of course, is quite rare, as but few were made, and even of these, many were lost, and still fewer found. It is somewhat remarkable that, notwithstanding our advanced civilization, the modern fish sinker is patterned exactly after those stone sinkers of long ago.

Village at Wolf Creek.

There was a village which had been abandoned when the whites began to settle here just north of Wolf creek, where also once stood a primitive saw and grist mill. This territory was originally in possession of the Fox Indians and another friendly tribe. The Pottawattomies, when they found their way here, claimed the right of possession, and as a natural consequence a feud sprang up between them, resulting in many hard fought battles before the Pottawattomies got possession. The last of these battles, according to tradition, was fought on the site of this village. This open space in the wilderness was, prior to the settlement of that part of the county by the whites, occupied by a few families of the Pottawattomies. In 1836-40 this place was dotted over with small rises of ground, indicating the former cultivation of maize or Indian corn. It had been unoccupied, however, for some time prior to 1836. Still, small stalks of corn continued to grow each spring and summer for several years after; Indian ponies running wild through the woods were occasionally seen; war implements, bows and arrows, tomahawks, beads and rings, and various trinkets common to the Indian were found in abundance and even to this day an occasional arrow point or other Indian implement is picked up.

Ben-ak Village on the Tippecanoe.

There was an Indian village on the north bank of the Tippecanoe river, about six miles south of the present town of Bourbon, known as the Ben-ak village, as it was located on the landed reservation of the distinguished chief Ben-ak, and presided over by him and the elder Pe-ash-way. Ben-ak had other reservations over in Kosciusko county, and spent most of his time in that region and in traveling about from place to place, until he disposed of his lands, when he disappeared, probably going west with the other members of his tribe.

Au-be-nau-be Village.

There was also what was called Au-be-nau-be village, in Fulton county, on or near the southern line of Marshall county, and about two miles to the west of the Michigan road. It was on what was then known as Man-ke-kose's reserve, not far from the present town of Walnut. Au-be-nau-be presided as chief over several bands of Pottawattomies, in this and Fulton county, but made his permanent home at what was Au-be-nau-be village in Fulton county, a few miles south of Maxinkuckee lake. A large allotment of land was ceded to him and his band, which was called "Au-be-nau-be reserve." It extended half way up the east shore of Maxinkuckee lake, thence east a mile or so, and then south several miles into Fulton county.

Au-be-nau-be was a stout, robust, coarse featured, sullen specimen of his race, and when under the influence of liquor, which he nearly always was for a long time prior to his tragic death, was quarrelsome, vicious and unmanageable. One who knew him intimately said Au-be-nau-be was born in 1760, at the Portage between the headwaters of the Kankakee river and St. Joseph river, then called by the Indians "Lock-wock," the Indian name for portage, and was seventy-six years old at the time of his death.

Death of Au-be-nau-be.

Polygamy being allowed among the Indians at that time, Au-be-nau-be had provided himself with a number of wives, with not all of whom he lived in that peace and harmony that should characterize man and wife. In one of his drunken sprees he quarreled with one of his wives, and in a fit of anger killed her. A council of the chiefs of the different bands of the Pottawattomies was called, so the story goes, to deliberate as to what the punishment should be. The council, following an ancient custom, decided that the oldest son should be the avenger of the murder of his mother and slay his father. The sentence of death was pronounced and the son was given a certain number of moons to carry it into execution. The father had the right to defend himself, and if he could keep out of the way and escape the infliction of the penalty until the time had expired he was to be considered a free man. His son kept watch of him, and as he wanted the old man out of the way so he could succeed him as chief of the band, he was really in earnest in wanting to kill him. Finally the opportunity presented itself. One day the old man drank to excess and, sitting down in a chair in the Blodgett log shanty, went to sleep. His son having followed him, approached stealthily into his presence, pulled his tomahawk from his belt, and, with a terrific blow, thrust it into his head up to the handle. The blood spurted to the low ceiling above, and with a single groan and struggle, the great chief, Au-be-nau-be, fell over on the floor, dead! This was at the Blodgett log cabin, just over the county line in Fulton county.

The son, whose name was Pau-koo-shuck, succeeded his father as chief of the tribe, and the same year disposed of the lands belonging to the reservation by treaty to the government, and with his band, in September, 1838, was started for the reservation west of the Missouri river. According to the account of one who accompanied the Indians on that expedition Pau-koo-shuck, when near the Mississippi river, refused to go any further, finally escaped and returned to the old hunting grounds, where he remained hunting and fishing, drinking and carousing, until he died not a great while afterward.

After the death of Au-be-nau-be his remains were set up by a big tree and fenced in with poles, and supplied with pipes and tobacco and provisions sufficient to last him until he reached the happy hunting grounds "over there." The few white people in the neighborhood, however, did not approve of that manner of burial, and dug a hole in the ground and put him in it, covered him up and piled stone over him; and there he remained and his dust is probably there yet, but as the stones have all been taken away, and the ground composing the little mound that covered him has been plowed and cultivated, there is not now a trace of the spot where the old chief lay.

Anecdote of Au-be-nau-be.

The following anecdote is told of Au-be-nau-be in connection with the making of the treaty of 1832. President Jackson had appointed Gov. Jonathan Jennings a commissioner to negotiate a treaty with the Pottawattomie Indians of northern Indiana, his associates on the commission

being John W. Davis and Marks Crume. The meeting was held at the forks of the Wabash, where the city of Huntington now stands, October 26, 1832. One who was present tells the story of what happened there, as follows:

During the preliminary council, Dr. John W. Davis, who was a pompous, big-feeling man, said something that gave offense to Au-be-nau-be, one of the head chiefs of the Pottawattomies. Au-be-nau-be addressed Gov. Jennings, saying: "Does our great father intend to insult us by sending such men to treat with us? Why did he not send Gen. Cass and Tipton? You (pointing to Gov. Jennings) good man and know how to treat us. (Pointing to Crume)—He chipped beef for the squaws at Wabash;" meaning that Crume was the beef contractor at the treaty of 1826. Then, pointing to Dr. Davis, he said: "Big man and damn fool." The chief then spoke a few words to the Pottawattomies present, who gave one of their peculiar yells and left the council house, and could only be induced to return after several days, and then only through the great influence of Gov. Jennings. This was the treaty that set apart what is known as the Me-no-mi-nee reserve, consisting of twenty-two sections of land, extending from west of Plymouth to Twin lakes, where Me-no-mi-nee village was located and the old Indian chapel erected. The signing of this treaty was said to be the last official act of Jonathan Jennings, the first governor of Indiana. He was, probably, the most distinguished man in many ways who took an active part in the formation of the Indiana territory and later in the organization of the state in 1816. He had blue eyes, sandy hair and fair complexion. He died comparatively young, but he did as much for the well-being of Indiana as any man that ever lived. He died July 26, 1834, at Charlestown, Ind., surrounded by his family and friends, beloved by all.

Anthony Ni-go.

Among the many Indians that were here when the white people came and became distinguished in one way or another, and were well known to the early settlers, was Anthony Ni-go. He remained in the county until his death occurred in Plymouth in 1878. He was born somewhere in the territory of Kosciusko county in the year 1805, and moved into the territory of Marshall county in 1828, locating near Ben-ak village in the region of where Tippecanoe town now is. His head was not clear as to numbers, but he said there was "heap Indian here then." His father was of the Pottawattomie tribe, and his mother of the Miami tribe. He claimed to have belonged to the Miami tribe in accordance with an Indian custom of designating the tribe the papooses should belong to from the mother's side of the house.

He said he was married at the chapel at Me-no-mi-nee village in the year 1828, in accordance with the rites of the Catholic church by a missionary then in charge. His wife's name was Ash-nic, in plain English, Angeline. She was what is now known as a half-breed, one of her parents being French and the other Indian. It was also in this chapel, at that time, that he was baptised into the Catholic faith by a missionary sent there to look after the spiritual welfare of the Indians. For forty years he had

kept the faith, and at the time of his death he was a devout worshiper at the altar of the Catholic church in Plymouth.

Killing of Marshall.

An Indian by the name of Marshall, a large, burly fellow, and generally intoxicated, visited the residence of Ni-go when he resided north of Bourbon in an early day, and attempted to take improper liberties with Mrs. Ni-go. For her protection, and in self-defense, Ni-go took his gun down from over the door and shot the brute dead in his tracks. An inquest was held and a verdict rendered that the killing was done in self-defense. Notwithstanding Ni-go believed himself justifiable in permanently putting Marshall out of the way, yet he always regretted the necessity that compelled him to do it.

When the Indians were removed in 1838, Ni-go was taken along with the Pottawattomies that were gathered up around the various localities in the county and taken to Me-no-mi-nee village to be removed with the caravan then ready to start. Ni-go obtained an interview with Gen. Tipton, the removing agent, and informed him that he was a Miami Indian, and did not come under the provisions of the treaty made with the Pottawattomies. Gen. Tipton told him that was true, but under the excitement and bad feeling then existing among the Pottawattomies it would not be safe for him to leave then, as they could not see why he should be released, and serious trouble might result from his departure at that time, and advised him to go with the caravan the first day of the journey, and after they had camped for the night and all had gone to sleep to come to his headquarters and he would tell him what to do. That night they camped at a place called Chipe-way, on the banks of the Tippecanoe river, Gen. Tipton's headquarters being a deserted log cabin. Along about midnight Ni-go stealthily found his way to Gen. Tipton's lodge. He was told to go up a ladder in the corner of the room into the garret above and remain there next morning until the caravan had moved away and was out of sight. He did so. It was ten o'clock in the morning before he ventured to leave the cabin. Upon looking around he found that he was all alone, his brother redskins having all departed on their long journey. He still had friends here, and not far away, of his own tribe, and not wishing to leave the scenes of his early life among the red men of the forest, he bade farewell to his red brothers, turned his face homeward, and, having secured and settled on a piece of land suited to his ideas of civilization, he became a peaceable citizen and had been an exemplary and law-abiding resident of the county to the day of his death.

Historical Sketch of Me-no-mi-nee.

The Pottawattomie Indian chief who was the central figure in the disturbances that led to the raising of troops and the removal of the Indians by force from Twin lakes September 4, 1838, was personally known to many of the original settlers of Marshall county, nearly all of whom, however, have long since passed away. In his history of Indian affairs, Rev. Isaac McCoy, a Baptist missionary, and the founder of Cary mission on the St. Joseph river, a short distance west of Niles, Michigan, thus speaks of Me-

no-mi-nee, for whom the Menominee village was named. Writing from Fort Wayne, about 1821, he said.

"I had been informed by an Indian trader that on the Illinois river, some hundred miles from Fort Wayne, there was a company of religious Pu-ta-wat-o-mies, at the head of whom was one who was a kind of preacher, whose name was Me-no-mi-nee. As this man exhorted his followers to abstain from ardent spirits and many other vices and to practice many good morals, and as a part of their religious services consisted in praying, I was induced to hope that their minds were somewhat prepared to receive religious

Pottawattomie Indian Chief, Me-no-mi-nee.

instruction. My circumstances were such that I could not visit them at that time, but I wrote the leader a letter to come to Fort Wayne to see me, which he did about April 1, 1821. He professed to have been called some few years previously by the Great Spirit to preach to the Indians that they should forsake their evil practices, among which he enumerated the vices of drunkenness, theft, murder, and many other wicked practices. He had a few followers, the number of which was increasing. Menominee appeared to be more meek and more ready to receive instruction than could have been expected from a wild man who had arrogated to himself claims to be a leader, not only in temporal, but also in spiritual things. At his particular

request, I gave him a writing in which I stated that he had been several days with me, that I had heard him preach and pray, and had conversed much with him; that I hoped his instructions would do his people good, and therefore requested all to treat him with kindness. 'Now,' said he, 'I will go home and preach to my people all my life. I will tell them that my father says I tell the truth.' "

In June following, Rev. Mr. McCoy visited Menominee at his village near Twin lakes, in what is now Marshall county. It was then unorganized territory. Of that visit he said:

"As we approached the village, Menominee and others met us with all the signs of joy and gladness which could have been expressed by those poor creatures. Menominee immediately cried aloud to his people, all of whom (1821) lived in four little bark huts, informing them that their father had arrived. I was no sooner seated by their invitation than men, women and children came around and gave me their hand—even infants were brought that I might take them by the hand. A messenger was immediately dispatched to a neighboring village to announce my arrival. In his absence Menominee inquired if I had come to reside among them. Receiving evasive answers, he expressed great concern. He said the principal chief of their party, and all the people of the villages, with few exceptions, desired me to come. He showed me a place which he had selected for me to build a house upon. The huts being exceedingly hot and unpleasant, I proposed taking a seat out of doors. The yard was immediately swept and mats spread for me to either sit or lie upon. We were presently regaled with a bowl of boiled turtle's eggs; next came a kettle of sweetened water for us to drink. I was then shown a large turtle which had been taken in a pond, and asked if I were fond of it? Fearing that with their cooking I should not be able to eat it, I replied that I was very fond of corn and beans. This I knew was already over the fire. It was placed before us in one large wooden bowl, and we ate it with wooden ladles. Menominee had two wives, each of whom presented me with a bark box of sugar containing about thirty pounds each.

"In a short time the principal chief, Pcheeko (Che-kose?) and every man and almost every woman and child in the village were at Menominee's, and all came and shook hands. On the arrival of Pcheeko we had resumed our station in the house, where I handed out my tobacco, and all smoked until the fumes and heat became almost insufferable, but mustered courage to remain, as I supposed it would be impolite to leave the room at that time."

Continuing his narrative, Rev. Mr. McCoy said:

"In compliance with an invitation from the principal chief, Pcheeko, we paid him a visit on the twelfth of June, 1821, accompanied by Menominee and several others. Pcheeko, to show his loyalty to the government, or rather as an expression of respect for me, had hoisted over his hut the American flag. A large kettle of hominy and venison was ready for us on our arrival. To my mess, besides some choice pieces, they added sugar With the help of my knife, a wooden ladle and a good appetite, I dispatched a reasonable meal, endeavoring at the same time to indulge in as few thoughts as possible about the cleanliness of the cooks. In private they intimated to my interpreter, Abraham, that they suspected me to be partial to Menominee. The lad replied that my mission was to them all. They said that they were glad to attend the preaching, for they were afraid that Menominee did not

know how to preach good. On this subject Abraham replied to them that my business was preaching, teaching school and instructing the Indians in mechanical trades and in architecture; that Menominee being a preacher received but little pay, and had but little to give away. I then informed them that I desired to address them solely on the subject of religion, and wished the women also to hear. They were called, but were ashamed to come into the house, it not being customary for women to mingle with men when in a council, from which they could not distinguish this assembly. The females generally seated themselves outside of the house near enough to hear. All listened attentively to the discourse, then retired about half an hour, which time the principal men employed in private conversation. When we reassembled they made the following reply:

" 'Our father, we are glad to see you and have you among us. We are convinced that you come among us from motives of charity. We believe that you know what to tell us, and that you tell us the truth. We are glad to hear that you are coming among us to live near us, and when you shall have arrived we will visit your house often and hear you speak of these good things.'

"The bowl of hominy was then passed around the company again; all smoked, shook hands and parted in friendship. On leaving, some of them gave their blessing. The benediction of one was as follows:

" 'May the Great Spirit preserve your energy and health and conduct you safely to your family, give success to your labors, and bring you back to us again.' "

Mr. McCoy remained two days. "During that time," he said, "Menominee delivered to his people a lecture. He had no ceremony, but commenced without even rising from his seat, and spoke with much energy."

Continuing, Mr. McCoy said: "A little after dark the company dispersed, and all shook hands with me as they had done in meeting. When we were alone, Menominee informed me that he had two wives. Some had said that if I had knowledge of this circumstance I would push him away from me. 'I tell you,' said he, 'that you may know it. It is a common custom among our people, and often the younger sister of a wife claims it as a privilege to become a second wife, that she, too, may have some one to provide meat for her. This is the case with regard to my two wives who are sisters. I did not know that it was wrong to take a second wife; but if you say it is wrong, I will put one of them away.' This I thought appeared like cutting off a hand or pulling out an eye, because it offended, and I therefore said I must think before I speak in regard to it.

"Menominee at one time showed me a square stick on which he had made a mark for every sermon that he had preached. I then showed him in my journal the lists of texts from which I had preached at different times, showing at the same time that what I had preached had been taken from such and such places in our good book. He immediately began counting his marks and mine in order to ascertain which of us had preached most frequently in the course of the year. Finding a considerable difference in my favor, he pleaded his inferiority. He must now see all my books and papers, hear me read, notwithstanding he could not understand a word. I attempted to write in my journal, but he kept so close to me that I had to

defer it. I retired into the bush to make some hasty notes with my pencil, but he followed and in a few minutes was seen gazing at me.

"The weather being exceedingly hot, and we being obliged to use water taken from a filthy pond, the flies exceedingly severe on our horses, and our situation in every respect being very unpleasant and unwholesome, Abraham, who was already sick, insisted on our leaving. He said: 'We stay here, I'm sure we die; our horses die, too. Me no want to die here.' Menominee called together all his people, of whom I took an affectionate leave after promising them that, if practicable, I would visit them again when the leaves began to fall. Menominee walked with us half a mile, begged a continuation of our friendship, declared that he would continue to please God and do right—and so we parted."

Concluding his remarks concerning Menominee, Rev. Mr. McCoy said:

"Among these tribes we rarely saw the men laboring in the field. The cultivation of the field was almost universally esteemed the business of the women. On our return trip we passed a small field in which a company of men were also laboring. Men, women and children came running to meet us at the fence, and gave me the parting hand. I did not see among them a particle of either bread or meat, excepting a few pigeons which they had killed with sticks; some deer might have been taken, but they were destitute of powder and lead, and had not anything with which to purchase these articles. Excepting roots and weeds, their only food at this time consisted of corn and dried beans, of which their stock was exceedingly small."

What Became of Menominee.

It may be a query in the minds of many, what finally became of the good preacher, Menominee. The twenty-two sections of land ceded to him and Pe-pin-a-wa, Na-ta-ka and Mak-a-taw-ma-aw were never transferred by Menominee to the government, and, were he living, whatever interest he then had would still be his. The other chiefs who shared with him in the ownership received $14,080 for their interest, but Menominee refused to sign the treaty, and never transferred his interest either by treaty or sale to the government or others. He was placed under military surveillance at the time of the removal and guarded by soldiers on the 900 miles march to the western reservation. He was at that time a man well along in years, and it is more than likely, as he was never heard of afterward, that he died of a broken heart.

Father Benjamin Marie Petit.

The Catholic missionary, Rev. Father Petit, who was in charge of the chapel at the time of the removal of the Indians from Twin lakes, was a remarkable character and performed a prominent part during that exciting period. He was born in France, and was about twenty-five years old at the time of his ministrations, which began probably in the summer of 1837 and ended in September, 1838, when the Indians were driven away. This ardent, youthful spirit evinced an intense enthusiasm from first to last in the work of his chosen field, and in an outburst of fervency he tells something of his feelings and ministrations. "How I love these children of mine," he exclaimed, "and what pleasure it is for me to find myself amongst them. There are now from one thousand to two thousand Christians.

Could you see the little children, when I enter a cabin, crowding around me and climbing on my knees—the father and mother making the sign of the cross in pious recollection, and then coming with a confiding smile on their faces to shake hands with me, you could not but love them as I do." Again he said: "When I am traveling in the woods, if I perceive an Indian hut, or even an abandoned encampment, I find my heart beat with joy. If I discover any Indians on my road, all my fatigue is forgotten, and when their smiles greet me at a distance I feel as if I were in the midst of my own family." This was at Twin lakes, six miles southwest of Plymouth, then known as "Chi-chi-pe Ou-te-pe."

Of the chapel exercises he gave the following interesting account:

"At sunrise the first peal was rung; then you might see the savages moving along the paths of the forest and the borders of the lakes; when they were assembled the second peal was rung. The catechist then, in an animated manner, gave the substance of the sermon preached the evening before; a chapter of the catechism was read, and morning prayers were recited. I then said mass, the congregation singing hymns the while; after which I preached, my sermon being translated as I proceeded by a respectable French lady seventy-two years old, who has devoted herself to the missions in the capacity of interpreter. The sermon was followed by a pater and ave, after which the congregation sang a hymn to Our Lady, and quietly dispersed. The next thing was confession, which lasted till evening, and sometimes was resumed after supper. At sunset the natives again assembled for catechism, followed by an exhortation and evening prayers, which finished with a hymn to Our Lady. I then gave them my benediction —the benediction of poor Benjamin. Many practice frequent communion. In the first three weeks of my pastorate I baptized eighteen adults and blessed nine marriages."

All agree in saying that an indefatigable and burning zeal never was seen under more amiable and graceful form than in Rev. Father Petit. He had literally become a sort of idol among his beloved savages, whose frankness and childlike simplicity delighted him. In 1838 he wrote as follows: "Here I am in my Indian church of Chi-chi-pe Ou-ti-pe (Chapel at Twin lakes). How I love my children and delight in being among them." Speaking of the Indian chapel at Twin lakes, he said: "Now my cherished place of residence is in my Indian village (Menominee village); here I have a grand habitation, built of entire logs, placed one above the other; in more than one place we can see daylight through the walls. My fireplace is large enough to contain a quarter of a cord of wood. I have no carpet and the boards of my floor are so slightly fastened that they yield to the pressure of the foot like the keys of the piano to the musician's fingers."

Just before the removal of the Indians, while preparations were being made for that sad event, he wrote:

"One morning I said mass, and immediately afterward we began removing all the oranments from my dear little church. At the moment of my departure I assembled all my children to speak to them for the last time. I wept and my auditors sobbed aloud; it was indeed a heart-rending sight, and over our dying mission we prayed for the success of those they would establish in their new hunting grounds. We then with one accord sang,

'O, Virgin, we place our confidence in Thee.' It was often interrupted by sobs, and but few voices were able to finish it. I then left them."

Bishop Bruté, of Vincennes, visited Menominee village in 1836 and described the village and the chapel as follows:

"A large number of the Indian huts are built around the chapel, which is constructed of logs with the bark on, with a cross erected behind and rising above it, and filled with rudely made benches. The Indians begin and end their work without hammer, saw or nails, the ax being their only implement, and bits of skin or bark serving to fasten the pieces together. The room of the missionary is over the chapel, the floor of the one forming the ceiling of the other. A ladder in the corner leads to it, and his furniture consists, as did that of the prophets, of a table and chair and a bed, or rather a hammock swung on ropes. Around the room are his books and the trunks which contain the articles used in his chapel as well as his own apparel. He spends his life with his good people, sharing their corn and meat, with water as his drink, as all Catholic Indians are forbidden to touch that which is the bane of their race, and he would encourage them with his example."

Recollections of Rev. Warren Taylor.

Rev. Warren Taylor was one of the early pioneers, having settled here about the time of the organization of the county in 1836. He was an itinerant Wesleyan Methodist preacher, and divided his time between farming, preaching and writing his recollections of early times. He wrote with great care, from personal knowledge so far as was possible, and in his sketch of the Pottawattomie Indians in this part of the country it will be observed that where he does not know, he says "probably," or "it is said," or "it is reported," etc. His paper on this subject is as follows:

When the first white settlers came to Marshall county they found within its bounds a somewhat numerous branch of the Pottawattomie tribe of Indians. These Indians were divided into bands, the most or all of which by the treaty of 1832 obtained reserves. The largest of these reserves were those of Aub-be-naub-bee and Me-no-mi-nee. The first was situated west of the Michigan road, and in the southern part of the county, extending perhaps into the county of Fulton.

Me-no-mi-nee reserve embraced a region of country southwest of Plymouth, its northeastern corner being near the western border of the town. These two reserves contained twenty or thirty sections each. The reserves of Ben-ack, Nis-wau-gee and Quash-qua were much smaller, each of them containing two or three sections. The two latter lay on the east side of Maxinkuckee lake; the former was situated on the Tippecanoe river in the southeastern part of the county.

The Indian bands above mentioned while living in this region had several villages. The Aub-be-nau-bee village was on or near the southern line of the county, and about two miles west of the Michigan road. From three to four miles to the southwest of Plymouth in the neighborhood of the Twin lakes was a settlement of the Me-no-mi-nee band which contained near 100 wigwams. Around and among the wigwams were partly cleared fields from which the Indians raised considerable quantities of corn. This settlement was partly on the north side of the Twin lakes, and extended over one or two sections. The Ben-ack village was near the Tippecanoe river and about five miles south of the town of Bourbon. There was also a village on the Roberts prairie four miles southeast of Plymouth, and one at the Taber farm, about four miles south, on the Michigan road, which was called Pash-po, from its principal chief.

The Pottawattomies were formerly a powerful tribe, inhabiting the northern part of Indiana, the southern part of Michigan, and the northeastern part of Illinois. In the early history of Indiana they were said to be for several years hostile to whites. It is said that a detachment of the Pottawattomies were on the way to oppose Harrison when that general approached the Prophet's town near the mouth of the Tippecanoe

river. But before they could reach the scene of action the battle of Tippecanoe had been fought, and the Prophet's warriors had been defeated. It is reported, too, that, after the battle, the Indians retreated to a spot a few miles to the west or southwest of the present village of Marmont (now Culver) in Union township, which was so surrounded with marshes as to be almost inaccessible. During the last war with Great Britain the Pottawattomies were probably engaged with Tecumseh against the United States. In 1812 a detachment of the United States army marched from Fort Wayne and destroyed a large Pottawattomie village on the Elkhart river. Soon after the death of Tecumseh peace was declared with the Pottawattomies, the Miamis, and some other tribes inhabiting the Northwest territory. In 1832 the infant settlements of La Porte, South Bend, and Niles strongly feared that the Pottawattomies, with whom they were surrounded, would espouse the cause of Black Hawk and wage, if possible, against the white settlers a war of extermination. These fears, however, appear to have been unfounded. These facts have been mentioned because they belong to the history of the Pottawattomies, and with a branch of this tribe the early history of Marshall county is intimately connected.

The great mass of the Pottawattomie nation had embraced the Catholic religion long, perhaps before, the settlement of northern Indiana by the whites. French missionaries had been among them and among many other tribes of the Mississippi valley. In some of the villages in this region, the Sabbath was observed as a day of worship. Many of our old citizens can recollect the time when they attended Indian meetings at the chapel on the Menominee reserve. This chapel, which was of good size and built of hewed logs, occupied a beautiful site on the north bank of the Twin lakes. The Indians who attended these meetings generally formed large congregations, and their behavior during services was very exemplary. Generally these meetings were conducted by ministers of their own nation, but occasionally French clergymen were present and took the lead.

The demeanor of the Indians toward the white settlers was with few exceptions peaceable and friendly. A few of them had received an English education, and many of them were able to read books that had been translated into their language. In dress they had partly adopted the habits of the whites. Occasionally individuals would be seen dressed in fine broadcloth, which was made up in fashionable style. Such would, however, affix to their garments more or less of the fantastic ornaments which characterize the dress of an Indian.

It has been observed that the Pottawattomies in this region were generally peaceable in their demeanor. All, however, did not possess this spirit. (Mr. Taylor then relates the tragic end of Au-bee-nau-bee practically as recorded in another place in this history.—EDITOR.)

It has been observed that the Indians by the treaty of 1832 obtained within the county several reserves. Something like three years afterwards Col. A. C. Pepper, agent for the United States, held a council with the Indians for the purchase of the above mentioned reserves, which council was held, according to some, at the Pottawattomie mills, about one mile east of Rochester, and according to others on the Tippecanoe river, about two miles above the crossing of the Michigan road north of Rochester. The purchase was effected, but whether fairly or otherwise has been a matter of considerable dispute. Many of the Indians were extremely dissatisfied with the result of the treaty, maintaining that a few individuals had consented to the purchase; that the wishes of the great mass of the owners had not been consulted. By this treaty the Indians obtained a tract of land in the then territory of Kansas, and perhaps something besides in the shape of an annuity. The news of this purchase soon brought to these reserves many white settlers, who were called "squatters," as the lands were not then in market. The settlers would build a house and sometimes make a small improvement upon the quarter section which they wished to secure. This was considered as establishing their claim. During the years 1836 and 1837 the most of the Au-bee-nau-bee and Menominee reserves were in this way taken up. The Indians who still lived upon the grounds regarded these settlers as intruders. Disputes frequently took place between them, but none of them, it is believed, terminated seriously. About this time congress passed a preëmption law, which secured 160 acres at $1.25 per acre, to all actual settlers upon United States lands, if these lands were paid for within a specified time. The settlers of our reserves were included within the provisions of this act, and most of them succeeded in paying for their claims.

WARREN TAYLOR.

Those who may be interested in knowing all the facts in relation to this unfortunate affair are referred to the article in this work entitled "Removal of the Pottawattomie Indians from Northern Indiana"; and also to an article, "A Monument to the Pottawattomie Indians."

III. REMOVAL OF THE POTTAWATTOMIE INDIANS FROM NORTHERN INDIANA.

The first emigration of the Pottawattomie Indians from northern Indiana under the treaty stipulations made in 1836 that they would remove to the reservation west of the Missouri river within two years from the date of signing the treaty, took place in July, 1837. Under the direction of Abel C. Pepper, United States commissioner, the small bands of Ke-wa-na, Ne-bosh, Nas-wau-gee, and a few others, assembled at the village now known as Ke-wa-na, in Fulton county. They were placed in charge of a man by the name of George Proffit, who conducted them to their reservation. In this emigration there were about one hundred all told, all of whom went voluntarily.

Forcible Removal of Menominee and His Band.

On the 6th of August, 1838, the time stipulated in the several treaties for the Indians to emigrate having expired, and Menominee and his band declining to go, a council was held at Menominee village, just north of Twin lakes, in Marshall county, five miles southwest from Plymouth. Col. Abel C. Pepper, Indian agent for the government, was present, and most of the chiefs in that part of the county; also many of the white residents of the surrounding country. The treaty was read wherein it was shown that in ceding their lands the Indians had agreed to remove to the western reservation within the specified time, and that the date was then at hand when they must go. It was plain to those present who were familiar with the Indian character that there was great dissatisfaction among them, and a spirit of rebellion growing which if not soon suppressed would probably lead to serious results. The leader and principal spokesman for the Indians was Me-no-mi-nee. By the treaty of 1832 twenty-two sections of land had been reserved to him and three other chiefs, viz., Pe-pin-a-waw, Na-ta-ka and Mack-a-taw-ma-ah. This reservation bordered on the west of Plymouth, north as far as the Catholic cemetery and far enough south to take in Twin lakes, about half way between Plymouth and Maxinkuckee lake. The last three named chiefs entered into a treaty with Col. Abel C. Pepper on behalf of the government August 5, 1836, by which they ceded all their interest in the reservation above described, for which the government agreed to pay them $14,080 in specie, being one dollar an acre, there being in the reservation 14,080 acres of land, and they agreed to remove to the country west of the Missouri river provided for them within two years. Chief Menominee refused to sign this or any other treaty, and persistently declined to release to the government his interest in the reservation. When Col. Pepper had made his final appeal and all had had their

say, Menominee rose to his feet and, drawing his costly blanket around him, is reported by one who was present to have said in substance:

"Members of the Council: The President does not know the truth. He, like me, has been imposed upon. He does not know that your treaty is a lie, and that I never signed it. He does not know that you made my young chiefs drunk and got their consent and pretended to get mine. He does not know that I have refused to sell my lands and still refuse. He would not by force drive me from my home, the graves of my tribe, and my children who have gone to the Great Spirit, nor allow you to tell me your braves will take me, tied like a dog, if he knew the truth. My brother the President is just, but he listens to the word of the young chiefs who have lied; and when he knows the truth he will leave me to my own. I have not sold my lands. I will not sell them. I have not signed any treaty, and will not sign any. I am not going to leave my lands, and I don't want to hear anything more about it."

Describing the scene, one who was present said: "Amid the applause of the chiefs he sat down. Spoken in the peculiar style of the Indian orator—although repeated by an interpreter—with an eloquence of which Logan would have been proud, his presence, the personification of dignity, it presented one of those rare occasions of which history gives few instances, and on the man of true appreciation would have made a most profound impression."

In order that a clear understanding may be had of the cause that led up to the forcible removal of Menominee and his band, it may be briefly stated that at a treaty held on the Tippecanoe river October 26, 1832, negotiated by Jonathan Jennings, John W. Davis and Marks Crume on the part of the United States, and the chiefs, etc., of the Pottawattomies, extensive reservations belonging to the Pottawattomie Indians were ceded to the United States, from which a number of small reservations were given to certain chiefs and their bands named therein as follows:

Article 2. From the session aforesaid, the following reservations are made, to-wit: For the band of Au-bee-nau-bee thirty-six sections, to include his village.

For the bands of Me-no-mi-nee, No-taw-kah, Muck-kah-tah-mo-way, and Pee-pin-oh-waw, twenty-two sections (and to several others too numerous to mention).

The object of copying the foregoing is to show how Me-no-mi-nee came in possession of his interest in the twenty-two sections of land in dispute. This record may be found in "A Compilation of all the Treaties Between the United States and the Indian Tribes," published by the United States in 1873, at page 680.

Menominee's contention was that he never signed any treaty transferring his interest in the twenty-two sections above named, and the government book of treaties above referred to does not show his name attached to any treaty, while it does show the names of the other three chiefs as having signed a treaty transferring their interest in the twenty-two sections named to the United States August 5, 1836, and in that treaty the three chiefs agreed to remove west of the Mississippi river within two years. In order that the treaty may be handy of reference, it is copied below in full as found on page 712 of the book of treaties above referred to:

POTTAWATTOMIES—PE-PIN-A-WAW, ETC., CHIEFS.

Articles of a treaty made and concluded at a camp near Yellow river, in the State of Indiana, between Abel C. Pepper, commissioner, on the part of the United States, and Pe-pin-a-waw, Nataw-ka and Mack-a-taw-mo-ah, chiefs and headmen of the Pottawattomie tribe of Indians and their bands, on the fifth day of August in the year 1836.

Article 1. The above named chiefs and headmen and their bands hereby cede to the United States twenty-two sections of land reserved for them by the second article of the treaty between the United States and the Pottawattomie tribe of Indians, on Tippecanoe river, on the twenty-sixth day of October, 1832.

Article 2. In consideration of the session aforesaid, the United States stipulate to pay the above named chiefs and headmen and their bands the sum of $14,080 in specie after the ratification of this treaty, and on or before the first day of May next ensuing the date hereof.

Article 3. The above named chiefs and headmen and their bands agree to remove to the country west of the Mississippi river provided for the Pottawattomie Nation by the United States within two years.

Article 4. At the request of the above named band it is stipulated that after the ratification of this treaty the United States shall appoint a commissioner, who shall be authorized to pay such debts of the said band as may be proved to his satisfaction to be just, to be deducted from the amount stipulated in the second article of this treaty.

Article 5. The United States stipulate to provide for the payment of the necessary expenses attending the making and concluding this treaty.

Article 6. This treaty, after the same shall be ratified by the President and Senate of the United States, shall be binding upon both parties.

Proclaimed February 18, 1837.

This is the treaty that Menominee at the council above referred to declared he had never signed, and from the treaty record made by the government from which it is taken he was correct.

From Gen. Tipton's report of the removal, which will be copied in full later on, it appears that the government had been trying for some time previous to get this land from Menominee. In 1834 a commissioner was appointed by the President to purchase this land. He succeeded in purchasing one-half of the land at 50 cents per acre. The other half (eleven sections) was reserved for individual Indians, Menominee coming in for a large share of individual property. There is no record of this treaty, as the President did not submit it to the senate. The refusal of the government to ratify this treaty undoubtedly offended Menominee and caused him to refuse to further treat with the government agents with reference to the sale of his interest in the reservation, and there negotiations ceased.

At the council above referred to considerable time was spent in trying to persuade Menominee and his following to accept the inevitable and remove peaceably to the reservation provided for them, as, if they did not, the government would remove them by force. Without accomplishing anything, however, the council disbanded.

Menominee was a wise and experienced chief, and he knew that the final consummation was near at hand. As soon as the council had disbanded he began at once to fire the hearts of his followers with a determination to resist the government officers in their evident intention to remove them from their lands and homes which Menominee had never sold or transferred to the government. The consequence was the Indians became desperate; intoxicating liquors, which the white traders and schemers

had supplied them with, were drank to excess; threats of violence were freely made, and the white settlers in the immediate neighborhood became greatly alarmed for the safety of themselves and families. Several white men, who had squatted on the reservation expecting to enter the land as soon as the Indians went away, urged on the disturbance and it seemed probable that a general fight would ensue. In this alarming condition of affairs a number of white settlers early in August, 1838, petitioned the governor of Indiana for protection against what they believed would result in the certain destruction of their lives and property. On this subject, in his message to the legislature of Indiana, December 4, 1838, Gov. David Wallace said:

"By the conditions of the late treaty with the Pottawattomie tribe of Indians in Indiana, the time stipulated for their departure to the west of the Mississippi expired on the sixth of August last. As this trying moment approached a strong disposition was manifested by many of the most influential among them to disregard the treaty entirely, and to cling to the homes and graves of their fathers at all hazards. In consequence of such a determination on their part, a collision of the most serious character was likely to ensue between them and the surrounding settlers. Apprehensive of such a result, and with a view to prevent it, the citizens of Marshall county, early in the month of August, forwarded to the executive a petition praying that an armed force might be immediately sent to their protection. On receipt of this petition I repaired as speedily as circumstances would permit to the scene of difficulty, in order to satisfy myself by a personal examination whether their fears were justifiable or not. On my return to Logansport a formal requisition awaited me from the Indian agent, Col. A. C. Pepper, for one hundred armed volunteers to be placed under the command of some competent citizen of the state whose duty it should be to preserve the peace and to arrest the growing spirit of hostility displayed by the Indians. The requisition was instantly granted. I appointed the Hon. John Tipton to this command and gave him authority to raise the necessary number of volunteers. He promptly and patriotically accepted the appointment, and although sickness and disease prevailed to an alarming extent throughout northern Indiana, yet such was the spirit and patriotism of the people there that in about forty-eight hours after the requisition was authorized the requisite force was not only mustered but was transported into the midst of the Indians before they were aware of its approach, or before even they could possibly take steps to repel it. The rapidity of the movement, the known decision and energy of Gen. Tipton, backed by his intimate acquaintance and popularity with the Indians whom it was his business to quiet, accomplished everything desired. The refractory became complacent; opposition to removal ceased; and the whole tribe, with a few exceptions, amounting to between 800 and 900, voluntarily prepared to emigrate. Gen. Tipton and the volunteers accompanied them as far as Danville, Ill., administering to them on the way whatever comfort and relief humanity required. There they were delivered over to Judge Polke and the United States removing agents. Copies of all the communications and reports made to the executive by Gen. Tipton while in the discharge of this duty I lay before you, from which I feel assured you will discover with myself that much credit and many thanks are due not only to him

but to all who assisted him in bringing so delicate an affair to so happy and successful a termination."

Before referring to the message of Gov. Wallace, the writer desires to state that diligent search and inquiry has been made in the several departments of the state at Indianapolis, and it is much to be regretted that none of the papers referred to have been preserved, or at least cannot be found.

The reader will observe by perusing the message of Gov. Wallace, and the report of Gen. Tipton, which appears later on, that Menominee nor any other of the Indians were in any way consulted in regard to the matters in dispute. Undoubtedly the information forwarded to Gov. Wallace was furnished him by one Watters and others like him, who were waiting to enter the lands as soon as the Indians were driven away. Watters was aided in his scheme by a few others who joined him in working the Indians up to a point where armed soldiers would be necessary to quell the disturbance and remove the Indians by force from the reservation. These disturbers were assisted in securing the coöperation of the governor by Gen. Tipton and Col. Pepper, who, without doubt, prepared and forwarded the petitions signed by Watters and others. The governor says on receipt of the petition he repaired to the scene of the disturbance as speedily as possible. He does not say how long he stayed or what the nature of the trouble was that he discovered. He says on his return to Logansport he found a formal requisition awaiting him from the Indian agent, Col. Pepper. And then he adds, "The requisition was instantly granted." And this, too, without consulting Menominee or any other of the Indians to get their side of the story or to see if he could not hold a conference with them, ascertain the real cause of the trouble and see if some terms of settlement could not be agreed upon. But he did nothing of the kind. He instantly granted a requisition for a company of soldiers, and appointed Gen. Tipton, an Indian fighter and an Indian hater, who, the governor says, "promptly and patriotically accepted the appointment." And then, the rapidity of the movement, etc., accomplished everything desired. The refractory became complacent, opposition to removal ceased, etc. Of course it did! Gen. Tipton says: "The arrival of the volunteers in the Indian village was the first intimation they had of the movement of men with arms. Many of the Indian men were assembled near the chapel and were not permitted to leave camp or separate until matters were amicably settled and they had agreed to give peaceable possession of the land sold by them." They were simply surrounded by the soldiers, their guns, bows and arrows, tomahawks, etc., they had in their possession were taken away from them; they were surrounded and placed under guard, and, as the governor said: "The refractory became complacent, opposition to removal ceased, and the whole tribe, with a few exceptions, amounting to between 800 and 900, voluntarily prepared to emigrate." Of course "they voluntarily prepared to emigrate." How could they have done otherwise, being deprived of their arms and surrounded with one hundred armed soldiers prepared to shoot the first one that offered resistance?

On the day prior to the exodus a meeting of the Indians was held at the little graveyard, a short distance from the village, at which a final farewell of the dead was taken by those who were to leave the following

morning never to return. Addresses were made by the chiefs present and by several white settlers. An address of some length was delivered by Myron H. Orton, of La Porte, which was afterward printed, but unfortunately no copies of it can now be found. The scene is said to have been affecting in the extreme. Weeping and wailing, which was confined to a few at first, became general, and until they were finally induced to disperse, it looked as though a riot would surely ensue. In solemn reverence they turned their weeping faces from the sleeping dead, never to look upon the graves of their kindred again.

Early the next morning, September 4, 1838, orders were given to move; the wigwams, tepees, and cabins were torn down, and Menominee village, the largest in the county, had the appearance of having been swept by a tornado; and immediately nearly a thousand men, women and children, with broken hearts and tearful eyes, took up the line of march to their far distant home in the west. No sadder sight was ever witnessed in the great northwest as a result of the dealings of the whites with the Indians, the original owners and inhabitants of all this vast country. It was unjustified by the facts, and, as shown by the report of Gen. Tipton, was cruel and almost inhuman. It makes one's blood run cold to realize the amount of suffering that fell to the lot of the many old and feeble Indians and squaws, and the mothers and their pappooses, dragged along through the wilderness those hot, sultry summer days with little food and pond water unfit to drink.

General Tipton's Report to Governor Wallace.

Gen. Tipton accompanied the Indians as far as Sandusky Point, where he made the following report to Gov. Wallace:

Encampment Sandusky Point, Illinois.
September 18, 1838.

Dear Sir: I have the honor to inform you that the volunteers under my command reached this place last evening with 859 Pottawattomie Indians. Three persons improperly called chiefs—Menominee, Black-Wolf, and Pe-pin-a-wa—are of the number. I have this morning put the Indians under the charge of Judge William Polke, who has been appointed by the United States to conduct them west of the Missouri river. I have also the honor to lay before your excellency a copy of my orderly book, or daily journal, to which I beg leave to refer a detailed statement of the manner in which my duties have been performed as commanding officer of volunteers engaged in this delicate service.

It may be the opinion of those not well informed upon the subject that the expedition was uncalled for, but I feel confident that nothing but the presence of an armed force for the protection of the citizens of the state to punish the insolence of the Indians could have prevented bloodshed. The arrival of the volunteers in the Indian village was the first intimation that they had of the movement of men with arms.

Many of the Indian men were assembled near the chapel when we arrived, and were not permitted to leave camp or separate until matters were amicably settled, and they had agreed to give peaceable possession of the land sold by them. I did not feel authorized to drive these poor, degraded beings from our state, but to remove them from the reserve and to give peace and security to our citizens. But I found the Indians did not own an acre of land east of the Mississippi; that the government was bound to remove them to the Osage river, to support them one year after their arrival west, and to give to each individual of the tribe 320 acres of land. Most of them appeared willing to do so. Three of their principal men, however, expressed a wish to be governed by the advice of their priest (Mr. Petit, a Catholic gentleman), who had

resided with them up to the time of the commencement of the quarrel between the Indians and the whites, when he left Twin lakes and returned to South Bend. I addressed a letter inviting him to join the emigration and go west. He has accepted the invitation, and I am happy to inform you that he joined us two days ago and is going west with the Indians. It is but justice to him to say that he has, both by example and precept, produced a very favorable change in the morals and industry of the Indians; that his untiring zeal in the cause of civilization has been, and will continue to be, eventually beneficial to these unfortunate Pottawattomies when they reach their new abode. All are now satisfied and appear anxious to proceed on their journey to their new homes, where they anticipate peace, security and happiness.

It may be expected that I should give your excellency an intimation or an opinion of the causes which have led up to the difficulty now happily terminated. A few words on that subject must suffice.

First, the pernicious practice (I believe first introduced into our Indian treaty making at Fort Meigs in 1817) of making reservations of land to satisfy individual Indians, and sometimes white men, opened the door for both speculation and fraud.

By the treaty of 1832 the Pottawattomie Indians sold all their claims to land within the state of Indiana, except a few small reserves for particular tribes and parties. These reservations did not vest in the chief of any party a fee in the lands reserved; the original Indian title remained undisturbed, as you will see by the opinion of the attorney-general of the United States in the case of a reserve made by a treaty with the Prairie Pottawattomies October 20, 1832, to which I beg leave to refer. Menominee reserve, about which the dispute originated, was made for his band by the treaty of 1832. He, being a principal man (but not a chief), was first named, and the reserve has ever since been called by both Indians and white men "Me-no-mi-nee's Reserve." In 1834 a commissioner was appointed by the President to purchase that reservation. He succeeded in purchasing one-half of the land at 50 cents per acre; the other half (eleven sections) was reserved for individual Indians and whites, Menominee coming in for a large share of individual property. Hence the other Indians would have been defrauded out of their just claim to an interest in the reserve if that treaty had been confirmed. But the President, viewing the matter in the true light, did not submit the treaty to the senate, but appointed A. C. Pepper, and authorized him to open up the negotiation and purchase all the land for the government. He succeeded in purchasing the whole of the reserve at $1 per acre. Menominee did not sign the latter treaty because he could not possess himself of a moiety of the land and endow the chapel with the balance. (As Menominee owned the land it did not make any difference what his reasons were for not signing the treaty.) By the treaty of 1836 the Indians reserved the right to remain on the lands for two years. The time expired on the fifth of that month (August, 1838) and the Indians refused to give possession to the settlers who had entered upon the land in anticipation of the passage of the preëmption law. The passage of the law of June 22 last gave to each settler who had resided on the reserve for four months previous to that day, a preëmption right to 160 acres of land. On the fifth of last month, the day on which the Indians were to have left the reservation, the whites demanded possession, which they (the Indians) absolutely refused. Quarrels ensued and between the fifteenth and twentieth the Indians chopped the door of one of the settlers, Mr. Watters, and threatened his life. (See his certificate marked "A.") [This man Watters was the disturbing element that caused all the trouble in this unfortunate affair. His door would not have been chopped if he had not nagged the Indians on to do it for the very purpose of raising the disturbance so that the government would be compelled to send troops to remove them.—EDITOR.] This was followed by the burning of ten or twelve Indian cabins, which produced a state of feeling bordering on hostilities. The assistant superintendent of emigration, who had been stationed in the vicinity for some months, had failed to get up an emigrating party, and the public interpreters were so much alarmed as to be unwilling to remain in the Indian villages. I entertain no doubt but for the steps taken by your excellency, murders would have been committed on both sides in a few days. The arrival of an armed force sufficient to put down the hostile movement against our citizens effected in three days what counseling and fair words had failed to do in as many months.

I see no reason for censuring the officers to whose charge the emigration has been confided. They should, perhaps, have prevented the Indians from planting corn in June, when every one must have known that they would have been ousted on the fifth of

August. But, on the other hand, the Indians had the right of possession until August 5, 1838. The Indians were under the influence of bad counsel from different sources. They were owing large debts to the traders, who opposed the emigration of the Indians before their debts were paid or secured. [It will be seen by reference to Article 4 of the treaty above copied that provisions were made for the payment of all these debts by the government by a commissioner appointed for that purpose out of the amount ($14,080) agreed upon as the purchase money, before the same should be paid to the Indians; therefore Gen. Tipton must have been wrongly informed in regard to the debts due the traders. It might as well be understood now as any other time that an "Indian trader" was never known to get left in his dealings with the Indians, and if these "traders" were opposed to the Indians going it was not because they had not already got their pay, but because they thought the Indians still had a few more dollars left that they could swindle them out of in some way or other.—EDITOR.] Some were anxious to keep them where they were, hoping to obtain with ease a part of the money paid them as annuity. Lawyers, I am told, advised Menominee to keep possession and defend his claim to the reserve in our courts. Another class of men, both subtle and vigilant office-seekers, were using their influence to procure the dismissal of the officers heretofore engaged in the attempt to remove the Indians that they might succeed to the place of the present incumbents; and still another class, perhaps less wicked but not free from censure, is made up of those who influenced the Indians to plant corn and contend for the possession of the reserve.

I am happy in being able to state that the removal of the Indians was effected without bloodshed or maltreatment. Every attention that could be was paid to their health, comfort and convenience. When on our marches, which are sometimes very much hurried owing to the great distances between watering places, it is not unusual to see a number of volunteers walking whilst their horses are ridden by the sickly or infirm Indians.

I found no difficulty in raising the number of volunteers required, although the people of the northern part of the state are much afflicted with sickness. I was compelled to discharge one or more every day and permit them to return home on account of bad health. The greatest number in service at any time was ninety-seven. The conductor of the emigration has requested me to place at his disposal fifteen volunteers to attend the party and keep order in camp at night. Believing it necessary, I have consented to do so, and have detailed Ensign B. H. Smith, with fourteen dragoons, on the service. The rest of the corps will be discharged tomorrow.

In closing this report, already much longer than I could wish, I beg leave to express the obligation I am under to our mutual friend, Col. Bryant, who acted in the capacity of aid-de-camp, and has proved himself to be an excellent officer. I am not less indebted to Maj. Evans, of La Porte. His knowledge of military discipline enabled him to be eminently useful. To Gen. N. D. Grover, Capts. Hannegan and Holman, Lieuts. Eldridge, LaSalle, Nash and Linton, and Ensigns McClure, Wilson, Smith and Holman, and to J. T. Douglass, adjutant, I am also under great obligations. Every commissioned officer and soldier has fully sustained the high character of western volunteers. I have the honor to be, Your obedient servant,

JOHN TIPTON.

P. S.—I transmit herewith for the information of your excellency an exhibit (B), showing the names of the Pottawattomie Indians as emigrants, and the number of their respective families.

General Tipton's Daily Journal.

The following is abridged from Gen. Tipton's daily journal of the occurrences that took place on the way:

Tuesday, September 4, 1838.—Left Twin lakes, Marshall county, Indiana, early this morning. Traveling today was attended with much distress on account of the scarcity of water. Provisions and forage were also very scarce and of poor quality. The distance made was twenty-one miles.

Wednesday, 5th.—Fifty-one persons were found to be unable to continue the journey on account of the want of transportation, and were left, the most of them sick, with some to care for them. On account of the diffi-

culty of finding water, a distance of only nine miles was traveled. On the evening of this day a child died and was buried the next morning.

Thursday, 6th.—A distance of seventeen miles was traveled, and less of suffering and difficulty was experienced than on any of the previous days. During the evening nine persons left behind the day before came into camp.

Friday, 7th.—Thirteen persons more of the number left on Wednesday came into camp. Eighteen persons belonging to different families also joined the expedition. A child died in the morning.

Saturday, 8th.—A child three years old died and was buried. A chief, named We-wis-sa, came in with his family, consisting of six persons. Two wagons which had been sent back for those left behind at Chippewa, on Tippecanoe river, north of Rochester, on Wednesday, returned, bringing twenty-two persons, the whole number left behind, except nine who were unable to travel and a few who had managed to escape. It was arranged for those left behind to be taken care of until able to proceed on the way.

Sunday, 9th.—Physicians came into camp and reported about 300 cases of sickness, which they pronounced of a temporary character. A kind of hospital was erected to facilitate the administering of medical treatment. Two children died this day.

Monday, 10th.—The journey was renewed, and twenty-one persons, inclusive of sick and their attendants, were left behind. The day was hot, but, as the journey was made along the Wabash, there was not so much suffering for water. On the evening and night after getting into camp a child and man died.

Tuesday, 11th.—A distance of seventeen miles was accomplished through an open and champaign country, with only the difficulties of procuring subsistence and forage.

Wednesday, 12th.—The distance traveled from camp to camp was fifteen miles. The encampment was made near Tippecanoe battle ground. At this place a quantity of dry goods, such as cloaks, blankets, calicoes, etc., amounting to $5,469.81, was distributed among the Indians. Here, too, a very old woman, the mother of We-wis-sa, died. She was said to be over 100 years old.

Thursday, 13th.—A distance of eighteen miles was traveled. The sultry heat and the dust were the chief drawbacks on the way. Two physicians were called in to prescribe for those indisposed. They reported 160 cases of sickness.

Friday, 14th.—A journey of eighteen miles was made over a dry and unhealthy portion of the country. Persons, through weariness and fatigue, were continually falling sick along the route, and the wagons to transport them were becoming daily more and more crowded. As the party advanced into the prairie the streams were found to be literally dried up. Two deaths took place in the evening of this day.

Saturday, 15th.—After traveling ten miles the migrating party were forced to encamp at noon near an unhealthy and filthy looking stream, as it was learned there would be no chance of a better place that day. Two small children died along the road.

Sunday, 16th.—Danville, Ill., was reached after a journey of fifteen miles, a large part of the way being over the Grand prairie. The heat and the dust made the traveling distressing. In the morning several persons

were left sick in camp. The horses had become jaded, the Indians sickly, and many persons engaged in the emigration more or less sick. The whole country passed through was afflicted, as every village and hamlet had its invalids. Provisions and forage were found more enormously dear the farther the advance of the party. The sickness of the whole country was found to be unparalleled. Four persons in the little town near the encampment had died the day before.

Monday, 17th.—The volunteers and 859 Pottawattomie Indians reached Sandusky Point, where they were turned over to Judge William Polke to conduct them west of the Mississippi river. JOHN TIPTON.

Indian Chief Po-ka-gon's Letter.

The removal of the Pottawattomie Indians from northern Indiana, and matters connected therewith, was published in the Plymouth Democrat in

Chief Simon Pokagon.

serial form in 1897-8, and copies of the issues of the paper containing it were sent to Simon Po-ka-gon, the last chief of the Pottawattomie Indians in the northwest part of the country, who, in reply, thanking the editor for sending him the papers, wrote the following letter, which (as he died early in 1899) is probably the last letter he ever wrote on the subject of his "vanishing race":

Hartford, Mich., October, 26, 1898.

Dear Editor: I received the issues of the paper sent me containing a history of my people in northern Indiana and southern Michigan. I am anxious to tell you that it rejoices my heart to know there are a few men like yourself who have done much in the past and are still doing much for my poor, vanishing race, publishing of us what is authentic. I believe if the dominant race understood the facts connected with the dealings between the two races, that that false prejudice which now rises mountain high before them would vanish as the morning mist before the rising sun.

My people, of course, have no written history. It has been recorded by another race—and it is as true today as when Solomon said it: "He who is first in his cause seemeth just, but his neighbor cometh and searcheth him."

I rejoice to know that such men as yourself stand up boldly and searcheth the past history, lighting up those places which appeared dark against us, revealing the real facts that show conclusively that we have been blamed without fault of our own part—that is, unless you can blame the parent bird that does all in her power to defend her nest and her young.

I thank you from "wi-o-daw" (my heart) for the straightforward manner you have dealt with us in reviewing past history, and pray that "waw-kwi" (heaven) will bless you and your influence most abundantly and hasten the day when all shall acknowledge that the white man and the red man are brothers, and that "ki-ji-Manito" (God) is "o-os-si-maw ka-ki-naw" (the father of all). Sincerely yours,

SIMON PO-KA-GON, Chief of the Pottawattomies.

Recollections of Eye-Witnesses.

The following interviews with residents of Marshall county who were present at the time of the removal, or who were conversant with the facts, are appended here as of historic value:

WILLIAM SLUYTER—"I lived near the Menominee village, which was just north of Twin lakes, in Marshall county, and was present at the time the Indians were congregated there, September 3 and 4, 1838, to be removed to the western reservation. The village was composed of log huts and wigwams of poles, covered with bark and matting, erected without any system. There were seventy-five or a hundred of these primitive dwellings. A graveyard in which their dead were buried was near by. They buried their dead mostly by splitting logs in the middle and digging a trough in one part, putting the dead in and closing it up. Some of them were put under ground, and some were set upright, with poles placed around them.

"There were several hundred Indians there at the time, and quite a number of soldiers—state militia, I think. Col. A. C. Pepper, I believe, was there in immediate charge, while I understood Gen. Tipton was the chief of the removal. I think the caravan went in a southeasterly direction near the north end of Lake Maxinkuckee, and so on down to Logansport and along the Wabash river.

"I saw no ill treatment of the Indians so far as the government was concerned. There were, however, individual cases of bad treatment by some of those in authority. The soldiers disarmed the Indians, taking from them their guns, tomahawks, axes, bows and arrows, knives, etc., and placed them in wagons for transportation. There were plenty of wagons to carry all who were unable to walk, but not many would consent to get into the wagons, never having seen any vehicles of that kind, and they were afraid of them! They marched off single file, with a soldier at the head of about every forty or fifty. It was indeed a sad sight to see them leaving their homes and hunting grounds, where many of them had lived all their lives, and going to a strange land concerning which they knew nothing. After

they left, the wigwams were torn down and burned; eventually the old chapel, which was used as a guardhouse, was torn down, and the little graveyard was finally plowed over and obliterated, and no trace of the village, the chapel or the graveyard can now be found."

DAVID HOW—"I was about ten years old when the Indians were removed. I was there with my father, Isaac How, who lived near by, the night before the caravan started. My father was one of the guards at the chapel in which Chief Menominee, who refused to go peaceably, was confined. I should think there were several hundred Indians there at the time, and a hundred or more soldiers. When they left a soldier was placed at the head of about every thirty or forty Indians. The Indians were all disarmed. Wagons were provided for all who were unable to walk and others, but most of them disliked to ride in a government wagon, and all walked that possibly could. The Indians were brought to the village from different parts of northern Indiana and southern Michigan by squads of soldiers, who forced them to leave their villages, and, after selecting such articles as could be conveniently carried and would be of use on the way, they tore down and burned up the huts and wigwams, and marched them off to the general rendezvous. My sympathies were always with the Indians, and I think many of them were shamefully treated."

JOHN LOWERY—"I lived close by the Indian chapel, which was located on the north bank of Twin lakes, a few rods west of where the railroad crosses the wagon road, and near where the Indians congregated in 1838, preparatory to being removed to a reservation west of the Missouri river. I was not there at the time, being absent in La Porte county. I talked with those who were there, and with some who went with the Indians part of the way.

"Gen. Tipton was the moving agent, had command of the soldiers and had had much to do with the Indians for many years previous in this part of the country, having been employed by the government to secure treaties for the extinguishment of the Indian titles to their reservations. The Pottawattomies were peaceable and were always kindly treated by him. There was no occasion for cruel treatment on his part, and I am satisfied none was offered to any of them unless they deserved it. The time specified in the treaties for the Indians to remove having expired, Gen. Tipton, who was in command of a company of militia, sent squads of soldiers to the several villages in this part of the state, with directions to require the Indians to assemble at the chapel on a day named, as a starting place.

"At the appointed time nearly all that were able to go met at the chapel, where a council was held and arrangements made for the start the next day. The chapel hall was used for the meeting of the council. The building was made of hewn logs, and its dimensions were about forty by twenty feet. The doors were not locked; no handcuffs were used and no indignities were shown any of the Indians so far as I have been able to learn. They were told that the treaties signed by their chiefs required them to go west to the reservation provided for them within two years from the date of the treaties, and, that time having expired, it was their duty to go peaceably. Many of the Indians protested that the treaties had been procured by fraud, and had not been signed by those having authority to sign them, and that was the reason they had not gone peaceably before. The treaties, however, having

been ratified by the government, and the reservations having been made subject to entry, there was nothing to be done but to remove the Indians. That, as I was told, was done as quietly and humanely as it was possible under the circumstances. The country was new and unimproved, and in northern Indiana an unbroken wilderness. There were no wagon roads then and the Indian trail was difficult of passage with wagons and packhorses. There were among the Indians many old men and women and papooses, and not a few sick and unable to go without being transported in wagons or on packhorses. This was the condition, as it was told to me, on that September morning in 1838, when over 800 Indians started on their long journey to the far west."

Mrs. Emma Dickson, being asked her recollection of Chief Menominee and the old Indian chapel, replied: "My recollection is not very clear, but as I remember him Menominee was a large, fine-looking man, square built, tall, rather stern looking; would think he would be brave and determined in whatever he undertook that he thought was right. I lived with my father, John Houghton, about midway between Menominee village and Benak village, and the Indian trail between the two villages ran close by our cabin. In his travels between these two villages, Menominee would nearly always stop to get something to eat and drink. Along this trail there would sometimes be twenty or thirty Indians go and come daily, especially when they had meetings of any kind.

"I cannot remember much about the old Indian chapel, only that it was a rough-hewn log building, and the cross at the end of the building was of the same material as the house. The priest, Father Petit, was of medium height and rather nice looking. He talked in the French language. A French woman interpreted his sermons into the Pottawattomie language to the Indians. I cannot remember how she looked to me. At one time when I was at the chapel a squaw came out at the close of service with her nose blacked and lay down at the foot of the cross, crying. I asked why she cried, and some one said she had been drunk and was doing it as a penance for forgiveness. I felt very sorry for her.

"It was a sad sight to see the Indians forced away, for their lands were taken by fraud; government would treat for their land and give firewater to drink, and while drinking the chiefs would sign their rights away."

Thomas K. Houghton—"In 1838 I lived with my father on the Indian trail between the Ben-nack village in Tippecanoe township and the Menominee village, where the Indians were congregated to get ready to be removed. I was not there at the time, but it was about the only subject of conversation for many years, and I heard considerable about it, and my recollection of it is that the facts are about as stated by David How and William Sluyter."

Mr. I. N. Clary, Lucerne, Cass county (since deceased), being interviewed, said: "I was a boy of twenty and went with the caravan as a teamster, driving a four-horse team. Gen. Morgan, of Rush county, was major-general, and William Polke lieutenant. Dr. Jeroloman, of Logansport, was the physician in charge. The Indians camped the first night on the Tippecanoe river, and the third night at Horney's run, north of Logansport. The caravan moved in wagons and on foot, the Indian men walking and hunting as they went. The number of wagons was sixty, and the distance made

each day was from seven to twenty miles. Stops for the night were made where water was plenty, and all slept in tents and wagons. The Indians were well treated by the removing party, and did not suffer for food or water. The caravan went west from Logansport and passed through Sagama town, crossed Sagama river, and forded the Illinois river near Danville, Ill., and passed through Jacksonville and Springfield, Ill. We crossed the Mississippi at Alldan, Ill., in an old shattered steamboat that was not safe to cross on, and it took us two days before we were all on the other side. The Grand river was crossed near the mouth of the Missouri, and that river at or near Independence. We left the Indians at a point near the Osage river in Kansas, having been sixty days making the journey."

None of these Indians were ever heard of here after they were located on the reservation. The report of the government agent for 1855 contained the following: "According to the roll of 1854, there were 3,440 Pottawattomies on the reserve. There are about 250 others living among the Kickapoos, some of whom have intermarried in that tribe, and all of whom obstinately refuse to move to the Pottawattomie reserve. There are a few scattering families in Indiana, Illinois and Michigan, and among the Sacs and Foxes. From all I can learn, this once numerous tribe cannot number in all quarters over 4,000 souls."

At the present time it is doubtful if there are as many left in the entire United States as were embraced in the caravan of Menominee and his band, about all of whom have undoubtedly by this time passed over to "the happy hunting grounds."

The Future of the Pottawattomies.

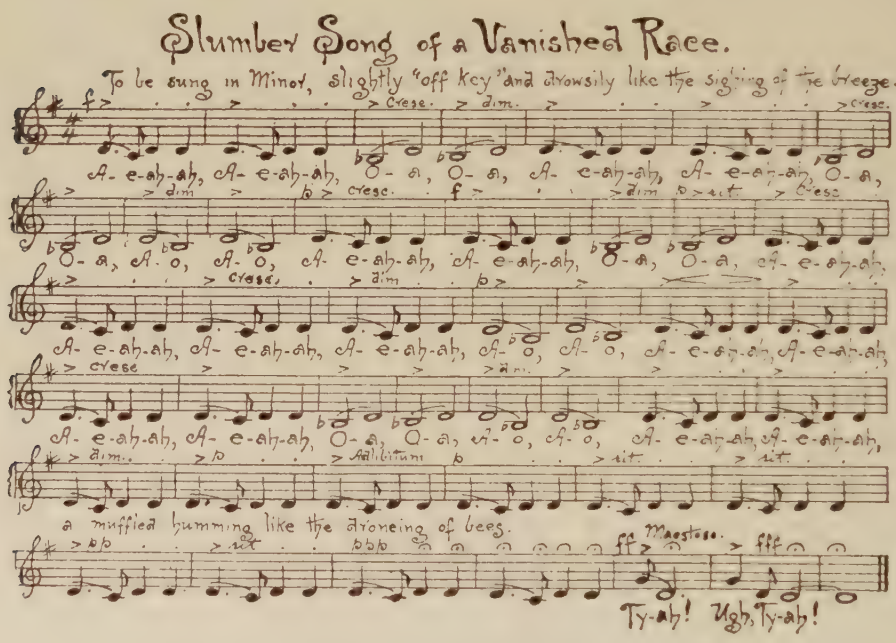
Simon Pokagon, the last chief of a small band of Pottawattomie Indians occupying a small reservation near Holland, Mich., in an article just before his death, in 1899, on the subject of the future of his race, said:

"As to the future of our race, it seems to me almost certain that in time it will lose its identity by amalgamation with the dominant race. No matter how distasteful it may seem to us, we are compelled to consider it as a probable result. Sensitive white people can console themselves, however, with the fact that there are today in the United States thousands of men and women of high social standing whose forefathers on one side were full-blooded so-called savages, and yet the society in which they move, and in many cases they themselves, are ignorant of the fact. All white people are not ashamed of Indian blood; in fact, a few are proud of it.

"The index finger of the past is pointing to the future, showing most conclusively that by the middle of the next century all Indian reservations will have passed away. Then our people will begin to scatter, and the result will be a general mixing of the races. By intermarriage the blood of our people, like the waters that flow into the great ocean, will be forever lost in that of the dominant race, and generations yet unborn will read in history of the red men of the forest and inquire, 'Where are they?' "

It may be added, and this much is certain: that the last Indian will be in every sense of the word the "last." He will leave nothing behind him to mark the place he occupied in the world—no history nor even the monument the writer secured an appropriation to erect to the Pottawattomie Indians at Twin lakes. Books there will be, and museums and collections, but none

by him. Should an Indian become so learned and accomplished as to write a history he would become a white man. Many white men have followed him, have studied him. Learned men from foreign countries have journeyed here for such purposes, but who of all of them has learned the secret of the Indian's heart? To do that it would be necessary to become for the time an Indian—to "put yourself in his place." And what white man has ever done that? The Indian has no record, or it is as if whispered to the winds or committed to the leaves that fall or to the water that runs away. The Indian rears, while he is an Indian, no habitation that endures; when it is gone there is nothing but a ring on the ground that the rain washes away. He throws up no highway; his narrow path through the grass lasts no longer than the buffalo's road to the ford in the stream. So there must come a time when, leaving no trace behind, he shall pass out of this world, when the "last Indian" shall go—like the mist.



Many a time old Chief Menominee heard those drowsy cadences from the long rows of bronzed warriors at Menominee village at Twin lakes, now a vanished locality. Fainter and fainter grew the melody, until the singers who were seated side by side leaned toward each other, drooping closer and closer, nearer a reclining position, until gradually one by one pillowed his head on his brother's shoulder. Then sleep prevailed so profound that nothing could waken it. Yet that constant muffled hum of the pianissimo melody, "A-e-ah-ah! A-e-ah-ah! O-a, O-a," and the reiteration of the same to an indefinite degree, till the listeners were actually drowsy, too! Then the leader at the head of the row of sleeping warriors roused them suddenly with the explosive fortissimo call, "*Ty-ah!*" and again almost simultane-

ously, by the doubly fortissimo, *"Ugh, Ty-ah!"* Instantly every Indian was awake, risen to his feet, all greeting each other noisily and with joy, as though they had been parted for a long time—many a year!

IV. INDIAN TREATIES.

Among the treaties made between the government and the various tribes of Indians then occupying this part of the Northwest Territory a number of reservations were set off to various bands of the different tribes. Those who occupied the territory now known as Marshall county were the Pottawattomie tribe of Indians. They were divided into bands and governed by chiefs.

The largest reservation was called the "Me-no-mi-nee reserve." It was located beginning about a mile west and north of Plymouth, near where the Catholic cemetery is located. The east line ran directly south to a point about a mile south of Wolf Creek Mills, thence about three miles and a half west, thence north to the north line and east to the starting point. It contained twenty-two sections, or 14,080 acres in all, and embraced within its boundaries Pretty lake, Twin lakes, and a considerable portion of Yellow river southwest of Plymouth. The most noted Indian village in the county (Menominee) was located on this reservation near Yellow river and near Twin lakes. Here a treaty was negotiated which will be noted further on.

There was another small reservation containing several sections located on Maxinkuckee lake, beginning a short distance south of where Mr. Van Schoiack formerly lived, thence north along the water's edge of the lake to about where the Peru point now is, thence east far enough to take in the town of Maxinkuckee. It was called Neeswaugee and Quashqua reservation. All the summer cottages from a short distance north of the Peru club house, now the Brownell cottage, to the division line between Mr. Van Schoiack and Mr. Edwards are in what was once this reservation.

Adjoining the Neeswaugee and Quashqua reservation on the south and extending south a considerable distance into Fulton county was what was called the Aubenaube reservation. Next to the Menominee it was the largest reservation in the county. It contained ten or twelve sections in this county and quite a number in Fulton county. It extended east from the lake five or six miles.

Immediately east of Aubenaube reserve was what was called Mankekose reserve, containing four or five sections. These are all the Indian reservations in the county of which any record has been kept.

On December 4, 1834, a treaty between William Marshall, commissioner on the part of the United States, and Comoza, a chief of the Pottawattomies and his band, was concluded on the banks of this lake, which is spelled in the document "Mux-ee-nie-kuc-kee." By this treaty the Indians ceded to the United States two sections of land reserved for them by the second article of the treaty between the United States and the said Indians on the Tippecanoe river October 26, 1832, and they further agreed to yield peaceable possession within two years, and in consideration of the sum of

$400 in goods and an annuity of $400 for one year. The treaty was signed by William Marshall, Neeseeawquet, Comoza, Ah-he-pah-am-sa, Pawpee, and was witnessed by J. B. Duret, secretary of the commission, and by Cyrus Taber and Joseph Barron, interpreters.

Another treaty was made August 5, 1836, at the camp near Yellow river known as the Menominee village, near Twin lakes, between Abel C. Pepper on the part of the United States, and Pe-pin-a-waw, Na-ta-ka and Mac-a-ta-ma-ah, chiefs and headmen of the Pottawattomie tribe of Indians and their bands. By this treaty the Indians ceded twenty-two sections reserved for them, for which the government agreed to pay the Indians the sum of $14,080 in specie after the ratification of the treaty. It was further agreed that the chiefs and headmen and their bands should remove to the country west of the Mississippi river provided for the Pottawattomie nation within two years. At the request of the band entering into this treaty it was stipulated that after its ratification the United States should appoint a commissioner who should be authorized to pay such debts of the band as might be proved to his satisfaction to be just, to be deducted from the amount stipulated to be paid for the land ceded.

The treaty was signed by Abel C. Pepper as the agent of the United States, and the following Pottawattomie chiefs:

Pee-pin-a-waw,	Pash-po-ho,	Pah-siss,
Qua-taw,	Pam-bo-go,	Wee-wis-saw,
Na-ta-ka,	I-o-wah,	Ma-che-saw,
Kan-kaw-kay,	Co-qua-wah,	Nas-waw-hah,
Mac-a-taw-mo-way,	Mup-a-hue,	Mas-saw,
Pis-saw,	See-co-ese,	Ash-kum,
Wi-aw-koos-say,	O-kah-maus,	Me-shaw-ki-to-quah,
Nas-waw-kay,	Nu-bosh,	Ku-waw-nay.
Te-cum-seh,	Jo-quiss,	

These names were taken down by the interpreter, as the Indians did not know how to spell or write, and the interpreter spelled them according to the sound as well as he could, and it is not strange that there should be many ways of spelling different names and places bearing Indian names. The reader will undoubtedly see in Kan-kaw-kay, our present Kankakee; in I-o-wah, the state of Iowa; in Ku-waw-nay, the town of Kewanna, in Fulton county; Nas-waw-kay, and Nas-waw-hah, brother chiefs were what finally came to be in English "Nees-wau-gee."

None of the foregoing chiefs, except Pee-pin-a-waw, Na-taw-ka and Mac-a-taw-may-ah, had any interest in the twenty-two sections named in the treaty. The securing of their names to the treaty was more as a blind to make it appear that they really had some interest in the reservation than for any other purpose. This was done because Chief Me-no-mi-nee, the principal owner of the reservation, refused to sign the treaty or become a party to it in any way. The names of these chiefs were readily secured, because most or all of them were indebted to the white traders and schemers for articles which they had sold them, and for which they could get no pay unless they were connected with the treaty and filed their claims with the commissioner and had them paid out of the amount the government was

to pay the Indians for the twenty-two sections of land ceded. This was the final result of it. The white traders secured the allowance of their claims, which were paid out of the amount the government agreed to pay for the reservation, and the Indians received just that much less. And to make the matter worse the government agents dickered with these three principal Indian chiefs for the 14,000 acres of land at $1 an acre instead of $1.25, the regular price. So in this way the Indians were cheated out of $3,500, besides the fraudulent claims that were allowed and paid out of the amount agreed to be paid for the reservation. Before the two years expired in which the Indians had to vacate the reservation, the white traders and schemers had sold the Indians enough whisky, tobacco, beads, red calico and trinkets of no practical value (in fact, a detriment to them), at exorbitant prices, to eat up all the government had paid them for the reservation, and when the time came for them to be driven away west of the Mississippi river they had not a cent of the $14,080 left. No wonder Menominee, who had not disposed of his interest in the reservation, when the government agents and soldiers came to forcibly remove him west of the Mississippi cried aloud in the agony of his heart: "My God, has it come to this?"

V. INDIAN BORDER WARS.

In the early settlement of this part of the great northwest there was a great deal of trouble between the Indians and the white people that settled in among the Indians for the purpose of eventually driving them out and occupying their lands. This naturally created bad blood among the Indians, and they determined to resist the encroachments of the white intruders to the last extremity.

A few miles south of Maxinkuckee lake, on the north bank of Eel river, about six miles from the point where that river enters into the Wabash, near where Logansport has since been built, was a large Indian village known as Ke-na-pa-com-a-qua, whose inhabitants were of the Shawnee and Pottawattomie tribes, whose principal chief was the Shawnee Prophet and his brother, the famous Tecumseh, who were at that time temporarily located at what was known as "Prophet's Town," near the confluence of the Tippecanoe and Wabash rivers, several miles below. That was a few years after the close of the war of 1812. Traders and explorers and those looking for homes were finding their way into this section of the unexplored west, and quite a number of pioneers had pitched their tents, or erected log cabins, and settled down to the realities of life among the Indians in the wilderness.

The Indians were not very friendly at best toward the white settlers, and especially were they opposed to these intruders taking possession of the watercourses leading to the southwest. The few white settlers that were attempting to make a settlement at that time were continually harrassed and annoyed by these vicious warriors, and they had no assurance when they went to bed at night in their little cabin home that their scalps would not be taken off before morning. These depredations and petty annoyances were kept up so continually from this village that the govern-

ment decided to send a regiment of troops, then doing service at various points along the river Ohio, for the purpose of quieting the disturbances. Accordingly about five hundred men under Capt. Wilkenson moved some time in June, 1791, for the scene of the outbreaks. According to the report of the expedition, after many days' hard marching through the wilderness the little army reached the Wabash river at the very point for which the commander had aimed at the commencement of his march—a very remarkable circumstance, as finding one's way through the tangled wilderness of this part of the country at that time was like attempting to navigate the boundless ocean without compass or rudder.

Here the little army crossed the Wabash river, and, following the trail a north-by-east course a distance of three miles, Eel river was reached. While reconnoitering it was discovered that the Indians had taken the alarm and were flying in every direction from the village.

A general charge was ordered. The men forced their way over every obstacle, and plunged through the river with great bravery. The Indians were unable to make the slightest resistance. Six warriors and, in the hurry and confusion of the charge, two squaws and a child were killed. Thirty-four prisoners were taken with a loss on the part of the whites of two men killed and one wounded. "I found the village," says Capt. Wilkenson in the report of the battle, "scattered along the Eel river for full three miles, on an uneven, scrubby oak barrens, intersected alternately by bogs almost impassable, and impervious thickets of plum, hazel and blackjacks. I encamped in the town—Ke-na-pa-com-a-qua—that evening, and the next morning I cut up the corn scarcely in the milk, burned the cabins, mounted my young warriors, squaws and pappooses in the best manner in my power, and, leaving two infirm squaws and a child with a short talk, took up the line of march for a Kick-a-poo town, on the Wabash, where disturbances had been reported. Not being able to discover any path in the direct course of the Kickapoo town, I marched by the road leading to the Tippecanoe, in the hope of finding some diverging trail which might favor my design. I camped that night about six miles from Ke-na-pa-com-a-qua, and marched next morning at 4 o'clock. My course continued west until 9 o'clock, when I turned to the northwest on a small hunting path, and at a short distance I launched into the boundless prairies of the west, with the intention to pursue that course until I could strike a road which leads from the Pottawattomies of Lake Michigan immediately to the town I sought. With this view I pushed forward through bog after bog, to the saddle skirts in mud and water; and after persevering for eight hours I found myself environed on all sides by morasses which forbade my advancing, and at the same time rendered it difficult for me to extricate my little army. The way by which we had entered was so much beaten and softened by the horses that it was almost impossible to return by that route, and my guides pronounced the morass in front impassable. A chain of thin groves extending in the direction of the Wabash at this time presented itself to the left. It was necessary I should gain the groves, and for this purpose I dismounted, went forward, and, leading my horse through a bog to the armpits in mud and water, with great difficulty and fatigue I accomplished my object; and changing my course to southwest I regained the Tippecanoe road and

encamped on it at 7 o'clock, after a march of thirty miles which broke down several of my horses.

"I was in motion next morning at 4 o'clock, and reached the Tippecanoe village by noon, and found that it had just been abandoned. After the destruction of this town last June the Indians had returned and cultivated their corn, which I found in high perfection. To refresh my horses and give time to cut down the corn, I determined to halt until next morning. In the course of a day I had discovered some murmurings and discontent among the men and reluctance to advance further into the enemy's country. This induced me to call for a state of the horses and provisions, when, to my surprise and mortification, 220 horses were returned lame and tired, with barely five days' provisions for the men. Under these discouraging circumstances I was compelled to abandon my designs and return to the Ohio river, where I arrived on the 21st of August, after a march by actual computation of 451 miles."

Precisely over what territory Capt. Wilkenson's little army traveled in their skirmish after the Indians in this region cannot be ascertained to a certainty, but it is quite certain that it struck the "boundless prairie," it was in the neighborhood of Kewanna and Bruce's lake in Fulton county, and also in the region west of Maxinkuckee lake southwest of the now town of Culver in Marshall county, as there was said to be a village or retreat there on a spot which was so completely surrounded with bogs and marshes as to be almost inaccessible.

The Indian trail the captain was trying to find, leading from Lake Michigán to the Kickapoo town, came by way of South Bend, Sumption's prairie, thence by way of Potato and Pine creek, near Knott's mill in Polk township, Marshall county; thence in the direction of the old La Porte road to the west of Plymouth and near the old brewery; thence along the west bank of Yellow river to the village at Twin lakes; thence through the Burr Oak flats near Culver and west of the lake by way of the Kewanna prairie and Bruce's lake, and so on to Logansport and Winamac. There were several other trails, but this was the one he was trying to find.

After the Indian Wars Had Ceased.

About the time the territory embraced in what is now northern Indiana first began to be settled, the regular, or more properly the irregular Indian wars and outbreaks in the Northwest Territory, of which this region was a part, had practically ceased, and most of the warriors had gone west to assist their tribes in resisting further encroachments of the whites upon what they believed to be their inalienable rights. Those that were left here were mostly old men, women and children, sick and crippled and otherwise helpless, among whom were a number of chiefs who had charge of the remnants of the bands that inhabited the various villages scattered promiscuously all over the county.

Noted Indian Chiefs.

Among the more or less distinguished Indians having or assuming authority, who remained here until the last, and who were well remembered by the older settlers of the county, were Au-be-nau-bee, Nas-wau-gee, Ben-ak, Pe-ash-way, Ni-go, Marshall and others. Most of these had seen a good

deal of service, and had endured many hardships and privations before they were finally overcome and compelled to surrender to the advancing march of civilization.

Some of them had been active participants with the Shawnee Prophet, under whose spiritual guidance the noted battle of Tippecanoe had been fought, and his brother, the famous Te-cum-seh. Prior to this midnight fight these chiefs and many of their followers frequently made pilgrimages from the different camps about Maxinkuckee lake and the Tippecanoe to what was known as "Prophet's Town," near where the Tippecanoe river enters into the Wabash. The town had been established by the Prophet and his brother, Te-cum-seh, and the inhabitants were governed by religious fanaticism that had been worked up by the Prophet, who claimed supernatural powers. He was the John Alexander Dowie of his day among the Indians. His town was the center and capital of the religion he preached. Here the Great Spirit was supposed to dwell and here were performed the strange and mysterious rites with which the new worship was carried on. Hideous dances, midnight orgies, self-inflicted tortures and the dark ceremonies of Indian magic occupied the time of the frenzied savages. The Prophet pretended to be in constant communication with the Great Spirit and to be instructed by Him to make known to the Indians that he could give celestial rewards for all who would become his followers, and he boldly laid claim to the power of foretelling future events, curing sickness, preventing death on the battlefield, and working all sorts of miracles; and to demonstrate the power, it is stated as a historical fact that he announced that on a certain day he would cause the sun to be darkened. By some means he had learned that there would be a total eclipse of the sun at a certain hour of a certain day. As the sun was darkened, as he predicted, his ignorant and superstitious followers were ever after easily controlled by him and his brother, Te-cum-seh, and the final outcome was the battle of Tippecanoe, November 7, 1811, which practically ended the Indian warfare in this part of the Northwest Territory. To the thousands of converts who had adopted the religion of the Prophet this sacred town was as Jerusalem to the Jews, or Mecca to the Mahommedans.

But Te-cum-seh was in every way superior to his brother, the Prophet, and had he been at home at the time of the battle of Tippecanoe (he was absent in Kentucky at the time) his good judgment would probably have prevented his brother, the Prophet, from precipitating a battle with Gen. Harrison at that time after having pledged his word of honor that he would not do so, at least until another conference could be held the next day.

Te-cum-seh is described as a perfect Apollo in form, his face oval, his nose straight and handsome, and his mouth regular and beautiful; his eyes were hazel, clear and pleasant in conversation, but like balls of fire when excited by anger or enthusiasm. His bearing is said to have been of a noble and lofty spirit, a true king of the forest. He was temperate in his habits, loving truth and honor better than life. His mind was of a high order, and he possessed a genius which must have made him eminent in any age or country. Like many other warriors he had failed, yet like them he was great in defeat! His brother, the Prophet, had only one eye, and possessed a countenance of which every line revealed craft and deceptiveness.

VI. PAU-KOO-SHUCK—A GHOST STORY.

A friend of the writer, who then lived in the vicinity of Au-be-nau-be village, south of Maxinkuckee lake, knew most of the Indians well and spoke the Pottawattomie language fluently, said that he was familiar with the facts in relation to the tragic end of Aubenaube, and was also at the burial of his son at Long point, on the west side of Maxinkuckee lake, not a very long time afterwards. The name of this son was Pau-koo-shuck. After having killed his father, being the oldest son he inherited his father's estate, some thirty-two sections of land, and became the chief of the band of Pottawattomies over which his father had for many years presided. Pau-koo-shuck entered into a treaty with the government in April, 1836, by which all the lands in Au-be-nau-be's reservation was transferred to the government, and he and his band agreed to go to the lands reserved for the Pottawattomies west of the Mississippi river within two years. As the story goes, when the time came he was very much opposed to leaving the land of his birth and early exploits. With a great many others who had determined that they would not go, he was taken by force by the government soldiers. During that fatiguing and cruel march he made several attempts to escape. Just before reaching the Mississippi river he made another heroic attempt, and in the fight with the officer he was struck in the neck with a knife and left on the roadside, all supposing him to be dead. He was not fatally injured, however, and finally recovered sufficient strength to enable him to make his way back after a long and dangerous journey through an unbroken wilderness infested with ravenous wild beasts, afoot and alone. He spent the remainder of his days, which were few, hunting and fishing along the rivers and lakes in the neighborhood where he had formerly lived. His life had proven a failure; his kindred and friends had been dragged from him, and he grew reckless and discontented, drank whisky to excess, and went from place to place, getting into frequent quarrels and fights.

In one of these disturbances, which occurred at or near Winamac, he was so badly hurt that disease set in and he died. Our informant says he was one of the pallbearers, or one of those who assisted in bringing him from Winamac to Maxinkuckee lake, where he was buried on Long point alongside of an Indian named Whip-poor-will, who had got fast in a hollow of a coon tree and was dead when found there! He says they fastened Pau-koo-shuck with hickory bark between two Indian ponies that were tied together so they couldn't "spread apart," and, with a number on foot and on ponies, the solemn procession wended its weary length along the Indian trail, reaching its destination the second day, having camped over night at the Indian village at Bruce's lake.

But if this son of Au-be-nau-be was buried on Long point, as stated, of which there seems to be no doubt, the lapse of time and the march of civilization during almost sixty years has completely obliterated almost every trace of it.

Many who were about the lake seventy years ago were firmly of the opinion that the ghost of the Indian came forth on almost every favorable night and skipped about on the water, and floated around among the trees and bushes that grew on Long point where he had been buried, like a thing

of life, "cutting such fantastic tricks before high heaven as made the angels weep!"

Sometimes he would be seen in his little canoe, apparently paddling with all his might for the southeast shore, where his father, Au-be-nau-be, had formerly owned a reservation, and while the spectator would be gazing the ghost would instantly disappear in the rippling waves, and would be lost to sight. Turning to the shore again, he would be observed floating about as if in search of something, and then, all at once, would disappear in the earth, and might not again be seen for several nights.

The Indians, and nearly everybody else in those days, believed in ghosts and goblins, and few doubted that the ghost of this young red man of the forest came and went at will, and was endowed with supernatural powers to ride upon the waters, float in the air, enter houses, wigwams and cabins without let or hindrance and frighten the occupants out of their wits, so that "each particular hair on their heads would stand on end like quills on the fretful porcupine!"

VII. INDIAN LOVEMAKING AND MARRIAGE.

The ruling passion among the aborigines of the forest, the Red Men, our true Americans, was as strong and was held as sacred as it was among their more enlightened neighbors, the white people.

The Indians had peculiar customs in relation to forming marriage alliances and the duties of husband and wife, and their offspring until they arrived at the age where they were supposed to be able to take care of themselves. Different tribes had different customs, but the difference was only

in details. When a boy had shown himself to be competent to take care of a wife, he decided upon the girl he wanted and prepared himself for the interesting love-making ordeal through which, according to custom, he had to pass before he could claim the young squaw of his choice as his own.

In most of the tribes his manner of making love was peculiar from the "courting" of the white people away down here at the beginning of the twentieth century. Dressing himself in the best manner possible and decor-

ating himself in the grandest style imaginable he sat around for hours in perfect silence about the tent of the girl he sought to capture. Although he was as mum as an oyster, uttering not a word, his conduct was perfectly well understood by the party of the second part. After a few visits the girl's family and friends held a consultation, and if everything was lovely and the goose honked high, the girl indicated her willingness by twisting the corner of her shawl and casting coquettish glances in the direction of her lover. That night he hid near the entrance of her tent. Of course all the young Indians and girl squaws knew all about it, but he was supposed to be unseen by any one. Presently the girl, having robed herself, rushed out of the tent, but was soon captured by her lover. If she resisted he immediately left her, but if she wilted or swooned and gave up without a struggle, he carried her to some neighboring spot and began his courtship in earnest. They were shy at first and did little more than stand and look at each other, and finally separated, each going their way home. On subsequent evenings when they met they remained standing, but if they discovered that they were really in love, they locked themselves in each other's arms and—well, you must imagine the rest! It would be hardly fair to penetrate further into the privacy of these lovers' performances, and we leave them on the bank of the beautiful lake with the quiet moonlight peeping through the leaves of the spreading forest trees to revel in the ecstatic bliss of youthful courtship known only to those who have realized it by experience. Come away and leave them to themselves.

> How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank;
> Here will we sit and let the sounds of music creep in our ears;
> Soft stillness and the night
> Become the touches of sweet harmony.

At last the young brave coaxed his mother to visit the girl's father, who stipulated the number of ponies her son was to bring for his daughter. If the price was considered too high, the match was declared off; if not, the lover tied the ponies to the door of the wigwam. On the following morning, if the ponies were still there he knew his suit had been rejected; if not, he took the girl, without further ceremony, to his wigwam which he had prepared for her. After that they were considered married and she was his property and his servant, to do all the cooking, drudgery, taking care of the ponies, raising the corn and potatoes, etc. He had the right to whip her and beat her, sell her, or even kill her as he pleased, but, although he had these rights, they were seldom if ever exercised. As has been the case ever since the dawn of the world's history, woman was the slave of the household, or the wigwam, and so long as she did her part reasonably well the couple lived in peace and harmony. Although separations took place occasionally, such a thing as divorce in a legal way was never known.

Chief Po-ka-gon's Love Story.

The love story of Simon Pokagon, written by himself, taken from his romantic story, published in book form, entitled "Queen of the Woods," being an account of his courtship and marriage with the beloved Lonidaw, who became his wife, is probably the most remarkable literary production ever produced by a full-blooded Indian. Simon Pokagon was born at what

was known as Pokagon village, on the Pottawattomie lands in Indiana, in 1830. He was sent to Notre Dame University, where he became a remarkable student and graduated with honors. He wrote many articles on the Pottawattomies and the Indian race in general, and also gave lectures. He died on January 25, 1899, near Hartford, Mich.

A short time before his death he wrote the story of his courtship and marriage to Lonidaw, a fair Pottawattomie maiden. The great charm of the story lies in the simplicity with which the lover pours forth the passion and the grief of his heart. It is the beautiful legend of the princely Hiawatha and the fair Minnehaha, or Laughing Water, in real Indian life.

Pokagon begins his story by telling how he chanced to meet the shy and winsome Lonidaw and how he sought her favor, doubting and hoping in turn, until she graciously smiled on him and said "Ae," which is "Yes." Then he was forced to be absent from her for several months.

The night before his return he slept in the woods and listened to the great spirit Manitou give the tradition of the origin of the trailing arbutus. Pokagon concludes the vision: "When he had done the old man slept and a maiden passed her hand above his head; he began to grow small, streams of water began to flow from his mouth and very soon he was a small mass upon the ground, his clothing turned to withered leaves. The maiden moved away through the woods and over the plain and all the birds sang to her and wherever she stepped, and nowhere else, grows our tribal flower, the trailing arbutus."

And thus the lover with a lover's enthusiasm paints the scene in the morning when he continued his journey to Lonidaw's wigwam: "The sun, though yet unseen, had painted the eastern sky a brilliant red. High in the air were multitudes of wild pigeons, sweeping the heavens as far as the eye could reach and moving in a line, like columns of trained soldiers, southward to procure their morning meal. All the twigs and branches of the grand old forest were thickly fringed with needled frost, forming a silvery screen through which the sunshine was sprinkled down, shedding the glory in the tree tops on the ground, filling my youthful soul with love for the divine.

"Stillness reigned almost supreme along the trail I passed, only broken now and then by the woodpecker beating his chiseled bill into some decaying wood in search of food, or some partridge on a prostrate tree sounding his rolling drum to entertain his lady love of early spring. I paused and listened to his oft-repeated drumbeats of love, poured forth in military style, and to myself I said: 'Happy lover, no doubts disturb thy trusting heart, while fear and sore distrust are warring in my soul.' * * *

"I reached the wigwam of my bride to be. All was quiet as the morning air. My fluttering heart was all the sound I heard, that, like a bird in a cage, beat the bars that held it fast. While standing before the door a strange feeling held me there in bonds which none but a doubtful lover can ever know and which no language can express.

"While there I stood Lonidaw opened wide the door, bidding me come in. The chilling gloom of yesterday had left no impress on her face, but instead the fondest smiles of maidenhood were plainly written there. I thought perhaps the deer in the night returned, but soon I learned that he had not. Then well I knew those smiles so sweet were all for me alone.

"With mutual hearts we clasped each other round and sealed again the

marriage vow with concert kisses, imparting a thrill of joy so pure that only they who truly love can ever feel and fully understand."

The wedding followed, a description of which is charmingly given by the bridegroom himself.

"When the moon of flowers and bloom came," he writes, "and mating birds were moving northward and wild flowers were blooming and the trees were putting on their robes of green I took the hand of my dear beloved Lonidaw and she became my bride. No wedding cards were passed around, no gifts were made, no bells were rung, no feast was given, no priest declared us one. We only pledged our sincere faith before her mother and the king of heaven. Our hope, our joys were one. Hand in hand along an ancient trail we took our course until we reached a land of game. Here we paused and like two mated birds that search and find a place to build their nest of mud and straw so we, beside an inland lake where towering woods embrowed its shore and flags, rushes and wild rice in plenty could be found, built our wigwam home of poles and bark. There oft at dawn and eventide we fished from out our birch canoe, and that she would have more success than I oftimes I would bait well her hook and let my own go bare, then wonder why she caught more fish than I.

"Oft returning from the chase, weary and tired of carrying game, I'd follow down the trail upon a narrow neck of land that ran into the open shore, and I never failed to see Lonidaw's erect and slender form on hasty run. No swan ever faster swam or more elegantly appeared than she when bending to the oars, pushing her birch canoe across the swelling bosom of the lake. As she would approach me while waiting on the shore I always hailed her, 'queen of the woods.' On our return across the lake she would cling to the oars and have me steer. I always felt her image in my heart and loved to see it in the lake and oft would ask her if her feelings were akin to mine. Her only answer was an approving glance and downcast smile. Thus happy in each other's love we floated down life's stream, all unprepared for cataracts and rocks along the shore.

"Two years flew quickly by when Olomdaw, our first child, was born. The night he came no man of skill or neighbors gathered at our home. Alone in the presence of the Great Spirit and myself Lonidaw went down to the gateway of death's dark valley and brought forth our darling boy, together with a father's and mother's crown, one for her and one for me. As I beheld in the first morning light our cherished infant nestling on her breast and saw Lonidaw smile in triumph as she gazed on me my love, respect and sympathy for her were all a sea without a shore.

"All about our woodland home wild birds and flowers rejoiced with us, and we were richly blessed, feeling the dear boy was sent of heaven to our wigwam as a seal to our union, that it might not be broken; for if there is one holy tie of love more sacred than the rest it is that a true-hearted husband feels for his dear wife when their first child is born."

Nearly three years of pleasant life for Pokagon and Lonidaw passed on and a second child, a daughter, which was christened Hazeleye, was born. These two little papooses grew up together amidst the lakes and forests, the pride of their father and mother. At 12 years old the son, Olomdaw, went away to school to be gone three years. When he returned at the end of that time the curse of the red man was upon him—the drink habit. It was not

long until he passed away. The father writes: "I do not wish to bleed my heart or sadden yours; suffice to say, as darkness succeeds the meteor's glare, so his young life went out and left us in the midnight of despair. Dear little Hazeleye was left us then; that sweet rosebud just opening into maidenhood, the very image of her mother. She was our only hope, and as our hearts were bound up in hers we consoled ourselves with the assurance that she was far removed from the alluring serpent born of the white man.

"But such was not the case. One day while Hazeleye was fishing in the lake two drunken fishermen rowed their boat with such recklessness they ran into her bark canoe, which was crushed and overturned, throwing her into the water. Lonidaw, standing on the shore, saw the crash and heard her scream. She wildly cried, 'Oh, save my child!' and in her frenzy plunged into the flood and swam desperately as none but a mother could to save her drowning child. The faithful dog, returning from the hunt, rushed into the lake and reached the wrecked canoe just at the time Lonidaw did. But Hazeleye had gone to the bottom never to rise again. The mother, strangling, struggling, sank beneath the waves, and, rising, she caught hold of the dog and he swam with her to the shore."

Pokagon, the husband and father, was just returning from the hunt when he saw her lying on the beach of the lake, apparently dead. He clasped her in his arms and carried her to their wigwam, and on mats and rushes she had lately made he laid her down. She began to gasp and then to breathe, and then amid sighs and groans, sobs and tears, she told him the sad story of their child. After a lapse of several weeks, which seemed stretched into years as he sat beside his dying wife, he heard a sigh. Slower, slower she breathed until she ceased. The sun had set.

"And then," he said, "I pressed my hand close to her side until I felt the last pulsation of her heart. Then, oh, then, I knew she was dead."

Then came the funeral, of which he wrote: "On her funeral day no relatives in sable robes appeared. No hearse with ostrich feathers crowned bore her form away. But native hunters of the wild, who oft had shared the bounties of her home, dug her grave at early morn; then came the fragrant woodland flowers and on her casket they laid them. They came with blankets, pure white, about them and with moccasins of deer hide upon their feet, while with uncovered heads and muffled tread, slowly they bore her from the door away. A Christian teacher and I next to them came, while in our rear true-hearted neighbors followed. Tenderly they carried her along the winding trail, under lofty archways of giant trees, until they reached her last resting place, which she in life had chosen. And there among the evergreen trees upon a beautiful headland, near the shore of our forest lake, in sight of the waters that covered our dear Hazeleye, we gathered, and they sadly assigned her to the grave, dropping therein modest forest flowers which she in life oft wore and much admired, and as we listened in silent prayer to the solemn words, 'Earth to earth and dust to dust,' a little dusky maiden of our band, who lately had been taught the Savior's love and knew Lonidaw well, all unbidden sang:

Asleep in Jesus, blessed sleep,
From which none ever wake to weep,
A calm and undisturbed repose,
Unbroken by the last of foes.

"The closing words were scarcely sung, when from the shore across the lake, in childlike tenderness, the song was again sung, and again and again repeated from shore to shore, weaker and weaker until it died away, mere whisper in our ears.

"In tears of gratitude and with a heart of prayers, I blessed the little maiden there. One by one the friends forsook the spot, leaving me there alone to commune with the spirit of my departed Lonidaw. Kneeling beside her grave I breathed a silent prayer to the Great Spirit that she might be received into the arms of Hazeleye in his kingdom beyond. Then I arose with a broken heart and sorrowfully wended my way homeward."

Thus ended the romance and the chief of the Pottawattomies seldom smiled thereafter. Since his death five years ago the tribe has been without a real chief. There are so few left that the government agents easily manage their affairs.

VIII. RECOLLECTIONS OF THE OLD INDIAN CHAPEL.

Pottawattomie Chief, Simon Pokagon, prior to his death, at the request of the writer, prepared an address to be delivered at a proposed Fourth of July celebration at Menominee village several years ago, which owing to unforeseen circumstances was not held. The address was sent to the writer and is given here as the recollection of the old chief concerning the chapel and the occurrences that took place there about the time of the removal. Among other things he said:

"We enjoyed our church at Menominee village several years, but in 1837 we received word that our priest wished to meet us at the chapel at Twin lakes. Cheerfully we obeyed the summons, but instead of meeting there as we supposed, the soldiers of the Cross, we were confronted with the soldiers of the United States armed with bayonets and guns. As our people entered the church, the door was closed behind them, that none without might suspect the fate of those from within, and so we entered as lambs to the slaughter for the last time. Some of you perhaps remember the sad stories of our wrongs, and how our fathers most solemnly declared so long as they lived that the treaty by which that part of the state was claimed by the United States was a base forgery on the part of the government agents who were paid large sums of money to procure the title. Hence we refused to give up our homes and go to an unknown land.

"And here the government made a second mistake on the same line by letting the job to unscrupulous men to remove us by force, if necessary, for which they were to be paid fifty dollars per head. Packed within the little church our people were tied and handcuffed. The stoutest braves, those who had never known fear, when they thought of the cruelties and injustice that was being dealt out to them, gave up in despair and wept like children. In vain they begged and prayed not to be forced from the home of their childhood. Some were packed into wagons like sheep for market, while others were chained as criminals together and marched off on double quick, not even being permitted to see friends or relatives left at home.

"As they were marched across the plains, under the hot, blazing sun,

wolves in the distance followed in the rear, like carrion crows, to feed upon the fallen. Some of you must remember from well authenticated reports how, on the long and weary march towards the setting sun, from fatigue and want of water, children, old men and women expiring fell; how infants untimely born, clasped in their mother's arms, together with them died and were left half buried on the plains, the prey of vultures and of wolves.

"Let us look away from the blood-stained trails our fathers and mothers trod as they were shamefully pushed into banishment, and consider the broken families who were here left behind—robbed, in the house of God, of sons, husbands and fathers. These, on hearing the sad news, as affrighted young partridges hid themselves in thickets and in swamps until all seemed quiet, when in the night time, as deer before dogs, they fled from the homes of their childhood, beyond the land of freedom, unto the king's land beyond the great lakes. Oh, how the hearts of these exiles from kindred homes and native land wept as they went forth from the lovely land of game to a place they knew not, to return no more! Think of it! And all of this was done by a people who had declared to the world to enjoy life, liberty and the pursuits of happiness is the God-given right of every human being. I wondered in my boyhood days how a Christian people could do such acts of cruelty and yet teach that all men are brothers, and that God is the Father of all. But in after years I learned that all misunderstanding made in contracts made between the two races, and all the wrongs suffered in consequence, had their origin almost entirely in that accursed drink more to be dreaded than a mad dog's and a rattlesnake's bite. In fact, its sting is death; yes, moral death to the red man. I will repeat it: its bite is death to the white man too.

"And now, farewell. Remember the words I have spoken in weakness and in soberness and truth, and that, by reason of old age, envy, malice, hatred and revenge have long since faded from my heart, and my words should be received with as much weight as the confession of a dying man; for already with one hand I have pulled the latchstring of time and one foot is now passing over the threshold of the open door of the wigwam of life into that better land beyond. Soon I will stand in the presence of the Great Spirit and shall there plead with Him in heaven as I have pleaded with him on earth that he will lead those by the hand who have so bravely fought against that old dragon, the destroyer of your children and ours, and lead them on to glorious victory."

IX. ARROW POINTS, INDIAN RELICS, ETC.

There are many traces of the Indian race that once inhabited this county still remaining, and many objects of curious workmanship once belonging to them are still picked up, although of late years the numbers have grown perceptibly "smaller by degrees and beautifully less." Several residents of the county have collections of calumets, stone axes, bows and arrows; stone arrow points of every conceivable shape and make; wampum, wampum belts, stones on which hieroglyphics of various kinds are drawn; stone tablets, scrapers, fishline sinkers, totems, and other Indian trinkets too numerous to

mention. Some of these archæological specimens are very curious and afford an ample theme for the delectation of minds directed in that channel. There is in the collection of the public schools of Plymouth a totem found near Fort Wayne which probably belonged to the Pottawattomie or the Miami tribe of Indians. It is worked out of a solid blue and white stone. Its head is the shape of a dog's head, and its back like that of a shell turtle. Underneath holes are drilled for the purpose of securing it to the "big Indian" wearing it. The Indians believed every animal to have had a great original, or father. The first buffalo, the first bear, the first beaver, the first eagle, and so on, was the manatau of the whole race of the different creatures. They chose some one of these originals as their special manatau, or guardian, and hence arose the custom of having the figure of some animal for the arms or symbols of a tribe, called a totem. Hence the buffalo, the bear and the beaver tribes each had their totems, which were represented by rude figures of these animals. When they signed treaties with the white men, they sometimes sketched outlines of their totems. Wampum, which was in universal use among the different tribes of Indians prior to the settlement of the whites among them, is yet in use as money among some of the western tribes. It is made of various material, that most common being the clear parts of the common clam shell. This part being split off, a hole is drilled in it, and the form is produced by friction. They are about half an inch long, and valued, when they become a circulating medium, at about 2 cents for three of the black beads, or 6 of the white. They were strung in parcels to represent a penny, threepence, a shilling, and 5 shillings of white, and double that amount in black. A fathom of white was worth about $2.50, and black about $5.

The most common souvenirs of the Indian race, or more properly the Mound Builders, that once inhabited this region, are the flint arrow points. They are of every conceivable size and quality of stone, and many of them are artistically and elegantly made. Arrow heads are picked up in this vicinity in considerable numbers, but how

> The ancient arrowmaker
> Made his arrowheads of sandstone,
> Arrowheads of chalcedony,
> Arrowheads of flint and jasper,
> Smooth and sharpened at the edges,
> Hard and polished, keen and costly,

is as much a mystery as it was when our ancestors discovered America. Mr. Aaron Greenwalt, of Plymouth, is something of an archæologist, and has some five or six hundred stone arrow points and other Mound Builder and Indian trinkets. He has for a long time been studying and experimenting for the purpose of discovering the *modus operandi* of making stone implements, and has succeeded in making from flintstone in the rough, several fine specimens of arrow points, stone awls and the like. From the many researches made by antiquarians in the Stone Age it has been definitely ascertained that these implements were made by a process unknown to the present generation. There were no iron or other metal tools in that age by which stone implements could be carved out, and the art of making them has been the study of thousands, time out of mind. These stone implements were undoubtedly made by a race of people known to us as the Mound Builders,

who inhabited this country long prior to its occupancy by the Indian race found here when America was discovered by Columbus. Of what race of people the Mound Builders were, whence they came, and whither they went, is as much of a mystery now as it was in the beginning of the many investigations that have been made down to the present time. In and about all the mounds that have been opened and explored, more or less of these implements have been found. The Indians found them when they came on to this continent, and made use of many of them for such purposes as suited their fancy—for use in battle, in securing game for food, for ornament, etc. But how they were originally made has been considered one of the "lost arts." Mr. Greenwalt thinks, however, he has solved the problem; at least the manner in which he worked out the specimens referred to is as near a satisfactory solution as any that has yet been reported. He uses a piece of leather sufficiently large to cover the inside of the left hand, in which a hole is made large enough to insert the thumb. He then lays a piece of obsidian, or flintstone in the rough, out of which the arrow point is to be worked. He then takes a piece of wire (he thinks a sharpened deer's horn was used by those who made the arrow points) about the size of a small lead pencil, the end of which is sharpened. Holding the piece of stone firmly in the hand, between the thumb and forefinger, he commences chipping of the stone by pressing downward. He turns the stone over and reverses it as the work progresses until it is completed. This is all there is of it. Whether this was the original manner of working out these arrow points or not of course cannot be definitely determined, but it is novel, to say the least, and is worthy the attention of those whose æsthetic taste runs in that direction. Several residents of Marshall county have during the past few years made considerable headway in collecting relics of the Indian race in this locality, and as the years go by these collections will become more and more interesting as marking the starting point in our civilization three-quarters of a century ago.

X. A MONUMENT TO THE POTTAWATTOMIE INDIANS.

In 1904 the writer of this history was elected a member of the Indiana legislature from Marshall county, and in the session of 1905 introduced a bill appropriating $2,500 for the erection of a monument to Menominee and his band of 859 Pottawattomie Indians who were driven away by the state of Indiana west of the Missouri river in 1838, and for the rebuilding of the old Indian chapel at Twin lakes, in Marshall county. The bill—House Bill No. 37—was referred to the committee on ways and means, who, in a spasm of reform, recommended it, with five other monument bills, for indefinite postponement. When the bill came up before the house for action, Mr. McDonald delivered an address fully explaining why the provisions of the bill should be adopted. As a matter of history, the house of representatives deemed it of sufficient importance to order two hundred copies of it printed for the use of the house, which was done. Notwithstanding the eloquent appeal made, the bill was indefinitely postponed. In noticing this address the "Indiana Quarterly Magazine of History," published by W. E. Henry, state librarian, and C. W. Cottman, spoke of it as follows:

"This address, written and delivered in support of a bill before our last legislature, failed in its immediate object, as the bill did not pass, but as a monograph on the Pottawattomie Indians of northern Indiana it is of such interest and value as to merit a place in any historical collection. Mr. McDonald is regarded as perhaps our best authority on this particular subject. He has long been deeply interested, a conscientious and a sympathetic student of the vanished aboriginees as presented by the records and traditions of the locality where he was reared. And a study of this tribe in its passing is a study of the Indian question in little. The story has in it much that was pathetic and tragic, particularly to a large band located on Twin lakes (Marshall county) under a chief called Menominee. Menominee was an Indian of unusual character, a friend to the whites, a convert to Christianity, and a zealous promoter of good among his people. By a treaty of 1832 twenty-two sections of land had been reserved to him and three other chiefs. When the whites came for the reserved remnants (as they always did) Menominee declined to be tractable and sign away his land. As the other chiefs signed it, however, that was held to be sufficient, and at the end of the time stipulated by the treaty the recalcitrant chief and his people were unceremoniously ousted; their cabins were torn down, their mission chapel dismantled and the whole band, numbering nearly a thousand, put under a strong military escort commanded by Gen. John Tipton, to be conveyed to a reservation beyond the Mississippi river. Amid tears and lamentations they took their departure. It was in September, the weather hot, the season dry and sickly. Suffering from the swelter, dust and thirst the hapless Indians sickened like sheep and the long route was marked with their graves. Particularly was there mortality among the small children; the ailing, jostled along under the burning sun in rude army wagons, suffering for water and with no relief from the hard ordeal, stood little chance, and almost every day some wronged mother surrendered her offsprings to earth."

In 1906 Mr. McDonald was reëlected a member of the legislature, and early in the session of 1907 he again introduced the bill, which, having met with many obstructions on its way through the lower house of the general assembly, finally passed that body by a vote of 73 to 13. The bill was then sent over to the senate, where it also met with delays and obstructions. In that body Senator John W. Parks, of Marshall county, introduced and secured the passage of the following amendment:

"Provided, That money herein appropriated shall not be paid until an agreement shall be entered into by the board of commissioners of Marshall county with the state of Indiana to the satisfaction of the governor, making provisions for the control and repair of said monument and chapel."

On the last day that bills could be passed, the bill finally passed the senate with this amendment, which was afterward concurred in by the house, and was finally signed by J. Frank Hanly, governor, and became a law March 12, 1907.

The following is the bill as enacted into a law:

AN ACT entitled an act providing for the purchase of suitable grounds at Menominee Village, Marshall County, the erection of a monument thereon, the rebuilding of the old Indian chapel, making appropriations for the same, and providing for the appointment of three trustees.

[H. 37. Approved March 12, 1907.]

Section 1. Be it enacted by the General Assembly of the State of Indiana, That there is hereby appropriated out of any funds in the State treasury not otherwise disposed of, the sum of two thousand five hundred dollars for the purpose of purchasing suitable grounds at Menominee Village, in Marshall County, the erection of a monument thereon, and the rebuilding of the old Indian chapel.

Sec. 2. That there shall be three trustees appointed by the Governor, who shall serve without compensation, whose duties it shall be to carry out the provisions of this act: Provided, That any sums raised by donations for the purposes herein specified may be used in addition to the above appropriation: Provided, That money herein appropriated shall not be paid until an agreement shall be entered into by the Board of Commissioners of Marshall County with the State of Indiana to the satisfaction of the Governor, making provision for the control and repair of said monument and chapel; or that some other satisfactory method shall be provided for the control and repair of said monument and chapel when completed.

Sec. 3. That said trustees shall keep an accurate account of all disbursements, and make a full report thereof and of the execution of this trust to the Governor not later than the fifteenth day of December, 1909.

The amendment was presented to the board of commissioners of Marshall county by the author of the act at its April term, 1907, which after a brief consideration was postponed until the May term, when the proposition was again postponed until the June term. At this term the board of commissioners entered into the agreement as provided in the amendment to the bill, ordered it recorded on their records, and a certified copy sent to the governor, which was done by the auditor under seal of his office. Omitting the preamble, the following is the agreement which the commissioners entered upon their records at the June term, 1907:

"It is hereby agreed by the board of commissioners of Marshall county with the state of Indiana, that when said state of Indiana completes said monument and chapel, as provided for in said act, and fully pays all expenses connected therewith, the board of commissioners as aforesaid hereby agree with the state of Indiana to make provision for the control and repair of the same as provided in said act."

Shortly after this agreement the governor appointed three trustees to erect the monument provided for in the act, thereby indicating that he was "satisfied" with the agreement entered into by the Marshall county board of commissioners. J. S. Kumler, of Peru, one of the trustees appointed by the governor, declined to serve. The trustees as finally appointed by the governor are as follows:

Charles T. Mattingly, capitalist, Plymouth.

Col. A. F. Fleet, superintendent Culver Military Academy, Culver.

Col. William Hoynes, dean of the Law School, Notre Dame University.

Not long after the appointment of the trustees Gov. J. Frank Hanly concluded that the agreement filed with him by the commissioners of Marshall county was not "satisfactory" and sent to Trustee Mattingly an agreement written by his attorney-general to be presented to the members of the board with a request that each sign it personally. This document differed from the original only in phraseology and the manner of executing it. Mr. Mattingly presented it to the board at the September term, when it was postponed until the October term, then until the November term, then until the December term, and then until the January term, 1908, when the board, having been reorganized, took the matter under consideration and signed the agreement as prepared by the governor. The members of the

board who signed the contract which insures the building of the monument are William H. Troup, Joel Anglin and James B. Severns.

Up to the time of closing this sketch nothing has been done toward the erection of the monument, but it is thought by the trustees having the matter in hand that it will be completed some time during the year 1908 or early in 1909.

XI. NORTHERN INDIANA IN 1829.

"A Traveler," writing to the Indiana Republican, Madison, January 7, 1829, has the following showing the condition of this part of northern Indiana, particularly Yellow river, Mix-in-kuk-kee lake, as called, he says, by the Pottawattomie Indians, and the Michigan road. His article is well worth preserving here as showing the condition of the country in this part of the state three score and ten years ago. He says:

"Mr. Editor: The writer of this has spent some days of the last month examining the country on the St. Joseph of Lake Michigan, the Wabash and Kankikee. This country, except the Kankikee, is embraced in the purchase made this fall from the Pottawatamies.

"We set out from Fort Wayne a northwesterly direction for the St. Joseph of the lake. The first twenty miles after leaving the fort the country is mostly covered with a heavy forest of timber, but a small portion of the soil is of good quality for farming. After passing Blue-grass creek, we passed a few miles of country, the land of an inferior quality, thinly timbered with oak and hickory, interspersed with a number of small lakes, from which flows to the southwest the head branch of the Tippecanoe river; we then entered the Elk-heart bottom; this bottom is about eight miles wide, soil and timber of the best quality. Elk-heart creek is a fine, boatable stream, running northwest, and the depth of the water (above the knees of our horses) affording a sufficiency at the dryest season for all kinds of machinery. After crossing this creek we entered the Elk-heart prairie, about six miles long and from two to four wide, soil of the best quality. Along the southwest margin of this beautiful prairie flows the Elk-heart creek, on the north bank of which, and in the prairie, is the site of Five Medals village, well known to our soldiers of the late war as the residence of the Pottawatamie war chief, Five Medals. This creek unites with the St. Joseph a few miles south of the line dividing Indiana and Michigan territory, and near this point is also the entrance from the north of a large creek, which flows from Pleasant lake in Michigan territory; at the junction of these waters is a fine town site, possessing the advantages of being surrounded by a fine country of good land, and on the bank of the St. Joseph river, which is a deep, boatable stream, affording plenty of water for keel-boat navigation from this point to the lake at all seasons of the year—distance 75 to 100 miles by the river. Twenty miles below the mouth of Elk-heart is the southern bend of the St. Joseph. At this place the American Fur Company have an establishment to carry on trade with the Indians; it is situated on a high, dry plain, affording a very handsome and extensive site for a village; through this place, the road, as lately laid off from Lake Michigan to Indianapolis, passes, affording it the advantage of a road south

to the Wabash, as well as the river northwest to the lake, at all times navigable, with a good harbor for the largest lake vessels, and a safe bay at its entrance into the lake, and also a high and beautiful site for a town on the margin of the lake at the mouth of the river.

"From the southern bend of the St. Joseph we traveled west to Lake Michigan; the country is dry and beautiful until we arrive within three or four miles of the lake, part rich barrens, and part first-rate timber land, with a large portion of prairie. We traveled part of the distance on the United States road, from Detroit to Chicago, this road which crosses the northern boundary of Indiana, about thirty miles east of Lake Michigan, and continues parallel with and near the north line of Indiana to the southern point of Lake Michigan. The tract of land through which this road passes was purchased from the Indians at the treaty of the Wabash, called the ten mile purchase, and as embraced between the north line of Indiana and the Kankikee river and ponds. This tract of land is perhaps surpassed by no other for beauty and fertility of soil. There may be a scarcity of timber after it is settled. It is watered with some spring rivulets, and has many beautiful lakes from one-fourth to one and one-half miles in circumference, with dry banks, sand bottoms, clear, sweet water, that abound with fish of various kinds.

"We traveled from Lake Michigan a southeasterly course, and descended a hill of more than one hundred feet, and soon found ourselves in the neighborhood of these celebrated Kankikee ponds. The river of that name rises near the center of Indiana, from east to west, and flows west through a low valley, which is from four to eleven miles wide, and in the spring is covered with water. After the summer season sets in the quantity of water decreases, but there remains a marsh or swamp which is said to be sixty miles in length from east to west, and impossible at most places for man or horse to pass; the river crosses the line dividing Indiana and Illinois about thirty-five miles south of Lake Michigan and uniting the River Auxplaines from the Illinois river. The ponds above mentioned extend along the north side of the river beyond the state line. Most of the land on this river within Indiana is exceedingly poor. We crossed the Kankikee, which from its appearance we believed sufficiently large for boats to pass down it, from a point thirty or forty miles within the state of Indiana, part of the year. The trace on which we traveled led us southeast to Yellow river, a large branch of the Kankikee, within the country now owned by the Pottawattomies, and the whole distance between these rivers we saw no land suitable for farming, it being mostly wet prairie, or if timbered, with low black oak, and the soil of the most inferior quality. After crossing Yellow river and traveling about four miles we passed a beautiful lake from seven to ten miles in circumference, called by the Pottawattomie Indians Mix-in-kuk-kee. It is surrounded with rolling land of good quality and is formed from springs, and seems to occupy the highest summit between the Tippecanoe and Kankikee rivers. From it flows to the south a large creek, forming one of the principal of the former river, and distant from it about five miles. The lake will probably some day supply a feeder for a canal to connect the Wabash and Illinois rivers. From this lake we proceeded a short distance east and found the line of the Michigan road, on which we traveled to the Wabash at the mouth of Eel river. Most of that country is good and

susceptible of making a fine road. Should the legislature authorize, as they most likely will, the location of the donation of the Michigan road in the prairie between the St. Joseph and Lake Michigan, and on the line of the United States road from Detroit to Chicago, it will sell for an immense sum of money, and within two or three years will form one of the best settlements in Indiana. The country lately purchased is susceptible of forming from three to five counties, and in five years after it is sold by the United States will have sufficient population to send an additional member to congress."

XII. POTTAWATTOMIE MILLS — BEN-NACK'S VILLAGE.

The following description of a trip from Lafayette to Turkey creek prairie, by way of Bennack's village, in Tippecanoe township, Marshall county, in 1834, which is copied from "Recollections of the Early Settlements of the Wabash Valley," published by Sanford C. Cox in 1860, is interesting as showing the condition of the country and inhabitants here three-quarters of a century ago:

It was on the tenth of January, 1834, that in company with Maj. C——, whoever he may have been, that Sanford C. Cox, as he relates in the extract of his book under consideration, according to previous arrangements, set out from Lafayette to explore that portion of northern Indiana comprised within the present boundaries of the counties of Fulton, Pulaski, Marshall, Stark, Kosciusko and Elkhart. A journey of one or two hundred miles was not then, as now, performed in a few hours. The first day they passed through Delphi and stayed over night at Lockport. The second day they passed through Logansport and stayed all night at a farm house six miles farther north on the Michigan road, having ridden leisurely and examined lands on Eel river most of the afternoon—being land hunters on the lookout for land to enter. Their landlord advised them to go on to the Pottawattomie mills, erected at the outlet of Manatau lake some twenty miles north, and from that point to keep up the Tippecanoe river to its head near the Turkey Creek prairie. Continuing, Mr. Cox said:

"We followed his directions and took up our lonesome journey along the frozen Michigan road, which led through a dense, continuous forest. In the afternoon we arrived at a Mr. Bozarth's, near the Pottawattomie mills. His small, double cabin, which stood near where the town of Rochester now stands, was a welcome sight to us, being the only house we had seen after we started in the morning. Here we stopped for the night and were well entertained by Mr. Bozarth and his pleasant and interesting family, who, though domiciled in the wilderness, would have graced the better circles of metropolitan life.

"After early breakfast we started on our journey, passing the Pottawattomie mills during the first half hour's ride. We stopped for a short time and viewed the celebrated Lake Manitau, or "Devil's lake," where the Indians averred a huge monster had been seen in the shape of a serpent, which defied all human efforts to snare it. There was a tradition existing among the Pottawattomie Indians that there was a monster in the shape

of a serpent existing in this lake long before they crossed the 'hard waters of the north.'

"Their superstitious dread of this lake was such that they would not hunt upon its borders nor fish in its waters for fear of incurring the anger of the evil spirit that made its home in this little woodland lake, which perhaps is some three or four miles in length, with a breadth averaging from one-fourth to a half mile, quite irregular, sometimes quite narrow for several hundred yards, resembling a narrow, sluggish river, at other places widening into bays and more extended sheets of water that reflected sky and forest like a mirror. The appearance of the ground indicated that it had originally been much larger and that its waters had gradually receded; which fact was confirmed by some of the earliest settlers of the neighborhood, who said they had fished years before in portions of the lake which had become partially or entirely dry land.

"When the government officers were about erecting the Pottawattomie mills the Indians strenuously objected to the erection of a dam at the outlet of the lake, lest its accumulated waters might disturb and overflow the subterranean chambers of Manitau and the exasperated demon rush forth from his watery dominions and take indiscriminate vengeance on all those who resided near the sacred lake; and to convince the government officials of the real existence of this monster and his terrible paroxysms of rage, which were periodical, they stated that certain seasons of the year the fishes became so alarmed that they rushed pellmell to the outlet of the lake in large schools or shoals to escape the exasperated monster that threatened their destruction.

"I have been informed that Austin W. Morris, who completed the survey of the lake for the erection of the mills, said that several of his flagmen while assisting in its survey had become alarmed and made to shore, declaring that they had seen a monster in the water, and for a while it was difficult for him to get a man to carry the red flag. Whether they really saw anything terrible in the water, or their fears were merely the result of an excited imagination after hearing the Indian legends, Mr. Morris never pretended to say.

"In confirmation of the tradition above alluded to, in the year 1837 there appeared in the columns of the Logansport Telegraph a communication, supposed to have been written by our artist George Winter, giving a more particular and circumstantial description of the monster from an account given to him by a fishing party who said they had seen the serpent, which they represented as being about sixty feet long, the frontal bone three feet across, with eyes as large as saucers.

"The correspondent's description of the monster produced quite a sensation among the good people of Logansport and the surrounding country, and a party of fifteen or twenty daring spirits, including several scientific gentlemen, was formed to go to the lake on a certain day, with fishing tackle, after the manner of Barry Cornwall's fishermen, harpoons, spears, etc., to fish out the leviathan demon, or whatever it might be, that by this time had got a character equal to a first-class sea serpent.

"A sickly season, combined with other circumstances, prevented this grand piscatorial enterprise, which had been planned on a magnificent scale and publicly advertised throughout the country for weeks; and his wonderful snakeship escaped the leviathan hooks and snares which had been prepared

to lift him from his watery home and (perhaps) his capacious stuffed skin from being exhibited by Barnum all over the world.

"From Lake Manitau we proceeded on our journey up the Tippecanoe. Our trace passed through the timber land of the Yellow river country. We were told that we would not see a house after leaving the mills, except that of Ben-nack, a half-breed and one of the headmen among the Pottawattomies, at the crossing of the Tippecanoe river, until we arrived at McCartney's, an old Indian trader on Turkey Creek prairie; but as examining the face of the country with a view of entering land was the object of our trip, we had no objection to see it in its primitive grandeur, unmarred and unmolested by the hand of man.

"About 12 o'clock we arrived at the crossing of Tippecanoe, about half a mile below Ben-nack's village. Here we alighted and partook of our noon lunch, and examined the ford where our road crossed the river. The ice had melted away from the shore where we were for more than a rod, while the rest of the stream was covered with ice which appeared sufficiently strong to bear up our horses provided we could get them upon it. As the horse I rode was the lightest, we concluded to lead him in and pass him over first, which was done with much difficulty, as the edge of the ice where the horse first reached it struck him about the middle of his breast, and he, by much urging, sprung upon it with a bound. It bore him up and he was led to the opposite shore. With difficulty we got the major's horse to the edge of the ice, and after much coaxing and patting him upon his head we got him to make a bound—the ice broke; he made another spring and it broke again; he made one plunge after another until he broke the ford open from one side of the stream to the other, the major meanwhile clinging hold of the bridle reins on the upper side to prevent the deep strong current from drawing the horse under the ice. We mounted our horses shivering with cold and rattling with icicles, and hastened to Ben-nack's to warm and dry ourselves and horses. Imagine our surprise and chagrin when, calling at his cabin door for admittance, he after much delay cautiously opened the door a few inches only, and asked what we wanted. We told him our sad plight, and that we wished to stop a few minutes to warm by his fire. He made no reply, but immediately closed the door in our face. The Indians peeped out from their wigwams, which surrounded Ben-nack's cabin, with evident surprise and mortification at his want of hospitality. For a moment we thought we would stop at a wigwam and warm at the Indians' campfire, but changed our mind and rode on along the trace to Turkey Creek prairie, wet, cold and slightly out of humor.

"Late in the evening we arrived at McCartney's, on the south side of Turkey Creek prairie, near the cluster of lakes that form the head of Tippecanoe. McCartney had married a daughter of Bennack, and was absent on a trip to Washington city to procure a patent, as we were informed, for a section of reserve land which he had married with his 'pretty young squaw.' Ben Hurst, one of Indiana's oldest lawyers and one of Gen. Harrison's aids at the battle of Tippecanoe, resided at McCartney's during his absence at Washington to superintend his business, and to guard his wife, Mary, from being spirited away by her father, who had become dissatisfied with the match and declared the marriage a nullity, having been solemnized by an

officer of Cass county, on Indian territory, which he insisted was without the jurisdiction of the officer.

"We spent two or three days looking at the country surrounding the big and little Turkey Creek prairies, and passing over portions of what now lies within the limits of Marshall, Elkhart and Kosciusko counties, then a wild, uncultivated region which contained fifty Indians for every white man. But few white families had penetrated this frontier region, and the major and myself concluded that although the land was rich and productive it was so remote from schools, churches and other advantages of civilization that we did not feel like pitching our tabernacles in that out-of-the-way place. Every day we met with Indians who were exceedingly friendly and invariably inquired for 'good-ne-tosh' (whisky), offering to exchange moccasins, fur skins, or even pay the cash for it. One morning a troop of about twenty squaws and papooses mounted on ponies followed us for more than a mile beseeching us for whisky, which was a contraband article, prohibited by law from being bartered to the Indians. In order to get rid of such an escort over the prairies, the major pulled out a pint flask of whisky from his saddle bags, which we had taken along with us to doctor our horses in case they became sick, and held it up as a prize to whoever could ride and take it out of his hand, meanwhile spurring up his horse to a gallop. Helter-skelter dashed along the squaws on the ponies to seize the prize, the major urging up his horse, and the squaws and papooses goading on their ponies to full speed. One old squaw dashed ahead of the rest and seized the bottle. The rest soon circled around her. She took out the cork and drank our 'very good health,' and handed it to another until it passed around, the younger women and children touching it but lightly. The major told them to pass it around again, which was done, and the empty bottle thrown in the grass. The old squaw thanked us politely for the whisky and a few crackers we had given to the children, and invited us to their camp, about a mile off, which invitation we courteously declined.

"The liquor soon made the old woman feel like exhibiting her powers of horsemanship, and after telling the little urchin that rode behind her to 'hold fast,' dashed off at full speed of her pony, followed by the rest, the children clinging on behind their mothers and aunts, dashed from side to side, up and down, as far as we could see them, and their wild halloo rung upon the air for several minutes after they turned into the timber where their village stood.

"While at McCartney's we got sight of his 'handsome young squaw,' of whose beauty we had heard so much. She appeared to be about twenty years of age, of medium stature, thickset, and was handsomely dressed in Indian costume. I have seen many handsomer Indian women, and thought at the time that her being Bennack's daughter, and owning a section of land, added charms that could not be appreciated by every beholder.

"A graphic likeness of Bennack may be seen in a group of portraits of distinguished chiefs, headmen and warriors of the Pottawattomie nation in the studio of our able artist, George Winter, whose paintings are much admired by all judges of the fine arts."

XIII. OLD TIME TAVERNS.

In the earliest settlement of the county what is now known as "hotel" or "house," as applied to places of public entertainment, was at that time universally called "tavern," every one of which, before the proprietor could open up for business, was required to apply to the board of commissioners for a license, for which he was charged $10 a year, more or less, according to the amount of business done. There was no state law at that time governing the sale of intoxicating liquors, and the tavern license was in reality a license to sell liquor, as every tavern keeper was supposed to keep a little brown jug with something in it for the stomach's sake!

The first license granted for keeping tavern was to Grove Pomeroy for one year from April 1, 1836. His tavern was the building on the southwest corner of Michigan and La Porte streets. It was built of logs and lumber, two stories high. For several years it had quite a run of travel, the stage coaches from the north and south on the Michigan road and the hacks on the La Porte road stopping there. Mr. Pomeroy does not seem to have taken out tavern license after that, and it is likely that Robert Beattie succeeded him in 1837, judging from the following petition for license and the order for the same. A copy of this is reproduced here to show how the tavern business was conducted in those days.

Now at this time, to-wit: on the 3 day of January 1837 comes Robert Beattie and files in open court a certificate for divers freeholders, citizens of Plymouth and vicinity for a Tavern License to keep a house of public entertainment in the town of Plymouth in the following words and figures towit:

To the Honorable the Board of Commissioners: The undersigned citizens of Plymouth and vicinity certify that Robert Beattie is a man of good moral character and well qualified to keep a house of public entertainment, and that we believe a Tavern to be highly necessary in the town of Plymouth, Marshall County, Indiana:

E. B. Hobson	Adam Vinnedge	William Bishop	Daniel Roberts
Peter Schroeder	Silas Morgan	Joseph Griffith	Thomas A. Packard
Milburn Coe	W. G. Pomeroy	Allen Leach	Edward R. Parks
John E. Woodward	John Hall	G. O. Pomeroy	Grove Pomeroy
E. G. Collins	Timothy Barber	Tanner Currier	Samuel D. Taber
John Anderson	Resin Packard	Abner Caldwell	David VanVactor
David Steel	Jeremiah Muncy	Thomas Erskin	

There was nothing stated in the petition as to where the tavern was located, but the fact that Grove Pomeroy, the owner of the building, signed the petition, is almost conclusive evidence that it was the Pomeroy building.

Prior to the organization of the county in July, 1836, the board of commissioners granted several "tavern licenses," among which were the following: Gustavus A. Cone, tavern license in North township for one year from April 1, 1836. This was probably the place afterwards owned by the Sherlands, and was a regular stopping place for the stage coaches passing that way north and south.

July 19, 1836, Charles Osterhaut was granted license for one year to keep tavern. His place was about two miles south of Plymouth, on the west side of the Michigan road. He was a member of the board of commissioners, and the board met at his house until the first courthouse was erected after the county was organized, when it began holding its meetings in that

building. That building is still standing. It is the second house east of Michigan street on the north side of Adams street, in Plymouth.

Sidney Williams was granted tavern license in 1836, his building being about where Argos now stands.

Thomas Singleton was granted license for a tavern on the La Porte road between Plymouth and Lemon's bridge.

Abel C. Hickman was granted tavern license at his home on the Michigan road near the Fulton county line.

There were several other taverns in various portions of the county, so that wherever people happened to be when night came on, they were pretty sure to find a tavern where they could obtain food and shelter for the night, although they might have for a bed a quilt on a puncheon floor to sleep on.

After the Pomeroy tavern the next house of importance was the old American House, still standing at the south end of the river bridge on the east side of Michigan street. It was built by Adam Vinnedge, Sr., about the time of the organization of the county, but its location was not desirable, and at no time since it was first erected has it been self-sustaining.

The Baldwin House was on the southwest corner of Michigan and Washington streets. It was kept by Ayers Baldwin for several years, but after his death was used as a dwelling house.

The Doddridge House, also known as the Edwards House, and the Parker House, was erected in the early '50s, and for many years was one of the most pretentious caravansaries of its kind in this part of the country. During its existence it had a great many landlords, among those best remembered being William C. Edwards, O. H. P. Bailey, Joel Parker, U. S. Dodge, George B. Steadman, W. K. Swallow and others. In 1858 Mr. Steadman, who was then proprietor of the hotel, got into an altercation with a man who kept a livery barn near by, and in the melee was so badly stabbed that he died not long afterwards. Several years ago it caught fire and was partially consumed, after which the remains were purchased and removed to the north part of town, where it was worked over into a dwelling, and thus ended Plymouth's first real house of entertainment.

A. Gambrill, or "Gabe" Gambrill as he was familiarly known, erected a hotel and eating house on the north side of the Fort Wayne railroad opposite the elevator, about 1857-8, which he continued with indifferent success for a few years, when it caught fire and was burnt to the ground.

The Ross House, one of the two principal hotels in Plymouth, was erected a quarter of a century ago by Robert H. Cox, long since deceased.

There are few people in Plymouth who know how the Ross House happened to be called by that name. It was built in its present form by Mr. Robert H. Cox, who died several years ago. About the time it was ready to be opened to the public Mr. Cox was in a quandary as to an appropriate name for the new caravansary, not wishing to perpetuate his own name by calling it the Cox House, because he was fearful the traveling men would nickname it the "Coxey House" after Coxey and his army of "raganuffins" who were just then marching on to Washington. About that time, too, the country was greatly excited over the kidnaping of Charley Ross, which is still well remembered by the older citizens. One evening Mr. Cox was talking to a traveling man about the difficulty he had in selecting a suitable name for his hotel, when the gentleman suggested, "Why not call it the

'Ross House,' in memory of Charley Ross, the kidnaped boy?" It appealed to Mr. Cox's sympathy for the bereaved parents of the boy, and from that day to the present it has been known as the "Ross House."

The building is of frame, well arranged, and is supplied with all modern improvements. At this time it is managed by Frank D. Lamson.

The Grand Hotel is owned by Charles Kellison and was erected about 1890. It is modern in all its equipments and its management is kept up to the highest standard.

George Pomeroy was probably the first tavern keeper in Bremen, as he was one among the earliest residents there. In 1859 John Prottsman erected the American House, and kept really the first hotel in that place. In 1865 Jacob Knoblock erected in Bremen a large and commodious hotel which was the pride of the town. Mr. Knoblock managed it until 1869, when he died. It was afterwards kept by his son-in-law and H. M. Garver until 1879, when it caught fire and went up in smoke.

In Bourbon, so far as is known, Henry H. Baxter was the first tavern keeper. That was in the early '50s, and he continued as such for many years. In the later '50s, prior to the civil war and after the completion of the Fort Wayne & Chicago railroad, Henry Sheets erected a hotel building on Main street, near the railroad, which he called the Railroad House and later the Sheets House, which he kept for many years. Several years ago it was removed and the present splendid brick and stone structure erected by Mr. Ringenberger. Prior to this the "Central House," erected one block north of the railroad in the center of the town by S. E. O'Brien, was the first really first-class hotel structure erected in the town. The American House, located on the block north of the railroad, was kept by Andrew Rice for many years, and later by M. C. Henshaw. It is now used as a residence.

In Argos—which was then called Sidney—the first tavern was erected by Sidney Williams, and by him sold prior to 1850 to Clark Bliven, who continued to keep the tavern until about 1845, when M. L. Smith purchased the property and managed the place until his death many years ago. A new hotel was then erected on the street leading to the Lake Erie railroad station. It is a large and commodious structure, having the modern improvements, and in every way is first-class.

XIV. A PIONEER EXPLORING PARTY.

In the summer of 1835 an exploring expedition was formed in the southern part of the state for the purpose of visiting the country north of the Wabash river, and if they were pleased with "the lay of the land" it was understood they were to make selections of homes for themselves and neighbors who had determined to change their place of abode, and make the proper entry in the land office, which was at that time at La Porte. The currency of the realm at that time was mostly the good old-fashioned silver dollar of the daddies, and it required but ninety of them to purchase the best eighty-acre lot of land in Marshall county. These dollars were generally sewed up in a belt of cotton shirting, or some goods of that sort, or put into an Indian

belt made of tanned deerskin, and worn around the waist, underneath the coat and vest or "wamus," as the case might be.

These primitive explorers, of course, were provided with rifles with which to protect themselves, and also for the purpose of providing game for food. These rifles were generally of the flintlock pattern—"percussion caps" not having at that time made their appearance this far west. A part of the outfit was a pair of bullet molds made of iron. Bar lead was a necessary article of merchandise, and with a wooden ladle to melt it in and pour it into the molds a sufficient number of bullets could be made in a short time to last several days. If, however, a long journey was to be taken, the molds and lead were carried along for use in case of emergency. A gun pouch made of dressed deerskin with the hair on, with a turn-over flap at the top, was adjusted over the right shoulder and carried at the side under the left arm. Ox or cow horns were used to carry powder in. Some of these horns were made by the Indians and were really quite artistic. Pictures, rude though they might be, of various animals were cut on the horns, and frequently they were inlaid with silver.

Having selected the lands they wished to enter, one of the number would be delegated to go to the land office and transact the business for himself and all the others, in order to save the time and expense of making the trip.

The land office was afterwards removed to Winamac, for what particular reason the general public never found out, and Amzi L. Wheeler of Plymouth appointed receiver. During most of the time Johnson Brownlee was employed by Mr. Wheeler as clerk and messenger. All the money received for entries of land was either gold or silver coins, mostly silver dollars. This money the receiver was required to deposit in a designated bank at Chicago, Ill., and as there were no railroads or express lines it had to be sent by special messenger, and it fell to the lot of Mr. Brownlee to perform that hazardous duty. As fast as three or four thousand dollars were received they would be put up in square boxes containing $500 and $1,000 each of silver and double that amount of gold. The boxes were securely fastened with screws and plainly directed to the government depository at Chicago. Mr. Brownlee had been previously sent to the southern part of the state, into Fayette and Rush counties, where he had formerly lived, to purchase a team of horses to haul the money between the points. It was a fine team of chestnut sorrels that was secured for the service. A light covered wagon was also procured as a part of the outfit. The receiver was allowed $150 for each trip in the delivery of the money, and, as there was considerable profit in that part of the perquisites, the loads were quite numerous for that reason, and for the further reason that if the messenger should be met by highway robbers and the money taken away from him the loss would not be so great.

During the time Mr. Brownlee was connected with the land office at Winamac he said he must have made as many as fifty trips to Chicago with money. His route was by way of Maxinkuckee lake, through the "prairie" as it was then called, where "Uncle Platt Dickson" and others lived, southwest of where Wolf Creek mills formerly were. That neighborhood was generally his stopping place the first night out. The next day he would reach La Porte, where he would stay all night with Capt. Ely, who was an old-time personal friend of the receiver. When Mr. Brownlee retired to bed at night he piled the money boxes up in his room, or under his bed if others slept in

the room with him. The next day he would reach Michigan City by noon, and a place now called Miller's station on the Michigan Central railroad, half way between Michigan City and Chicago, was reached for the night. The next day would take him into Chicago, where he deposited his boxes with the bank and drove to his hotel. After the money was counted the next morning and he had procured a receipt for the same he started on the return trip. In all the numerous trips he made over that very sparsely settled country he never met with an accident and was never molested in any particular.

Chicago became a village of whites in 1833. In 1837 an unofficial census showed a population of about 4,000. The official census of 1840 showed a population of 4,853, so that about the period of Mr. Brownlee's visits there the population was not far from 10,000. Old Fort Dearborn was still standing at that time, and the Chicago of today, "the zenith city of the unsalted seas," a city of more than two million inhabitants, was a typical frontier town. It was reached by the lake by small sailing vessels, and overland by stage coaches, etc. There was not at that time a railroad pointing in that direction. The telegraph had not been invented; steamboat navigation was an experiment; such things as reapers and mowers, sewing machines and the numerous labor-saving machines that have come into use as if by magic, and electricity and all the marvelous uses to which it has been applied were not then dreamed of. No other three score and ten years since the world began has witnessed such marvelous inventions and such astounding progress in discoveries and the arts and sciences, in civilization, education and all that tends to advance civilization. As the poet has well said:

We are living, we are dwelling
  In a grand and awful time,
In an age on ages telling—
  To be living is sublime.

XV. THE FIRST WHITE SETTLERS.

When the pioneers came there was nothing here but a wilderness. No evidences of civilization were to be seen anywhere. Telegraphing had not then been discovered, and there wasn't a railroad within a thousand miles in any direction, and at that time there was not even a stage line within forty miles.

The Indians, their manners and customs and characteristics having been quite fully set forth in these sketches, the inquiry may naturally be made, who were the pioneers who first settled this region and took the places of the Indians after they finally left the country, and what were their habits, manners and customs?

Those who first came here, or their parents, were originally mostly from Pennsylvania, Virginia and the coast states, and were of Scotch, German, Irish, English and French descent. Upon the opening of the great Northwestern Territory, of which this was a part, they began moving westward, and, striking the Ohio river at various points, floated down on rafts and boats of rude construction to various settlements, such as Marietta,

Cincinnati and other points where they could move out into the country both south and north.

The first settlers here were from southern Ohio and Indiana and northern Kentucky. Butler and Preble counties, in Ohio, and Rush, Fayette, Franklin and Union counties, in southern Indiana, furnished nearly the entire emigration the first eight or ten years.

No better class of people could be found any place than were the first settlers in this county. They were the cream of the settlements they had left; resolute and determined; moral, honest, upright and generally of a religious turn of mind, and were social and neighborly in a degree that would put to confusion and shame the average of those who make up the population in these days.

Many of them were fairly well educated and all were endowed with what is commonly known as "good common sense." Everything goes to show that. They laid the foundations of our present county government broad and deep, firm and solid. They began at once to build schoolhouses and provide places of worship; they built a courthouse and other public buildings, and provided an asylum for the helpless poor. They chopped down the forests; plowed and sowed the ground; erected saw mills and grist mills, and brick yards, blacksmith and wagon shops; cut out and bridged, and made the roads passable; established mail routes and stage lines; opened up facilities for trade and reciprocal intercourse with neighboring towns and villages; elected officers who set the legal machinery to work, all of which gave us the start that has brought us on and up to our present advanced stage of civilization.

As we review the past, the forms and faces of these early pioneers—those who "blazed the way" through the almost impassable wilderness—"in shadowy design," come up in vivid remembrance, and in their life's history present much that is worthy of admiration and emulation. Leaving their early homes, and the scenes of civilization, with ax and gun, they wended their lonely way through the unexplored wilderness until they reached the place where their future home was to be. Here, among the wild men of the forest that were still here when many of them came, the wolves and wild beasts of prey that infested the country, a wigwam of brush and poles was erected, a campfire built, and "the ax laid at the root of the tree." There, in the lonely woods, away from friends and family, the original pioneer labored, day in and day out, clearing a little "patch" of ground and preparing a rude log cabin for the reception of his wife and little ones. Finally they came, thinly clad in "home spun," sick and weary from weeks of traveling with ox teams, over roads that had to be made as they went, breaking an axle here, a tongue there; sleeping on the ground in the night air; fighting myriads of mosquitos and braving the storms that overtook them on their journey.

Here, and in this way, was the battle of life again renewed; and right manfully was it pressed to a glorious victory. How the memory of their hardships looms up, as the past, like a panorama, is spread out before us! It is well those who are living here now, gathering the fruits of the toil of those early pioneers, cannot realize the suffering and deprivation they passed through in forming and handing down the blessed heritage we now enjoy.

Those were days that tested true friendship. The question was never asked: "Who is my neighbor?" All were neighbors. All were friends. And let us hope that the friendships formed under so many trying circumstances, in those early days, may serve to cement the rising generation with the past, and that it may continue for all time to come.

When the Northwestern Territory was declared opened for settlement, about 1800, most of them made their way in boats down the Ohio river as far as where Cincinnati now stands and settled in Hamilton, Butler and adjoining counties, and from there gradually found their way into southern Indiana, settling in the river counties.

Emigration from southern Indiana to Marshall county began in 1835, but it did not commence in earnest until 1836. In the spring of that year, in the vicinity of Maxinkuckee lake and farther north and east in the direction of Plymouth, the Logans, Voreises, Morrises, Thompsons, Dicksons, McDonalds, Brownlees, Houghtons, Blakeleys, Lawsons, and others, arrived and made a permanent settlement. From this on, the settlement of this region was rapid and permanent. Except that portion of Union township known as the "Burr Oak Flats," the land was thickly timbered and full of undergrowth.

The Home of the Hardy Pioneer.

Cabins of the roughest kind of logs were erected and covered with clapboards, "rived" with an implement called a "fro," out of red oak timber, which were held to their places by logs fastened on the laps. Chimneys were built of small poles, and the cracks in the cabin and chimney were "daubed" with a very inferior quality of mud. If it was desirable to have a window, part of a log was taken out and a rough frame covered with white paper greased would be put in. The furniture, except such portions as had been transported by wagons when the movers came, was of the most primitive workmanship.

At that time there were no white people nearer than the Michigan road, and few there. The Indians outnumbered the whites two to one, and

it was uncertain whether the treaty entered into between them and the government, by which they were to leave the country, could be carried out. The average Indian that inhabited this region at that period could hardly be made to see the justice of being forced to leave his hunting grounds for the accommodation of those he looked upon as being only a few white adventurers, and until those untutored savages were driven away two years later they were the imaginary terror of timid men, women and children. They were peaceable, however, and the anticipations of danger were never, in a single instance, realized. No disturbance of any kind ever occurred.

There were no roads or bridges in those days, and he who did the milling for the neighborhood blazed his way as he went, and if he succeeded in making the trip to Delphi or Logansport, the nearest grist mills, and return in a week or ten days he was applauded as having accomplished a great feat. Sometimes he would break his wagon, frequently his oxen would get stuck in the mire, and other unforeseen accidents would befall him by which he would be delayed. Then the rations would run short, and those dependent upon his return for bread would have to crack corn with such appliances as were at hand, live on lye hominy made out of Indian corn, and such wild game as the hunters of the neighborhood could procure.

If the fire went out at night, which was not an uncommon occurrence, a chunk of fire had to be brought from the nearest neighbor, or a jack knife and a piece of "punk" attached to a flint stone had to be brought into requisition. In those days these articles were considered essential in all well regulated families. People then knew nothing about friction matches, nor did they enjoy the luxury of tea, coffee, pepper, spices or anything of that kind. They were not to be had, and if they could have been bought there was no money to buy them with. There were no churches then, and no schoolhouses, no country stores, no shoe shops, no blacksmith shops, no wagon shops, in fact nothing that the people needed. Homespun flax pants and shirts of a little finer material, the sleeves and collars fastened with a needle and thread, an inferior straw hat made by hand of oats or rye straw and boots or shoes made by the shoemaker of the neighborhood, generally badly worn, constituted the average Sunday outfit at that period and for some time afterwards.

The country was full of swamps and wet places, and the malaria that arose therefrom in the spring and summer was sufficient to prostrate more than half the population. Such a time with bilious fever, "ager," and other bilious diseases as prevailed for several years was never known before nor since. The proper remedies were not to be had for love or money, and many died for want of care and proper medical attention. Dr. Thomas Logan, who came with those who arrived in 1836, was the first doctor who practiced his profession in that section of the county. He was sent for far and wide and saved many lives and did much to alleviate the suffering that was everywhere prevalent.

People of these days often wonder how it happened that the earliest settlers found their way into Marshall county and into this section of the state, which was at that time a howling wilderness inhabited only by Indians and wild animals, and what induced them to leave the scenes of their early

childhood and settle in the woods to labor and toil in building up homes for themselves and children away from their friends and the influences of civilized society? It would be difficult to tell what influenced those who first came to locate permanently here.

Treaties had been made with the Indians by which they were to give up their lands and hunting grounds to the whites. Gangs of government surveyors had been sent here; the lands had been surveyed and platted, and opened to entry by the government at $1.25 per acre. Through these government surveyors, axmen and chainmen, it soon became noised abroad that a most delightful and productive country had been found, with beautiful lakes and water courses, and every kind of fish and wild game, fruits and nuts and roots in abundance.

Prior to the treaty ceding the lands to the United States by the Pottawattomie Indians, a scheme had been entered into by some speculators looking to the building of a great national thoroughfare between Lake Michigan and the Ohio river, through the center of Indiana, which was, in the course of time, built and named by the legislature, "The Michigan Road."

It was this Michigan road that probably induced many of the early settlers to come here; in fact, otherwise they could hardly have found their way through the wilderness. Nearly all the pioneers that settled in the county up to 1840 came from the south on the line of that road, especially the large colony that settled in Union township in the region of Maxinkuckee lake.

How They Came.

The first settlers about the lake came in 1836. Several heads of families came in 1835 and entered lands, and early in the following spring built log cabins, cleared off little patches of ground, planted corn, potatoes, etc., and early in the summer returned to bring their families and take up their permanent residences in Marshall county. They came in a caravan from southern Indiana in wagons drawn by ox teams, on horseback and on foot. They started on their long and tiresome journey on the twelfth of July, and arrived on the east side of Maxinkuckee lake July 26, 1836, just six days after the county had been organized and the county seat located at Plymouth, which occurred July 20, 1836. At that time there were only about 600 white people in the county and about 1,500 Pottawattomie Indians. The household goods of the members of the caravan were carefully packed away in the wagons, leaving room for the women and children and the supply of eatables prepared for the journey. The wagons were covered with sheeting for protection against rain and the hot rays of the sun. Fourteen days were occupied in making the journey. The roads most of the way were through swamps and over log bridges, and much of the way was but little better than Indian trails. From Indianapolis the Michigan road was followed. At that time it had only just been opened through this part of the state, and that only to such an extent as to make it passable by cutting down the trees and bushes along the line and bridging over the worst places with brush, poles and logs.

The country through which the road ran at that time was for the most part thickly timbered, and all along was an abundance of wild game and

fruits of all kinds, which the hunters of the little band brought into camp. The lack of pure water to drink was the most serious difficulty they had to contend with. There were seldom any springs along the way and the water for drinking and cooking purposes was mostly from stagnant ponds and small streams which were not much better. Every night on the way they camped wherever darkness overtook them, slept in the wagons and under the trees, the cattle and horses browsing about the camp and resting from the day's toil as best they could. The mosquitos and flies were terrible pests, much more so than people nowadays can imagine.

It was late in the afternoon of July 26, 1836, when the tired and worn-out caravan obtained the first sight of the ever beautiful Maxinkuckee lake. The glorious sun was just making its golden setting, "and by the track of his fiery car, gave token of a goodly day tomorrow." It was indeed, as our own "Hoosier Poet" has so beautifully expressed it, "a pictur' that no painter has the coloring to mock." A sunset on Maxinkuckee is always beautiful, and, no matter how often seen, never loses its charm to the beholder. None of them had ever seen a lake before, and the beauty of the scene, the rippling water, the rays of the golden sunset, and the shore lines, with their "etchings of forest and prairie," left a picture on their memory that lasted during life. The final stop was made not far east of the lake, near the residence of the late David R. Voreis. It was twilight then. A signal of their arrival in the neighborhood had been agreed upon before they started, and as the ox teams were halted at the end of the journey, a long, loud blast was given on a conch shell, which resounded and echoed and re-echoed through the trees and over the hills for miles in every direction. The night birds began to carol their sweetest melodies and sing their glad songs of welcome. And then the weary travelers listened eagerly for the response. It soon came from the residence of Vincent Brownlee, a short distance farther away in the wilderness. The echo of that response still rings loud and clear in the ears of the few still living who heard it. It was in one sense a most joyous occasion. The women who had borne the burden and heat of the long and wearisome days and were well nigh exhausted cried for joy, and even the stalwart men of the party let fall a silent tear that the hardships of the journey to the new country were at an end. Less than half a dozen who came at that time are known to be living. All the others have "gone to that undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveler returns."

Mill Dams—Grist and Saw Mills.

The same year that white settlers came, they set about devising ways and means by which they could secure the establishing of mills by which they could get their corn "cracked" at home, and the little lumber they needed for doors and floors to their cabins without being compelled to drive their ox-wagons thirty or forty miles and back to procure it. Such a thing as steam boilers or steam grist mills were not known then. Mill sites were numerous and all that could be desired, but it was hard to find one close by a dam-site! There were few rivers or streams that could be dammed so as to hold the necessary amount of water, and with fall sufficient to furnish power to run the machinery. The first effort at dam building was across the outlet of the lower Twin lake and the erection of a small mill known as "Barber's Mill," now known as "Zehner's Mill." It was built about 1836,

by Timothy Barber and others. It proved to be a great convenience all over the central, southern and western part of the county in the grinding of corn, there being no wheat until several years later. The dam was quite substantially built, and as the Twin lakes were not affected by the heavy rains and floods as were the rivers, the owner was not annoyed by the dam washing out every time the heavy rains and flood came. A dam was built across Pine creek in Polk township, not far from where Tyner is now located, and a saw mill built there, also about 1836. It furnished lumber for the neighborhood round about when there was sufficient water to keep the mill running, but when there was a dry season there was not enough water to run the mill. It went into retirement more than half a century ago.

The mill dam across Wolf creek, six miles southwest of Plymouth, was built about 1840, by Clark Bliven. Wolf creek was a very small stream at that time, being fed by the drainage of the swamp lands through which it meandered. A small grist mill was erected on the south side of the dam, and later a saw mill was built on the north side. At this mill the lumber for the second courthouse was sawed. It was here, too, about 1850, when the creek was overflowed by the high water, that Mr. Bliven, the owner of the property, in attempting to save the dam from washing out lost his footing, was washed out with the dam and drowned. In backing up the water the dam caused much valuable land to be overflowed, and for many years, on this account and because it was a breeder of malaria, efforts had been made to have the dam removed. Proceedings were instituted in court at various times, but "the law's delay" suffered it to remain until the early part of 1907, when the court ordered the dam to be taken out and the channel of the creek dredged, which was done, and this historic spot is now only a memory. No wonder it had such a checkered history. The Pottawattomies called it "Katam-wah-see-te-wah," the Indian name for Black Wolf.

In the late '40s a dam was built across the Tippecanoe river at what was afterwards, and is now, Tippecanoe town. There was considerable opposition to the dam from the first, and as the country became more and more thickly settled, the feeling that the dam ought to be removed grew stronger and stronger. No effort being made to remove it, one night in 1878 the woolen mill was set fire to and burned to the ground. An attempt was made to burn the grist mill, but it failed. Finally the dam went out, and no one has since had the courage to rebuild it, and it is now also a thing of the past.

A dam was built across Yellow river near the northeast line of Plymouth, in 1836, by Milburn Coe, and a saw mill erected nearby. The dam was not substantially built, and every time there came a freshet, which was about every time it rained, the dam either went out, or was damaged so it had to be repaired. Traces of this old dam are still visible, and especially the location of the circular mill race, a few hundred feet to the northeast of the present Zehner's grist mill. It was not long after this dam and mill was abandoned until the present dam, some distance above, was commenced on a larger and more substantial scale by Austin Fuller and others. This was probably in the later '40s or the early '50s. Notwithstanding the dam had been built solidly of large stones, trees and brush, and every sort of material to make it permanent, the high water frequently tore it out, and damaged it, and it was many years before it solidified itself so that the high water had no effect on it. The mills were burned down two or three

times, and several efforts have been made to compel the owners to remove the dam, as it is claimed that the backwater damages by overflow large quantities of land. A case looking to this end is now pending in the court of Marshall county. This dam and surroundings are also historical. Below the dam, and between the race and the river proper to where they unite, is a beautiful little park of two or three acres, on which has been sunk a flowing well fourteen inches in diameter, from which flows a continuous stream of clear, pure water. In this little park have been held numerous picnics, old settlers' society's meetings, soldiers' camp fires, and political meetings. Some of the great men of Indiana and elsewhere have walked through this beautiful park, and laved their thirst at the flowing well fountain; and it is only the truth to say that many a "Robert Burns and his Highland Mary," or a "Romeo and Juliet" have sauntered through these most delightful grounds under the shade of the umbrageous trees, and by the light of the pale and inconstant moon, listening to the music of the flowing well and the gentle murmur of the water as it fell in gentle cadences over "The Old Mill Dam." It was here that the poet was inspired to write the following:

THE OLD MILL DAM.

(To An Imaginary Sweetheart.)

Do you remember the old mill dam,
  And the path where we went roaming;
Where at even-tide when all was calm
  We wandered alone in the gloaming?

Where the hawthorn bush with ivy clinging,
  Furnished shade from the noonday sun,
As we listened to music the birds were singing,
  While our own loving hearts beat as one?

Do you remember the old flowing well
  'Neath the willow tree's long bending boughs,
Where our story of love we oft did tell,
  And we plighted our marital vows?

And the dear little park near the old mill race,
  Where we wandered by light of the moon,
Where you "loved me," you said, with a smile on your face,
  And vowed you would be mine alone?

Alas; that "imaginary sweetheart of mine,"
  Disappeared like the mist from the stream,
For when the old town clock was just striking nine
  I awoke—it was only a dream!

XVI. MARSHALL COUNTY AS THE WHITE MAN FOUND IT.

Marshall county was a part of the territory belonging to the Menominee tribe of Indians, and included in the government purchase under the treaty of Tippecanoe river made in 1832. It is a timbered region interspersed with prairies, formerly regarded as marsh lands and valueless, now held most valuable. The heavy timber lies in the shape of a reversed letter Я, the open

part to the west, the upright body of the letter represented by a tract fifteen by twenty-one miles on the east side of the county; the cross line by a tract six to eight miles wide at the south end, with some smaller tracts in the center of the west side representing the cross in the middle of the letter. The remainder is made up of prairie and "barrens" (not barren land, but light timber) and prairies.

The heavy timber consists of all the hard and soft timbers, except the resinous—oak, ash, hickory, maple, beech, elm, walnut, butternut, linn, poplar, etc., and in all the varieties of these woods. The barrens are variously timbered with white, burr, yellow, and black oak and hickory, and the heavy barrens have the heavy timbers scattered without undergrowth, while the light barrens are like large orchards. The face of the land is gently undulating, with no abrupt elevations or declivities. There is every variety of soil, the greater portion being the deep, rich, black loam of the heavy timbered lands. The burr oak barrens have rich sandy loam. The white oak barrens, clay and sand. The black and yellow oak, light sandy soil with clay bottom. The marshes, the richest and finest of alluvium, producing heavy growths of the best hay.

Every kind of farm production is raised in abundance; crops are reasonably certain and the yield remunerative.

Yellow river rises in the northeast part of the county, and flows through it southwesterly. From eighteen to twenty-five miles distant from the county seat, on the east and south of the county and partly through it, flows the Tippecanoe river; on the north and west, the Kankakee; on the northeast the St. Joseph, and about forty-two miles northwest and north lies Lake Michigan.

Pine creek in the northwestern portion of the county, and Wolf creek in the center are the only streams of note. Small streams flow through all the wet prairies, and good water is abundant almost everywhere. In almost every portion of the county flowing wells of pure artesian water are secured at a depth of from fifty to 100 feet.

Pretty lake, three miles west of the county seat, is a beautiful sheet of water about two miles in circumference. Since the organization of the county it has of late years become a noted summer resort, and around its beautiful shores have been built nearly fifty summer cottages.

Lake of the Woods, known also as "Big lake," in the northeast part of the county, not far from Bremen, is about five miles in circumference, and is famous for fish.

Twin lakes, three in number, extending from the center of the county to the west line of West township, are all beautiful sheets of water, and good fishing is had in all of them. The middle Twin lake is noted for the Menominee Indian village that stood on its north bank, where the old Indian chapel formerly stood, and from which place the Pottawattomie Indians were driven away in 1838. At the end of the lower Twin lake was built the first grist mill in Marshall county, in 1836-37.

Maxinkuckee lake in the southwest part of the county, is about twelve miles in circumference, three miles long and two and one-half wide. It is fed entirely by springs that burst up from the bottom, and the natural rainfall. In its primitive state, before the forest trees that lined its shores were cut down by the white men who settled there, it was the most beautiful

sheet of water anywhere to be found. In the early times deer and other wild animals drank of its rippling waters unmolested. Fish and wild game of all kinds were abundant, and it was indeed a most charming spot.

The Michigan road crosses the county from north to south, starting at Michigan city and ending at Madison, Ind.

The Yellow River Valley.

Marshall county is in what is known as the "Yellow River Valley," which was beautifully pictured by the late C. H. Reeve, in an address a few years before his death, and it is reproduced here as setting forth historical facts worthy of being perpetuated. Mr. Reeve said:

"Those who are residents and read the newspapers should rejoice that they live in the safe and beautiful Yellow river valley. I suppose few of them ever stop to think that they do live in a valley; that westward the land rises from thirty to fifty or more feet to the mile, until it reaches the summit a few miles out, and then slopes away on the great Kankakee plains, at only about six to eight inches to the mile to the Kankakee river, and then rises again to the high tableland of the prairies; while on the north and northeast it rises in like manner to the summit and then slopes away to the St. Joseph river; the same on the east, southeast and south to the Tippecanoe river.

"Nor do they regard our inland position and timbered protection, where the wild storms sweeping up the valleys of the larger streams above named, and from Lake Michigan and the great western prairies are carried up by the rising land toward us, and so high over our heads instead of tearing us in pieces, while the timber, obstructing the currents, makes clouds and rain, and saves us from droughts. As day after day the reports of the terrible storms all over the country come to us, and the wailing of the victims of pestilence leaving knowledge of the awful desolation in their track, our quiet valley is full of peace and safety—no failure of crops, no epidemics, no floods or great droughts, with good lands, ready and convenient markets, no public local debts, schools and churches convenient on every hand, the farmers of the Yellow river valley should hug themselves with delight in their safety and prosperity! We have passed the excitement and trials of pioneer life, and are settling into the permanency and stability of slow and progressive prosperity in place of the wild and speculative rush for wealth that constitute the movements of new localities. But more than all we have safety. Here the elements do not war. While we have no coal, or iron, or stone, or precious metals in mines, or great waterpower, we have nearly 500 square miles of as good land as is in the world, taken as a body; we have health, abundance of valuable timber, good and certain crops, good water easily obtained; our lovely and now famous Maxinkuckee lake, and our unsurpassed Yellow river valley.

"The proud and ambitious, the restless and the grumbling, may emigrate, but the wise will be content with our quiet valley, where, in fact, they have what they cannot find elsewhere, with so few discomforts and evils, and which should be, if it is not, held at its true value. Sixty years of personal knowledge and half a century of continuous residence should enable me to know, and in that belief I pay this brief and truthful tribute to one of the fairest spots in all the land."

There is no more delightful scenery to be found anywhere in this country than along the rivers and lakes and over the hills and valleys in Marshall county, and especially in the autumn days when the leaves are receiving the golden tints that present to view a "picture that no painter has the coloring to mock!" The reader will pardon the writer of this history, if he pauses a moment from the dry compilation of historical information to add a slight tribute to "The Beauties of Autumn," in connection with his late friend Reeve's beautiful address on "our unsurpassed Yellow river valley." As he writes the autumn tints are just beginning to give the maple and other forest leaves their farewell kiss, and soon the whole country will be a golden picture of rare beauty! During the golden days of which these are typical, the period known as "Indian summer," when the golden rod, the national flower, is adding charm to the scene in every direction, it has been the custom of the writer for many years past to spend a few days in the country, about the rivers and lakes, through the woods and hazelnut patches, among the grape vines and hawthorn bushes, and listen to the birds singing in the branches, and watch the squirrels as they jump from limb to limb gathering nuts for the winter's supply of food, and for the time being get out of sight and hearing distance of the petty annoyances that continually confront one in the every-day humdrum of life in the struggle for existence.

If you do not own a bicycle or an automobile, or a horse and buggy, and are too poor to hire one, take your lunch basket and hammock, and a kodak, if you have one, and start for the woods. Never mind the traveled roads. Climb the fences and tramp through the fields, and so on through the woods, following some cowpath, or an old Indian trail, of which there are still a few that can be traced. Don't hurry to get to some given point. Just take your time. When you get tired, hang your hammock and take a rest. Don't take any novels or stories of "the villain still pursued her" kind with you. You probably read too much trash of that sort when at home. Take out your pencil and scratch book, make rough sketches of the beautiful scenes that especially attract your attention, and jot down your impressions of the beauties and grandeur of nature that come under your observation.

You have probably traveled much and visited many places of interest, both in your own country and in foreign lands, and yet, likely you have never been outside of the towns and villages in your own county, and some of them possibly you have never seen. Around all the lakes, big and little; up and down the rivers and creeks in various parts of the county, and through the cultivated and uncultivated regions, the highways and byways, the long shaded lanes, over gravel roads, and on an occasional cut-off through the woods, you will see sights as grand and beautiful as can be seen anywhere on the globe. You can spend several days in this way that will open your eyes and give you a better opinion of the beautiful Yellow river valley and your own county and its possibilities than you ever had before.

XVII. THE GOVERNMENT SOIL SURVEY OF MARSHALL COUNTY.

The United States Department of Agriculture sent Frank Bennett and Charles W. Ely into Marshall county during the year 1905, who made a soil survey, giving location and boundaries of the area, climate, physiography and geology, soils, the different loams and agricultural conditions, from which the following is reproduced as being of special interest to the farming community of the county:

Prior to the organization of Marshall county this region was inhabited almost exclusively by Pottawattomie Indians, who were very numerous here. The first cession of lands now embraced in Marshall county was made by the Indians at a treaty near Rochester, whereby they gave up a strip of land one mile in width through the present limits of the county to enable the whites to establish the Michigan road, a highway extending from Indianapolis to Michigan City via Logansport and South Bend. These road lands were offered for sale in 1832, and the proceeds were devoted to the building of the Michigan road, which extends through the center of the county in a north and south direction, following the boundary between the level and the rolling topography of the county.

A few years after the sale of the Michigan road lands, most of the lands within the present limits of the county were given up by the Indians, who, after 1838, ceased to be an important factor in the history of Marshall county.

At this time emigrants from Ohio, Pennsylvania and other eastern states were rapidly coming into the county, and as the Michigan road was the first one opened, they naturally established themselves in its vicinity. Many of the settlers were Germans, some of whom came direct from the mother country.

The greater part of the county was originally covered with a heavy growth of timber, consisting principally of walnut, oak and poplar. This timber, except the little that was used for building material, was either burned or destroyed in any possible way to clear the land. As the country became more thickly settled and transportation facilities improved, the lumber business became an important industry in the development of the county. The period from 1860 to 1870 was the most prosperous for this industry.

The first crops grown in Marshall county were corn, wheat, oats, rye, and beans. The soil was prepared by what was known as a "jumping plow" or "breaking shovel," drawn by several yoke of oxen. Grain was sown broadcast and dragged in with a brush. Corn yielded from twenty-five to fifty bushels per acre. Wheat was frequently a failure, but in favorable years produced from fourteen to eighteen bushels. Oats were not a great success. Rye was used principally for feed and pasture, rarely being thrashed. Potatoes gave a large yield, and seemed to be of better quality than those produced at the present time. The sandy soils were best adapted to this crop. The early settlers grew a little tame hay, but depended mostly upon marsh hay or corn fodder for their stock feed. When

hay was scarce the stock often lived on the buds of the basswood for long periods. Flax was also grown for many years and manufactured into homespun clothing.

About 1865 the farmers began to realize that the soils were becoming less productive, and began to grow clover to maintain their productiveness. Timothy was also introduced about the same time.

When first settled a large part of the county comprised swampy areas, but as it became more thickly settled some attention was given to drainage, though no well-planned system was inaugurated until 1876. Since that time more or less drainage work has been in progress every year, and a great many open ditches and tile drains have been constructed, while the Yellow river, in the northeastern part of the county, has recently been dredged. Many open ditches, into which tile drains empty, are seen in the eastern and northeastern parts of the county. Some of the most productive lands in the county have been made available for agricultural purposes by artificial drainage, and at the present time there is little land that is not well drained, aside from the muck areas, and in some of the latter drainage work is now in progress.

There are some small areas where the soil is heavier in texture and darker in color than the typical phase, and often extends to a depth of eighteen or twenty inches. The subsoil in such places is a yellowish-drab sandy clay. A small portion of this phase had to be artificially drained before cultivation was a success.

The Marshall loam occupies the largest and most uniform areas of any soil type in the county, though frequently small areas of the other types are found scattered through it. It occupies the greater part of the eastern half of the county, while west of the central dividing line it occurs in comparatively small areas, except in the extreme northwestern corner, where a spur of the main body of the type extends beyond the line.

Agricultural Conditions.

The farmers of Marshall county are in a fairly prosperous condition. In the eastern half of the county, which is largely occupied by the Marshall loam, nearly every acre of which can be cultivated, the farmers as a rule are more prosperous than those living on the sandy soils in the extreme western portion. The houses though often small, are nearly always painted, and the barns are of sufficient size to shelter all the live stock and machinery. Many silos are also seen. As a rule, the houses are smaller and not quite so good on the more sandy soils and a good dwelling with no barn is frequently seen.

The value of farm land ranges from $20 to $100 per acre. The Marshall loam is generally held at from $65 to $100; the Marshall sandy loam at from $65 to $75; the Marshall sand at from $30 to $40 when in cultivation; and other lands at from $20 to $60 an acre. Muck undrained sells at from $20 to $30, and when drained at from $40 to $70 an acre.

About 75 per cent of the land in this county is under cultivation or in a condition to be cultivated. The remainder consists of sand, marshes, timber land, and rough broken land, and, aside from the marshes, the greater part of this land lies in the western half of the county. Much of this uncultivated

land can be used for pasture, so that there is comparatively little land in the county from which some return cannot be secured.

About $2,000,000 in mortgages is held against the farms of Marshall county, which is between 15 and 25 per cent of their value. While these farm mortgages apply generally throughout the county and are not confined to any one soil type, yet they are fewer in proportion to the total number in the northern and northeastern parts of the county than in other sections. A great many German farmers live in those parts of the area, and, being of industrious and prudent habits, they have maintained a better financial standing.

About 60 per cent of the farms are operated by the owners. The remainder are cultivated by tenants, who pay a rental of from two-fifths to one-half of the crop made, or, very rarely, a cash rent, which ranges from $3 to $4.50 an acre. The proportion of grain paid varies in different sections. For corn lands one-half of the crop is more often paid, while for wheat and rye either two-fifths or one-half is paid, according to the amount of seed furnished and the proportion of the thrashing bill paid by the owner and tenant, respectively.

About ninety acres is the average size of farms in this county. Where onions and potatoes are grown the farms are below the average in size, but where much live stock is kept they are usually larger. There are several farms of 640 or more acres, but as a rule these large holdings are divided up and rented in smaller tracts.

The smaller farms are generally operated by the owner or tenant and his family, assisted to some extent by labor hired by the day or week during harvest and other pressing seasons. The wealthier farmers usually hire by the month, paying from $20 to $25 and board, and employing the men from the first of March to the first of November. The harvest season is from June 15 to August 15, during which time there is a great demand for laborers, and efficient men receive from $1.75 to $2 a day. At other times day laborers receive $1.25 a day and dinner. During the corn-husking season labor is much in demand, and at times farmers find difficulty in getting the crop out as fast as they desire. The labor is exclusively white and is usually efficient, but the supply is often inadequate.

Corn and wheat are the principal products of Marshall county. From 15 to 25 per cent of the cultivated lands is planted to each of these grains. The average yield of corn in the county is thirty-five bushels per acre and of wheat ten bushels. Winter wheat only is grown. Owing to severe damage to wheat by freezing and by the Hessian fly, there has been a tendency in recent years to reduce the acreage somewhat and to give more attention to the growing of rye, but as yet rye is an unimportant crop. The corn is planted in checked rows and cultivated with two-horse machinery. A great part of it is cut for fodder, both by hand and by corn binders and binders and shockers. The fodder is sometimes shredded, and thus prepared it may be substituted for hay. A part of the crop is put into the silo and utilized in that way. Wheat is generally sown in drills, and is thrashed either in the field or at the barn. Clover is an important crop, about 15,000 acres being cut every year. It is generally sown with wheat or oats, and produces two crops, one of hay and one of seed, a considerable

proportion of the seed being shipped out of the county. Timothy is grown on all soils except the sand, and will thrive in low, damp places where clover or corn does not do well. Both clover and timothy hay are baled and shipped to eastern markets. Oats are grown largely for home use, but some are shipped.

Among the minor crops cucumbers are probably the most important. They are grown chiefly on the more sandy soils and are sold at the salting stations, of which there are seven within the area. The managers of these stations contract with the farmers, giving them 60 cents a bushel and providing the seed. Cucumbers are rarely grown in large fields, the patches ranging from two to five acres. Onions are grown chiefly on the muck and potatoes on the more sandy soils. On nearly every farm there is an orchard, which supplies the needs of the owner. A great many apples are made into cider, to be sold later as vinegar.

Except on the most sandy land every farmer keeps one or more milch cows. A great many sell milk to the creameries, of which there are several within the area. According to the census of 1900 the value of dairy products in Marshall county was $163,028. A great many beef cattle, hogs, and sheep are kept also, this being more particularly true in the eastern half of the county. The Shorthorns, Angus, and Herefords are the chief breeds of cattle, and the Chester Whites, Poland Chinas, and Berkshires are the breeds of hogs most in favor. Almost the entire grain crop produced in some sections of the Marshall loam is consumed upon the farm. The raising of live stock is to be commended, for the more manure produced the more productive the lands should become. Increased interest is being shown in the live stock industry.

The farmers of Marshall county have a fair understanding of the adaptation of soils to crops. The Marshall loam is generally recognized as the best soil in the county for general farming and the more sandy soils are best for the special crops. The possibilities of the Marshall sandy loam and the Marshall sand for Irish potatoes, however, are not fully appreciated, especially in the case of the latter type of soil, which produces fair yields of corn and rye, but is excellently adapted to potatoes, which, with liberal applications of manure, give very large yields. It is suggested that where the type lies near muck areas a dressing of the muck would prove very beneficial.

Marshall county is well supplied with railroad facilities. The Baltimore & Ohio crosses the northern part of the county in an east and west direction; the Pittsburg, Ft. Wayne & Chicago the central part; the New York, Chicago & St. Louis, the southern part; the Lake Erie & Western, the western half in a northwest and southeast direction, and the Logansport division of the Terre Haute & Indianapolis passes through the southwestern, central and northern parts of the county. Few points in the area are more than seven miles by wagon road from a station. The three east and west lines are trunk lines from Chicago to the east, so that all produce can be quickly shipped either way from any point in the county.

Good dirt roads are found on nearly every section line, and many of them have been graveled. Except in the most sandy areas there is rarely any difficulty in getting products to market.

Plymouth, the largest town in the county, had a population in 1900 of 3,656. Other smaller towns are Bremen, Bourbon, Argos and Culver. Only a comparatively small portion of the produce can be consumed within the county, so that it is necessary to seek larger markets. Plymouth is only eighty-four miles from Chicago by rail; but as this large western market is supplied with enormous shipments from all over the northern part of the Mississippi valley, the farmers of Marshall county find better markets elsewhere. Some of the products are shipped to the larger towns around the state, while a great deal of live stock, hay, etc., is shipped to Buffalo and Pittsburg. Nearly every railroad station in the county has an elevator, and the exceptionally good railroad facilities enable the farmers to send their products wherever they may desire.

Soils.

The soils of Marshall county have been classified into nine types, including muck and meadow. They range in texture from sand to clay loam, and thus offer opportunity for the production of a diversity of crops.

The following table shows the extent of each type:

Soil.	Acres.	Per cent.
Marshall loam	121,216	42.7
Marshall sandy loam	77,184	27.3
Miami sand	27,840	9.8
Muck	24,768	8.7
Marshall sand	20,672	7.4
Meadow	6,784	2.5
Miami clay loam	3,392	.8
Miami black clay loam	1,536	.5
Miami gravelly sandy loam	1,216	.3
Total	284,608	....

The Marshall loam, to a depth of fourteen inches, consists of a brown loam containing much sand, underlain to a depth of eighteen inches by a yellowish-brown loam, which is slightly more tenacious than the surface soil. The subsoil, from eighteen inches to three feet, is a yellow sticky sandy loam, often containing some gravel.

A few bowlders, sometimes measuring three or four feet in diameter, and some smaller stones are occasionally scattered over the surface, but the greater part of these has been removed. Large piles are often seen in the fields, and they are sometimes used in constructing fences.

The soil is often heavy enough to form clods, but these are easily broken by the harrow and roller. When put in a good state of tilth the soil becomes a very mellow loam.

Climate.

The following table, taken from the records of the Weather Bureau stations at Syracuse and South Bend, shows the mean normal monthly and annual temperature and rainfall. South Bend is about twenty-four miles north and Syracuse twenty-six miles northeast of the center of the county.

Normal monthly and annual temperature and precipitation.

Month.	Syracuse. Temperature. ° F.	Syracuse. Precipitation. Inches.	South Bend. Temperature. ° F.	South Bend. Precipitation. Inches.
January	25.2	2.47	29.2	2.99
February	24.0	2.32	22.8	2.14
March	34.2	4.00	35.6	2.99
April	50.7	1.93	50.4	1.77
May	62.6	3.77	60.8	3.09
June	69.3	3.60	70.5	2.45
July	75.4	4.71	74.1	3.57
August	72.4	3.19	72.8	3.12
September	63.8	2.76	65.7	2.90
October	54.8	3.55	54.2	2.44
November	40.2	3.74	39.7	3.12
December	27.4	3.07	27.8	3.07
Year	50.0	39.11	50.3	33.65

The figures show a fairly uniform distribution of rainfall throughout the year, with the maximum during the growing season. The temperature is characterized by sudden changes during the period from October to April, and by alternate freezes and thaws, which sometimes seriously damage crops.

The average date of the last killing frost in spring is April 20, and of the first in fall October 10, giving a growing season of approximately 172 days.

XVIII. PRELIMINARY ORGANIZATION OF THE COUNTY.

Prior to the organization of Marshall county it was a part of the Northwest Territory, which was ceded by Virginia to the United States as provided in the Ordinance of 1787. The government had it surveyed into congressional townships, six miles square, containing 640 acres. In the course of time these townships were divided by the government surveyors into sections, half sections and quarter sections. The lands in northern Indiana were surveyed under the direction of Jerry Smith, sent out by the government to survey the lands yet unsurveyed, and especially the lands secured from the Indians by the various treaties. All of Marshall county was surveyed by him and his assistants, as well as the Kankakee reservations in La Porte, Starke, Pulaski, Porter and Lake counties.

Jerry Smith was an educated man, well read in ancient literature and the classics, and besides had a large vein of humor running through his mental organization. Those who were familiar with the Kankakee swamps in the region of the mouth of the Yellow river will appreciate the following introduction by him to the report of his survey of this part of the lands ceded to the government by the Pottawattomie Indians. He said:

"*The River Styx.*—That the River Styx is a fabled stream and that it never existed except in the brain of ancient poets and priests is a proposition which I am now fully prepared to deny and disprove; that Charon ever existed, ever kept a boat and ferry landing; that the drear region of which

ancient poets speak and through which the souls of the unburied wandered for 100 years before his majesty of the frail bark would give them passage, and that the Elysian fields, where the souls of the just reveled in never-ending scenes of pleasure and delight, are imaginary regions, are equally false.

"The Kankakee, as it slops over Indiana and eastern Illinois, is the ancient Acheron, and English lake is the Stygian pool, at the head of which, between ranges 3 and 4, still remains indisputable evidence of Charon's existence, of the identical spot where he so often landed his boat and took on board the souls of the departed, and last, but most of all, as a precious relic of antiquity which would make even an ordinary antiquarian leap with ecstasy of joy: the very paddle of the old gentleman is in existence.

"The dreary regions from the mouth of Markum's creek to the head of English lake, and particularly about the mouth of Yellow river, is where so many poor souls have wandered their 100 years; and, in fact, as the use of the magnetic needle was not then known, I am not surprised at it taking a poor man so long to get out of that place when he was once fairly sent into it without compass, chart, grog or tobacco.

"The 'Door prairie,' and the smaller ones about it, I take to be what remains of the Elysian fields! What has become of its ancient occupants and why the order of things has changed, both in the Elysian fields and the Stygian pool, neither the present natives along the Kankakee, nor the owners, preëmptioners and occupants of 'Door prairie' could tell me. I leave this to be ferreted out by historical societies and future antiquarians, having myself done sufficient to render me immortal by finding the prototype of the long-lost Styx, Charon's ferry landing, etc., without telling what has become of the old gentleman!

"To have a correct idea of the township, the ancient poets should be well studied. Everything said by them respecting the nether regions and the abode of the wicked should be applied to it, and the whole will make a correct, faithful and true description thereof. The very thought of it makes my blood run cold!"

The first meeting of the board of commissioners of Marshall county, after the organization of the county, was held at the house of Grove Pomeroy, on the second day of May, 1836. Mr. Pomeroy was then a resident of Plymouth and resided in a log house situated on lot No. 42, corner La Porte and Michigan streets, the same now being occupied by the Corbin brick building. Mr. Pomeroy was a man of robust build, 5 feet 8 in height, 180 pounds weight; was a man of good business qualifications and strong in his convictions in regard to matters of public or private import, and in politics held to views in opposition to the Democrats, although he never took a very active part in local politics.

At this meeting Robert Blair, Abraham Johnson and Charles Ousterhaute were the commissioners. Mr. Ousterhaute was perhaps the best known to the people at that time of any who participated in the preliminary organization of the county. He resided on a farm on the west side of the Michigan road, about one and one-half miles south of Plymouth. He was a robust, athletic man, a Canadian by birth, and had seen a great deal of the world in his time. He spoke fluently the language of the Pottawattomie and Miami tribes of Indians, also French and German. He was engaged in the war of 1812, serving his country as a spy. He was a sort of dare-devil

and was never satisfied unless he was, so to speak, "at the head of the procession." He figured extensively in the politics of his time, and was partially successful. He died early in his career in this county, of a disease known as gangrene of the foot, or "Pott's sore toe." His leg was amputated twice, but his system had become so thoroughly inoculated with the disease that he lived but a short time after the last operation.

After appointing Jeremiah Muncy clerk during the term, the board adjourned to meet at the house of Charles Ousterhaute at 1 o'clock the same day. The first business transacted was:

Ordered by the board, That the seal of said commissioners shall be a wafer with a paper placed on it in the shape of a diamond, sealed with a seal in the shape of a heart.

The board then divided the county into three districts as follows:

Beginning at the northwest corner of said county, and running a due south course with the county line seven miles to the corner of sections 19 and 30, in congressional township No. 34 north; thence east with said line to the eastern boundary of said county. Said district to be known as District No. 1.

Ordered, That district No. 2 begin on the western boundary line of said county at the corner of District No. 1, and running with the said county line seven miles to the corner of sections 30 and 31 in congressional township No. 33 north; thence east on the line of said section 21 miles to the eastern boundary line of said county. Said district to be known as District No. 2.

Ordered, That District No. 3 begin at the western boundary line of said county, commencing at the south corner of District No. 2, thence south with said county line seven miles to the southern boundary line of said county, thence east with the line of said county twenty-one miles to the eastern boundary line of said county. Said district to be known as District No. 3.

It was also ordered that District No. 1 be known by the name of North township; District No. 2 by the name of Center township, and District No. 3 by the name of Green township.

The elections were ordered to be held as follows:

In North township at the house of Adam Vinnedge.

In Center township at the house of Charles Ousterhaute.

In Green township at the house of Sidney Williams.

It will be observed by reference to the county map that the territory embraced in North township was what is now German, North and Polk townships; Center township embraced what is now Bourbon, Center and West townships, and Green township embraced what is now Tippecanoe, Green, Walnut and Union.

The residence of Adam Vinnedge, the place designated for holding elections in North township, was on the Michigan road about six miles north of Plymouth. Mr. Vinnedge was the father of Adam Vinnedge, many years a resident of Plymouth, some time since deceased. He was a man of energy and ability, and took an active part in the preliminary organization of the county.

The residence of Charles Ousterhaut, as previously stated, was on the west side of the Michigan road about a mile and a half south of Plymouth, it being more convenient for a majority of the voters of the township as then constituted to reach that place than Plymouth, it being composed then of only about three dwelling houses.

The election in Green township was held at the residence of Sidney

Williams, which was at or near where Argos now stands. Mr. Williams owned the land at that place, and laid out a village which he called Sidney, to perpetuate his own name, that being his given name. Mr. Williams sold his farm not many years afterwards and went overland to California during the gold excitement of '49 and the early '50s. Not many years later additions were made to the embryo village, one of which was called Fremont, in honor of John C. Fremont, who was about that time the first Republican candidate for President. Through some political manipulation the postoffice was removed from Sidney to Fremont. Through the efforts of Congressman Schuyler Colfax it was, however, not long afterwards removed back to Sidney, and the name of the postoffice changed from Sidney to Argos. With the defeat of Fremont for President, the town of Fremont went out of existence, and in course of time the legal name of Sidney was discontinued and that of Argos substituted. Once after he went to California Mr. Williams returned to Marshall county, but he had gone blind and was unable to behold the marvelous changes that had taken place during his absence of more than a third of a century. He died in Illinois several years ago.

The first election after the organization of the county was held on the first day of August, 1836, for the purpose of electing a senator, representative in the state legislature, sheriff, probate judge, county commissioners, school commissioner, coroner and justices of the peace.

In North township there were thirty-seven votes cast. John Johnson, James Palmer and Adam Snyder were judges of said election, and James Jones and Abraham Johnson clerks. Thomas Packard and Robert Johnson were elected justices of the peace of North township.

In Center township there were eighty-three votes cast. Of these not one is living. Samuel D. Taber was inspector of the election, John Ray and William Bishop judges, Harrison Metcalf and John Blair clerks.

In Green township there were nineteen votes cast. Ewell Kendall was inspector, Fielding Bowles and Samuel B. Patterson judges, Jeremiah Muncy and John A. Boots clerks.

Act to Organize Marshall County.

The act passed by the legislature for the organization of Marshall county was approved February 4, 1836. By whom it was introduced, and the preliminaries connected with its passage, nothing is known.

At that time Marshall county was designated as "unorganized territory," and of course it had no members of the legislature to look after its interests in the general assembly. St. Joseph and La Porte counties had been organized six years previously, and it is probable the members of the legislature from those counties secured the passage of the act.

The act is as follows:

An Act to Organize the County of Marshall, approved February 4, 1836:

Section 1. Be it enacted by the general assembly of the state of Indiana: That from and after the first day of April next, the county of Marshall shall enjoy all the rights and jurisdiction which belongs to separate and independent counties.

Section 2. That Hiram Wheeler and Griffin Treadway, of La Porte county, and Samuel C. Sample and Peter Johnson, of St. Joseph county, and John Rohrer, of Elkhart county, be and they are hereby appointed commissioners for the purpose of fixing the permanent seat of justice for the said county of Marshall agreeable to the provisions of "An act to establish the seats of justice in new counties," approved

January 14, 1824. The commissioners above named, or a majority of them, shall convene at the house of Grove Pomeroy in said county on the second Monday of June next or as soon thereafter as a majority of them shall agree upon.

Section 3. It shall be the duty of the sheriff of St. Joseph county to notify the commissioners above named, either by person or in writing, of their appointment and place appointed for them to convene; and the board doing county business shall allow said sheriff reasonable compensation for his services out of any money in the treasury in said county of Marshall.

Section 4. Circuit and other courts of said county shall be held at the house of Grove Pomeroy, or at any other place in said county where said courts may adjourn to, until suitable accommodations can be furnished at the seat of justice thereof, after which the courts shall be holden at the county seat.

Section 5. The agent who shall be appointed to superintend the sale of lots at the county seat of said county of Marshall shall reserve 10 per cent out of all donations to said county, and shall pay the same over to such person or persons as shall be authorized to receive the same for the use of a library for said county.

Section 6. The board doing county business of said Marshall county, when elected and qualified, may hold special sessions not exceeding three days the first year after the organization of said county, and shall appoint a lister and make all other necessary appointments, and do and perform all other business which might have been necessary to be performed at any regular session, and take all necessary steps to collect the state and county revenue.

Section 7. The said county of Marshall shall be attached to the Eighth Judicial circuit of the state for judicial purposes.

Section 8. The northern boundary line of the county of Marshalll shall be extended to an east and west line running through the center of township 35 north.

County Seat Located.

On the 20th day of July, 1836, the county seat was located at Plymouth by three of the commissioners named by the legislature for that purpose. This was done at a special session of the board of county commissioners. Their report was as follows:

"July special session, 1836, of commissioners' court. Now come Peter Johnson, Griffin Treadway and Samuel C. Sample, three of the commissioners appointed by the act entitled 'An Act to organize the county of Marshall, approved the 4th of February,' and make the following report of their doings as locating commissioners of the permanent seat of justice of said county-to-wit":

"To the Honorable the Board of Commissioners of the County of Marshall: The undersigned, three of the commissioners appointed by an act of the general assembly of the state of Indiana entitled 'An act to organize the county of Marshall, approved February 4, 1836,' respectfully report to your honors that by an agreement entered into by a majority of the commissioners appointed by said act, the meeting of said commissioners was agreed to be held at the house of Grove Pomeroy in said county on Monday, the 18th day of July, A. D. 1836, to discharge the duties assigned to them by said act.

"Whereupon the undersigned, Peter Johnson, Griffin Treadway and Samuel C. Sample, three of said commissioners (Hiram Wheeler and John Rohrer, two of the commissioners, having failed to attend), having met at the house of Grove Pomeroy on the said 18th day of July, 1836, for the purpose of permanently fixing the seat of justice for the said county of Marshall, then personally examined all the sites proposed to them in said county for said seat of justice, and received propositions for donations for the same from the different proprietors of lands naming and proposing sites, and we after such examination, and seeing and inspecting said propositions, have concluded and determined to fix, and by these presents do permanently locate, fix, and establish the seat of justice of said county of Marshall at Plymouth. The site for the public buildings for said county is designated on a plat of said town as made by James Blair, John Sering and William Polk, proprietors of said town, the names being recorded in

the county of St. Joseph, Indiana, the said site for said public buildings being by said proprietors donated among other things to said county.

"And the undersigned do further report that the said Blair, Sering and Polk, in consideration of the location of said seat of justice at the place aforesaid, have donated to said county, money and lands as follows: One thousand dollars in cash, payable as follows: $350 down in hand paid to Peter Schroeder, county agent, in our presence; $350 payable in one year from date, and $350 payable two years from date; for the payment of which the said proprietors have executed their notes bearing date herewith; and the said proprietors have also donated to said county the following lots in said town, to-wit: Lots numbered 1, 6, 10, 13, 18, 22, 28, 33, 37, 45, 48, 52, 57, 60, 63, 65, 70, 74, 78, 81, 86, 90, 93, 96, 99, 102, 105, 108, 112, 117, 119, 123, 126, 129, 132, 134, 141, 144, 147, 153, 156, and 159, being corner lots and forty-two in number; and also lots numbered 5, 14, 20, 29, 38, 50, 56, 65, 69, 73, 82, 88, 101, 110, 116, 125, 134, 140, 146, 152 and 158, being twenty-one in number and middle lots, and making in all sixty-three lots.

"And also the said proprietors have donated to said county one acre and four-fifths of an acre of land for a public burying ground, lying in the southwest corner of the northwest quarter of section 13 of Michigan road lands, the same lying west and south of Plum street in said town; also two acres more or less of land for a site for a county seminary, bounded as follows: Beginning at the southwest corner of Adams and Plum streets in said town; thence southwardly with Plum street 264 feet to the northwest corner of Washington and Plum streets; thence west on a line on the south with Washington street, and on a line on the north with Adams street, to the west line of said section thirteen (13), the said seminary lot to maintain a width of 264 feet from east to west, and for which lots said proprietors have executed their deed to the county agent of said county, and for which lands for a burial ground and seminary they have executed their deed to your honors for the uses aforesaid.

"And the said proprietors have agreed to build a temporary courthouse, not less than thirty by twenty feet, one story high, on lot No. 32 in said town; the county of Marshall to have the use of the same for the term of four years from the completion thereof, the same to be ready for the use of the county by the spring term of the circuit court of 1837; and for the completion of which house and for the use thereof as aforesaid the proprietors have executed their bonds payable to the board of commissioners, in the penal sum of $1,000; and the said proprietors have also agreed to defray the expenses of the location of said site, being $45, and which sum they have paid to the undersigned. All of which deeds and bonds and notes the undersigned herewith produce to your honors. All of which is respectfully submitted the 20th of July, 1836.

"SAMUEL C. SAMPLE,
"PETER JOHNSON,
"GRIFFIN TREADWAY,
"Commissioners."

The county having been organized, the board of commissioners, consisting of Robert Blair, Abraham Johnson and Charles Ousterhaute, ordered the clerk of the board, Jeremiah Muncy, to file among the papers of the court the deeds for the lands donated, and have the same recorded among the deed records of the county. Prior to the organization of Marshall county the territory embraced in it was designated "unorganized territory," and St. Joseph county, having been organized in 1830, the territory of Marshall county was considered under the jurisdiction of St. Joseph county. From Judge Howard's "History of St. Joseph County" (1908, page 274) the following in regard to "Plymouth township, St. Joseph county," is taken as being of rare historical interest:

"On September 1, 1834, the board of commissioners of St. Joseph county ordered that all the territory of the county lying south of the north line of congressional township 35 north, should form a new township to be called Plymouth. The township so formed included the south parts of the present townships of Madison, Union and Liberty, and all of Lin-

coln. It also included so much of the present counties of Marshall and Starke as then formed a part of St. Joseph county.

"In the order setting off the township the board provided for an election for the choice of two justices of the peace for said township, to be held on the 27th of September, 1834. On October 13 of the same year the election so held was contested before the board, the contest sustained and a new election ordered. Both elections were held at Grove Pomeroy's, in said town of Plymouth, in St. Joseph county. Mr. Pomeroy was himself appointed inspector of election until the ensuing April election. At the May term, 1835, of the county board, Samuel D. Taber was allowed the sum of $1.50 for making a return of the election of Plymouth township.

"The town of Plymouth, now the county seat of Marshall county, was situated in and gave its name to the township of Plymouth. We have already seen that the plat of this town was filed and recorded in the office of the recorder of St. Joseph county in October, 1834. The records of the commissioners show that on December 7, 1835, there was reported therein the description and plat of the survey of the state road from Goshen, in Elkhart county, to Plymouth, in St. Joseph county.

"By an act of the legislature approved February 7, 1835, the north boundary of Marshall county was defined to be the north line of congressional township 34, leaving all of township 35 in St. Joseph county. This congressional township, as we have seen, was included in the civil township of Plymouth. The act of February 7, 1835, does not seem to have been intended to complete the organization of Marshall county, but by an act passed at the next session of the legislature, February 4, 1836, the county was finally organized and the north boundary of the county was extended to the middle line of congressional township 35, thus leaving in St. Joseph county only so much of Plymouth township as was included in the north half of congressional township 35. The consequence was that Plymouth as a township of St. Joseph county ceased to exist, the territory still remaining being attached to the adjacent townships of the county, as their boundaries were defined by successive orders of the board of county commissioners."

As has been stated elsewhere in this history, the house of Grove Pomeroy, where the election referred to in the above extract was held, was on the northwest corner of Michigan and La Porte streets, now known as the Corbin corner. Samuel D. Taber, also spoken of in the extract, resided on the east side of the Michigan road south of Plymouth about three miles. He called his place "Pash-po" for an Indian chief of that name.

For road purposes the whole of Marshall county was attached to St. Joseph county and was called Road District No. 19, and Grove Pomeroy seems to have been the supervisor. At the first meeting of the board of commissioners of Marshall county after its organization in 1836 he made a report of his doings as such supervisor, which is as follows:

"Now comes Grove Pomeroy, supervisor of the nineteenth road district for the county of St. Joseph, Plymouth township, for the year 1836, and makes return or report. Account of work done by hands liable to work on public highways in nineteenth road district in county of St. Joseph, Indiana, during year ending the first Monday in April, 1836: Lot Abrams,

Charles Ousterhaute, John Brown, Grove O. Pomeroy and Joseph Evans each worked one day. Twenty-one others paid $1 each cash."

What disposition was made of this $21 the records do not show. At that time—April 1, 1836—Marshall county had not yet been organized, that important event in our history not occurring until July 20, 1836, nearly four months later.

A few white settlers began to locate here in 1830, and under an unorganized condition the inhabitants were under the protecting care of St. Joseph county, which was organized in 1830. At that time St. Joseph county was bounded on the north by Michigan territory; on the west by La Porte and the unorganized territory south of La Porte, on the south by the unorganized lands, and on the east by the unorganized lands and Elkhart county. Its extent was about thirty miles from north to south, and twenty-seven miles from east to west, including an area of about 740 square miles, or 473,600 acres. Its population in 1830 was 287 inhabitants; in June, 1832, it was estimated at 1,500, and so great had been the immigration it is said that in 1833 the population was estimated at two thousand.

The legal organization of Marshall county began in May, 1836, by the formation of North, Center and Green townships, as previously stated.

German township was organized May 1, 1838, from the northeast part of what was then Center, and the east part of North township. It took its name from the large number of German people who had settled in that part of the county, and naturally the township town was called Bremen.

Bourbon township was organized January 6, 1840, and was bounded as follows: Beginning in the southeast corner of the county and running to the German township line, thence west five miles, thence south to the county line, thence east to the place of beginning. This territory embraced what is now Bourbon and Tippecanoe townships. The petitioners for the organization of Bourbon township were:

James O. Parks, Grayson H. Parks, John F. Parks, Edward R. Parks, Thomas H. McKey, Peter Upsell, W. H. Rockhill, Israel Beeber, Wm. Taylor, John Greer, William Elder, Jolen Henry, A. H. Buckman, Lyman Foote, Samuel Taylor, John F. Dukes, John Fuller, James Taylor, William Taylor, Jr., George Taylor and Samuel Rockhill.

This township is said to have been named after Bourbon county, Kentucky, from which the Parkses and many of the signers of the petition emigrated. The town of Bourbon received its name in the same way for the same reason.

Union township was organized March 1, 1840. The petitioners were Vincent Brownlee, William Thompson, John A. Shirley, Lewis Thompson, John Dickson, William Hornaday, John M. Morris, James Houghton, Elihu Morris, D. C. Hults, Thomas McDonald, John Morris, John H. Voreis, Platt B. Dickson, Elias Dickson, John McDonald, Eleazer Thompson. The prayer of the petitioners asked that the township might be called "Union," and it was so ordered. The name was probably selected to perpetuate the name of "Union" county in southern Indiana, from which some of the residents of that county came.

Tippecanoe township was organized March 9, 1842, embracing seven miles square off of the south end of Bourbon township. The petitioners for the organization of the township were A. H. Buckman, Thomas Irwin,

William Wagoner, Israel Baker, William Sprout, William H. Rockhill, Samuel, Joseph, William and George Taylor, Samuel Rockhill, J. H. Cleaver, T. H. McKey, James Turner, Jacob Raber, G. H. and J. O. Parks, William Elder, Robert Meleny, H. Blakely, Solomon Linn, John Greer, Moses Greer, Israel Reed and A. J. Cruzan. This township took its name from the Tippecanoe river which runs through it.

Polk township was organized March 4, 1845. It embraced all that part of North township that lies west of sections 23 and 24 in township 35 north, range 1 east, the same being the western portion of North township. This township was named in honor of James K. Polk, who was on the date of its organization inaugurated President of the United States.

George M. Dallas was the Vice-President elected on the Democratic ticket with James K. Polk, and, believing it to be in accordance with the political fitness of things, the board of commissioners was petitioned to change the name of North to Dallas, and it was so done. This change occurred shortly after the organization of Polk township, but June 3, 1845, forty petitioners asked that the name be changed, and the township be known as North and it was decreed accordingly.

North township was one of the original townships. When it was first organized, it comprised, in addition to its present limits, the territory now embraced in Polk and German townships. German township was taken off May 11, 1838, and Polk, March 4, 1845. When Polk was cut off from the west part of North, it was a time when political excitement was the order of the day. Polk township having been named in honor of the newly-elected President, some of the Democratic voters conceived the idea that it would be just the thing to change the name of North and call it Dallas, in honor of the Vice-President. March 1, 1845, the following petition was presented to the board of commissioners: "To the Board of Commissioners: We, the undersigned petitioners of North township, ask for the name of said township to be altered from North to Dallas. Signed, S. N. Champlin, James Palmer, Adam Snider, James Sherland, Warren Burch, John Kilgore, Charles A. Stilson, John Morris, N. Parmer, Hiram Baker, John Trowbridge, John P. Grover, John Irwin, George Nitcher, Alex M. Vinnedge, George Vinnedge, John Snider, Seymour Stilson, John S. Baker, Abraham Baker, Joseph Trowbridge, Josiah White, A. Burch, Daniel Nitcher, Orrin Palmer, John Wildey, George W. Ferguson, Calvin Burch, J. E. Emerson, W. S. Braum, P. P. Robinson, Sol. Stevens, and H. R. Pershing." The board ordered the change to be made as indicated in the petition.

At the June term following, the following petition was presented, by Robert Johnson on behalf of himself and others:

"We, the undersigned citizens of now Dallas township, respectfully request your honorable body to change the name of Dallas township to that of North township. Signed, Robert Schroeder, Jesse Schroeder, Robert Johnson, Sr., Seymour Stilson, G. W. Ferguson, C. A. Stilson, Warren Burch, Sol. Snyder, James Parmer, D. Cummins, George Murphy, D. Vinnedge, M. Hard, Daniel Nitcher, James Sherland, Sol. Snyder, Wash. Morris, George Vinnedge, A. M. Vinnedge, D. Conger, John Schroeder, Simon Snyder, M. Robert, B. Gerrard, J. C. Jones, A. Snyder, D. Murphy, Sr., R. Johnson, Jr., J. Snyder, W. S. Brown, H. M. Greer, James Murphy,

C. Sherland, J. Johnson, Thomas Packard, J. P. Grover, G. Nitcher, J. Wilder, J. Kilgore, D. Murphy, C. Burch, J. Lampheer, Pleasant Ferguson." The prayer of the petitioners was granted, and the distinguished honor accorded to the Vice-President was obliterated by one fell swoop of the magic pen of the board of commissioners.

Menominee Township.—At the March term of the board of county commissioners, 1839, being March 5, 1839, the commissioners made the following order:

"Now comes into open court Isaac How and presents a petition of divers persons praying for a new township, etc.

"Whereupon it is Ordered, That all that territory lying west of the range line dividing range 1 and 2 east of the second principal meridian and north of Yellow river, including so much of Union township as is north of Yellow river and lying in said county not extending north of Center township, to be known as Menominee township.

"Ordered, That all elections be held at the house of William Masons in said township.

"Ordered by said board, That James Nash be and he is hereby appointed inspector of elections in said township (of Onondaga) until his successor is elected and qualified.

"Ordered by the board, That an election be held in said township on the first Monday in April next for the purpose of electing one justice of the peace in said township, and that the sheriff of said county give notice of the same according to law."

As appears by the record the township had first been named "Onondaga" as appears above enclosed in parentheses, and that word in the first paragraph had been erased and the word "Menominee" written in its place. In the last paragraph of the record the clerk of the board had evidently forgotten to erase the name "Onondaga." (See Commissioner's Record A, page 224.)

At the May term, 1839, Record A, page 250, the following order appears:

"Ordered by the board of commissioners of Marshall county, That the township in said county formerly known as *Menominee* township shall be known hereafter and designated as *Lake* township."

The naming the new township Menominee was undoubtedly in honor of the old Indian chief Menominee, who with his band of 859 Pottawattomie Indians had been driven away only about seven months before the township was organized. Several of the settlers about the Twin lakes, who had profited by the removal of Menominee and his band of over 800 Pottawattomies, undoubtedly did not wish to perpetuate the name of the good old Indian chief even by attaching his name to the township which embraced much of the reservation of the land of which he was robbed, and induced the board of commissioners to change the name from "Menominee" to "Lake."

The name "Onondaga," spoken of above, was the name of what was generally known as "The Old Forge," described elsewhere, situated at the end of the lower Twin lake, now called "Sligo."

West Township was organized March 8, 1854, comprising the terri-

tory embraced in the above named townships and all that part of Center township lying west of the range line dividing ranges 1 and 2 east, to be constituted into a civil township to be known as West township, and no change has since been made.

March 9, 1853, Franklin township was organized by dividing to the south by the range line dividing ranges 3 and 4,, and embracing all that part of German township lying east of said range line. January 7, 1855, the name of Franklin township was changed and it was thereafter ordered to be designated on the county records as German township.

This action was taken about the time of the inauguration of Franklin Pierce, and Franklin, the name of the township, was in honor of Franklin Pierce, the newly elected President.

In 1853 a township was organized out of the west portion of Center and given the name of Pierce, in honor of President Pierce, just then elected President, but for some cause which does not appear the order was canceled, and nothing was done to perfect the organization.

Walnut township was organized June 9, 1859, out of a portion of Tippecanoe and Green townships. About one hundred and fifty inhabitants of the territory signed the petition asking for the organization of the township. The towns of Sidney and Fremont lay very near each other, and the postoffice of these two places being named Argos, it was ordered that Sidney and Fremont be discontinued and thereafter known as Argos.

These comprise all the townships now organized, and they are classified in the following order: Union, Center, Green, Tippecanoe, Bourbon, German, North, Polk, West and Walnut.

March 9, 1842, the board of commissioners ordered that all that part of Starke county lying south and east of the Kankakee river be attached as follows: All that part lying west of Union township be attached to and to constitute a part of Union township; all that part lying west of Center be attached to Center, and all that part lying west of North township be attached to North township. Previous to this the "territory of Stark" had been partially organized into townships by the commissioners of Marshall county. September 7, 1849, Amzi L. Wheeler, on behalf of himself and others, filed petitions for the organization of a new township in Starke county, embracing all the territory west of the Kankakee river, and to be known as Vanburen township. The prayer of the petitioners was granted. Washington and California townships were organized by the commissioners of Marshall county before the act organizing Starke county was passed by the legislature.

The foregoing comprises all the proceedings had in relation to the organization of the county, and the changes that have been made up to the present time.

Civil Townships Boundaries.

The civil townships as now organized are bounded as follows:

Union.—West by Starke county, south by Fulton county, east by Green township, north by West township.

Center.—West by West township, south by Green township and Walnut township, east by Bourbon and German townships, north by German and North townships.

Green.—West by Union township, south by Fulton county, east by Walnut township, north by Center township.

Bourbon.—West by Center township, south by Walnut and Tippecanoe townships, east by Kosciusko county, north by German township.

Tippecanoe.—West by Walnut township, south by Fulton and Kosciusko counties, east by Kosciusko county, north by Bourbon township.

German.—West by North township, south by Center and Bourbon townships, east by Kosciusko and Elkhart counties, north by St. Joseph county.

North.—West by Polk township, south by West and Center townships, east by Center and German townships, north by St. Joseph county.

Polk.—West by St. Joseph and Starke counties, east by North township, north by St. Joseph county.

West.—West by Starke county, south by Union township, east by Center township, north by Polk and North townships.

Walnut.—West by Green township, south by Fulton county, east by Tippecanoe township, north by Bourbon and Center townships.

XIX. RIVERS AND LAKES—FLOWING WELLS.

Several years ago the writer obtained from an Indian, Nigo, since deceased, the last of his race in this part of the country then living, the names of some of the lakes and rivers as they were originally known and called by the Indians, and, although his knowledge of Indian orthography was quite limited, yet it is barely possible the reader can guess the pronunciation from the spelling.

Wolf Creek rises in Tippecanoe township, passes through a portion of Walnut and Green, and empties into Yellow river near the northeast corner of Union township. In the early times it was skirted on either side for some distance with broken lowlands, marshes, cat swamps, etc., and was a safe and sure retreat for wild animals of all kinds. Black wolves were numerous from one end of the creek to the other, and from this fact it took its name. The Indians called it Katam-wah-see-te-wah, the Indian name for black wolf. In early times Clark Bliven built a mill dam across the creek a few hundred yards above where it enters into Yellow river. A sawmill was erected there on which was sawed lumber for the second courthouse, built in 1850-1. A grist-mill was also erected there about that time and was used for milling purposes up to about 1904, when, after much "lawing" in court, the dam was ordered removed, the owner, Michael Zehner, receiving five or six thousand dollars for the damage sustained. After a year's labor the dam was removed and the big ditch that was dug along its bottom was completed November 1, 1907, and the old mills and the old mill dam that stood for more than fifty years are things of the past. Mr. Bliven, about 1851, the original builder of the dam and the sawmill, in attempting to repair a break in the dam caused by high water, fell into the current and was drowned.

Yellow River was called by the Indians, Wi-thou-gan, and very appropriately signifies "yellow water." Another Indian name for it was Wau-sau-auk-a-to-meek, probably in the Miami Indian tongue, as their language was somewhat different, or it might not have had reference to the color of

the water. The early settlers called it Yellow river from the peculiar chrome color of the water. It has been so known ever since, and will doubtless continue to bear that name for all time to come, although in the drainage of the swamps and marshes through which it passes the water has become almost clear and has lost its yellow color which gave it its name. Yellow river rises in the swamps and marshes of Elkhart and St. Joseph counties, runs through German, Center, West and Union townships, and finally finds its way into the Kankakee river, where it is lost forever amid the rippling waters of that classic stream! The north branch of Yellow river near Bremen was called Po-co-nack, and means "beechy," from the prevalence of beech timber in that region. It is only in wet seasons that it is entitled to the name of river.

In the early period of the settlement of the county a good many people were not satisfied with the country, and moved on farther west, but after staying a few years the memory of Yellow river and the "Yellow river valley," determined them to return and take up their permanent abode here. This gave rise to the adage that if persons got their feet wet in Yellow river they could never stay away from it any great length of time. This inspired one of the poets of the "Yellow river valley" to put this thought into doggerel verse as follows:

There's a tiny little river
  Not so very far away;
Water clear and sandy bottom,
  On its banks the muskrats play.

Grassy brinks with stately cat-tails,
  Pussy-willow, perfume blow;
Now and then a bull-frog's chatter
  In the swimming hole below.

Just the place in sultry August,
  On its banks to idly lie
In the shade of spreading maple,
  Gaze out at the bright blue sky.

There's a curious little adage,
  And I know that it is true,
'Bout this tiny little river
  And I'll whisper it to you.

If, at any time or season,
  You should venture in its flow;
Even though the waters tempt you,
  Wade or swim or fish or row;

Should you leave this little river,
  Go a hundred miles away,
Or a thousand, or a million,
  It's a cinch you'll never stay.

Platt's Run is a small stream rising in the west part of Green and the east part of Union townships. It wends its winding way through low and swampy land until it empties into Yellow river a short distance below the mouth of Wolf creek. During the rainy seasons it furnishes a sufficient supply of water to run a sawmill a portion of the time. A good many years

ago a dam was built across the stream and a sawmill erected on the farm then owned by Dr. Caillat. The milling business did not prove to be a paying investment and was abandoned long ago. The creek got its name from Platt B. Dickson, through whose farm it ran.

Pine Creek and *Yellow Branch* are both small streams of no special note, rising in Polk township and emptying into the Kankakee. Yellow Branch was known among the Indians as "Pan Yan."

Tippecanoe River rises in the northeast part of the state, runs through Kosciusko county and passes diagonally through Tippecanoe township, Marshall county, from northeast to southwest, where it enters Fulton county, and so on in the same direction until it empties into the Wabash river. It runs through a splendid section of the country and is one of the handsomest rivers of its size in the northwest. It abounds in a plentiful supply of fresh water fish of various kinds. It was called by the Indians Qui-tip-pe-ca-nuck.

Deep Creek is a small body of water running from north to south through Tippecanoe township until it finds its way into Tippecanoe river. It derives its water from the marshes and lowlands through which it passes, and is noted for getting "on a high" every time it rains, and the facility with which it washes away the small bridges over its banks.

Lakes.

Max-in-kuck-ee is the largest of nine bodies of water called lakes in Marshall county. It is in the southwest corner of the county in Union township. Its dimensions are about three miles long and two and a half miles wide. The eastern banks are high and in places quite abrupt. The northern, western and southern banks gradually rise from the water's edge, and the cultivated farms, extending in places down to the water, make the scenery the finest in the western country. The lake is fed entirely by the natural rainfall and the springs which gurgle up from the bottom in every direction. Of late years it has become one of the most popular summer resorts in the northwest, a fuller description of which will be found elsewhere in this history, as well as a paper on the orthography and meaning of the word Max-in-kuck-ee.

Lake of the Woods, or, as it is sometimes called, *Big Lake,* is in German and North townships in the northeast part of the county. Its dimensions are about two miles in length and one mile wide. It takes its name from the fact that it is completely surrounded with a thick growth of trees. It is a beautiful sheet of water, and is one of the best lakes for fish in the county, but, being a considerable distance from the main traveled road, has not yet come into public notice as a place of general resort for sportsmen outside of the immediate neighborhood. The Indian name for the *Lake of the Woods* was *Co-pen-uck-con-bes.* This was the name of a vegetable that grew spontaneously in that region in an early day. It was mostly a product of mud and water, and was found in the outlet, and in and about the shores. It was similar in appearance to the beet, and when properly prepared was very nutritious and quite palatable. The Indians cooked them by digging deep trenches in the ground, walling up the sides with small stones, leaving a small space in the middle into which they placed the co-pen-uck-con-bes, and covering them over with bituminous earth and other burning material,

set fire to them and allowed them to burn four days, when the cooking process was completed and they were ready to be served for food.

Pretty Lake, four miles southwest from Plymouth in West township, took its name from the fact that it is the prettiest lake of its size in all the region round about. It is three-quarters of a mile long and about half as wide. The banks are skirted with beautiful natural shrubbery and timber of larger growth. Of late years it has become a fashionable summer resort for Plymouth people and others, and about forty summer cottages have been built the past dozen years. It is surrounded with well cultivated farms, and, from the eminence on the eastern shore, Lake Como in all its glory never appeared more beautiful!

Twin Lakes are also in West township, five miles west and a little farther south than Pretty lake. These are three small lakes, each connected by a small neck of water between two hills. The largest is not to exceed three-quarters of a mile in length and a quarter to half a mile in width. Another is smaller and almost a perfect circle; while the third is still smaller, and is more what a "Hoosier" would call a marshy pond than a lake. Black bass, sun-fish, goggle eyes, perch and blue gills are plenty. There are still a few ducks to be found in the bayous and out of the way places during duck season, but since the white man came, they, like the Indians over on the north side of the Middle Twin lake, have had to move on and give place to "the survival of the fittest." Before the country was settled, ducks congregated there by the thousand, so much so that the Indians called it "Duck lake," in their language, She-ba-ta-ba-uk.

Flat Lake and *Galbraith Lake* are in West township. They are both quite diminutive, and are growing smaller by degrees and beautifully less as the years go by. They were in the early times a favorite asylum for ducks and wild geese, and in that region was an Indian camping ground and a runway for wild deer, turkeys and other wild fowls.

Dixon Lake divides the honors between Center and West townships two and a half miles southwest of Plymouth. It is perhaps half a mile long and half as wide. It empties its surplus water into Yellow river, which flows southward half a mile distant to the eastward. It was named in honor of a man by the name of George W. Dixon, who resided in the vicinity of the lake in an early day.

Mud Lake is in Green township, in close proximity to the Fulton county line. It is small and will never attain an extensive notoriety.

Lake Manatau and *Lost Lake* are in Union township, not far from Lake Maxinkuckee.

Muckshaw Lake is one mile south of Plymouth, through which the Lake Erie & Western railroad passes. As its name indicates, it is mostly composed of muck, and the duck hunter, as he goes into the muck up to his arm-pits, is apt to ejaculate, "Oh, Pshaw!" Hence the name. This lake was immortalized by a continued story, illustrated, published in the Plymouth Democrat in 1878, to which the attention of the curious reader is directed.

The Great Magnetic Flowing Well—There are a large number of flowing wells in the county, the largest and most important of which is the Great Magnetic Flowing Well near where the old Plymouth grist-mill formerly stood, between the mill-race and Yellow river, in the north part of town. The proprietors, J. V. Bailey and L. G. Capron, had sunk an iron

tube pipe for the purpose of operating a turbine water-wheel. When down about forty feet, the parties driving the tube suddenly broke through into an apparently hollow place, and the water came rushing out at the top of the tube. In a short space of time the bright sparkling water spouted two feet above the tube with a steady, even flow that was exceedingly refreshing to behold on a hot, sultry day. The tube happened to stand perpendicular, and the stream parted at the top in liquid, sparkling hemispheres, taking on all the tints and colors of the rainbow, and fell to the pool below in a plume-like cascade, almost hiding the tube itself.

By experiment it was found that the flow ceased at a height of about fifteen feet above the river low-water mark. Accordingly the proprietors put down a thirteen-inch tube as an experiment. When the same depth was reached as in the first tube sunk, the flow of water came up through the enlarged pipe with equal force. The volume of water discharged was simply enormous, and it has continued from that time (1875) to the present (1907) without any decrease in the flow. It is estimated that the well discharges 500 gallons per minute, 30,000 per hour and 720,000 gallons every twenty-four hours, sufficient to supply a city of 50,000 inhabitants. Tests and experiments have conclusively shown that the water is highly magnetic and is otherwise possessed of medicinal and other curative properties in an eminent degree. It is undoubtedly one of the most remarkable flows of water, considering the depth, in the world.

Since then there have probably been put down in Plymouth 100 inch-and-a-half flowing wells, and the city waterworks are supplied with water from nine flowing wells which have been sunk from a depth of from fifty to 100 feet, furnishing an abundant supply of absolutely pure, sparkling water.

In various parts of the county—especially in the center, northwest, west and southwest, flowing wells are found in abundance.

At and near *Teegarden,* in Polk township, the same flow of water has been secured, and many flowing wells have been put down.

In the region of *Donelson* and the country round about, the same flow of water is secured, and occasionally it comes to the surface in the form of springs.

Maxinkuckee Lake is famed for its numerous and splendid flowing wells. Almost all the numerous cottages on the east, south and north parts of the lake are supplied with water from flowing wells, and the lake itself is kept at its normal height by water which comes from the flowing well reservoir at the bottom.

Bourbon Living Spring—Nearly half a century ago Capt. John C. Hedrick, a veteran of the Mexican war (long since deceased), discovered on his farm, a short distance from Bourbon, a vein of water which proved to be a living spring. The water is perfectly clear, and very pleasant to the taste. The water boils up in twenty-five or thirty different places, and the surroundings showed that the fountain head is at least sixteen feet below the surface of the ground. It is thought that, with proper hydraulic appliances, water from the spring might be easily carried to the town of Bourbon, and the business and residence houses abundantly supplied with water. This great spring evidently comes from the immense reservoir that holds the water for the flowing wells all over the county.

XX. MAXINKUCKEE LAKE.

One of the most beautiful small bodies of water in the Northwest is, without doubt, Maxinkuckee lake, a brief description of which will be of interest to those who admire the beauties and grandeur of nature. It has been truthfully described by the late Jerome Burnett, whose poem is inserted here to give the reader a "birdseye view," so to speak, of this charmingly delightful body of water:

MAXINKUCKEE LAKE.

Ah, here is a scene for a painter!
  A gleaming and glorified lake,
With its framing of forest and prairie,
  And its etching of thicket and brake;
With its grandeur and boldness of headland,
  Where the oaks and the tamaracks grow,
A league with the sunlight of heaven,
  And the spirit-like shadows below.

Where the swallows skim over the surface,
  And quaff as they touch the clear wave;
Where the robins seek out the cool waters,
  And warily venture to lave;
Where the sand piper toys with the plashes,
  And whistles his passionate note,
And the water-bugs sail like a navy
  Of fairies for battle afloat.

Where the blackbirds go noisily over,
  And the mallard wings rapidly by,
And the heron that flies like a snowflake,
  Comes down from the clouds in the sky;
Where the bobolink lights on the flag blade,
  And so proudly and prettily sings,
Or watches askance the swift minnow,
  That out of his element springs.

Where the lilies abloom on the surface,
  Held down by their cable-like stems,
And the tints of the bright cardinalis,
  Have the semblance of loveliest gems;
Where the mosses in festoons are hanging,
  In the richest of fashion and fold,
To decorate submarine dwellings,
  O'er pavements of amber and gold.

Where the spirit of mortal may worship,
  In the freedom of unwritten creeds,
Hearing many and joyous responses
  In the music that comes from the reeds.
And where in my fancy I've pictured
  A temple that's builded so high,
It reaches in grandest proportions
  From the beautiful lake to the sky.

Maxinkuckee lake is oblong in shape, about three miles long and two and a quarter miles wide, with somewhat irregular shore lines and some small bays and undulations. The shores present about ten miles of lake front of almost every character of approach; the level beach, the gradual

slope, the steep incline, the abrupt bluff, the rounded headland, and these of various elevations, from the water's edge to nearly fifty feet in places. The water is wholly from springs, except the natural rainfall, there being no inlet that may be called such, and the springs of delicious water are found everywhere along the shores. The banks are bold, clear, shaded, and occupied by all sorts of summer cottages, mansions, hotels, clubhouses, academies, schools of learning, etc. On the west side of the lake a small strip of lowland gives outlet to the surplus water into a small lake close by, and thence to the Tippecanoe river some miles southwest. There is very little grass, weeds, drift, or other unsightly things in or around the lake, and but little brush, trees, logs, or other debris along the shores. All is clean, pure and healthy. Flowing wells abound on the north, east and south sides, and the most delicious cool water rushes up to about eight or ten feet above the level of the lake on boring a distance of fifty to 100 or more feet. Once on its shores at almost any point, and as long as you remain, be it days or years, the surroundings impress you constantly, and if there be a particle of love for the beautiful in your composition, that sense is called into action at all times and on all occasions, in sunshine or in storm, the beauties of spring, the charms of summer, and the glories of autumn.

Surrounded with unbroken forests as the writer has seen it, with the deer drinking of its limpid water without fear of molestation, the wild fowl floating on its bosom, the forest songsters noisy amid the otherwise silent woods on all sides, and the few hardy pioneers with their new beginnings and humble surroundings, scattered here and there within easy reach of it, it was a gem of imperishable beauty.

Again surrounded, as it is now, with fertile and highly cultivated farms, charming cottages, and handsome dwellings with white tents amid the trees, cozy hamlets on either side, railroad stations and conveniences, its surface covered with sailboats, yachts and steamers and hundreds of rowboats, and on all sides the pleasure of fashion and those seeking relief from ennui, overwork or study; music, dancing and social gatherings of strangers from all quarters and temporarily fraternizing; to each and all it is still, notwithstanding the marvelous changes that have been wrought during the more than past half-century, what it was to the Indian—the sparkling water—the beautiful Maxinkuckee. Once having come within the witching spell of its voiceless charms, in the language of Othello, the beholder can truthfully say: "If heaven would make me such another world of one entire chrysolite, I would not give thee for it!"

Maurice Thompson, one of Indiana's most beloved authors, was state geologist, and in his report for 1886 he spoke of the lake as follows:

"Max-in-kuck-ee—In many respects this is the most beautiful of the multitude of small lakes with which northern and northwestern Indiana is studded. Its shores are high, beautifully rounded, and clothed with the native forest. The waters are clear and cold. Hundreds of springs flow out from the banks, and many more rise from the bottom of the lake. Very few weeds grow in the water, and there is far less of moss and peaty formation than is common in our Indiana lakes. Here, to a large extent, sand gives place to gravel, and the beach is firm and clean. Nowhere in the United States is there a lovelier body of pure, cold water. It has become a famous summer resort, and deserves all the good praise it has received."

The construction of the Vandalia railroad's northern branch to South Bend by way of Plymouth in 1884, with a station at the northwest shore of the lake, so facilitated access that the beautiful groves along the east side began to be dotted with cottages; hotels were established; clubhouses were erected; steamers began to puff about the new buildings, and a fleet of little white sailboats blew over the water. The cottagers have shown most excellent taste in that they have preserved the natural beauty of the groves and green banks, while building large and costly summer homes, and the careful ornamentation of lawns and groves has handsomely supplemented without destroying the natural beauties of the place.

During the summer of 1900 Prof. B. W. Everman, ichthyologist of the United States commission of fish and fisheries, surveyed the lake and made a complete report of everything connected with it, which is to be published by the government, but has not yet made its appearance. The map, however, to accompany the report has been printed and a few copies have been distributed to those most interested in the future of the lake. The map is made from surveys and soundings made by Prof. Everman. The area of the lake is shown to be 1,864 acres. The contour lines of the bottom of the lake are from soundings taken on section and half-section lines, and is the first and only map of "the bottom of the lake" ever published. The deepest place in the lake is on a line about half way across between Long point and Maxinkuckee landing. At that point it is eighty-eight feet deep. In the immediate vicinity the depth ranges from seventy to eighty-five feet in several places. The map is a valuable production and undoubtedly the most correct one that has yet been made. It is to accompany a full report prepared by Prof. Everman, embracing a description of the numerous varieties of fish found in the lake, together with the fauna, and other matters of interest.

Orthography of Maxinkuckee.

The numerous ways of spelling the name of the lake induced the writer of these sketches to investigate the question and the result is embraced in the following information obtained from various official sources, in reply to letters written for that purpose.

The commissioner of the general land office at Washington replied that the name appeared on the records of his office as "Muk-sin-cuck-u."

The auditor of state at Indianapolis writes that David Hillis, one of the surveyors of the land around the lake, spelled it "Mek-in-kee-kee." Jerry Smith, another surveyor, spelled it "Muk-sen-cuk-ee." On the field notes in the surveyor's office of Marshall county David Hillis spelled it "Max-in-kuck-ee," while Jerry Smith, deputy United States surveyor, spelled it "Muk-sen-cuck-ee." At a treaty made at the lake March 16, 1838, it is spelled "Max-ee-nie-kee-kee."

From these official sources it is shown that the usual spelling, "Max-in-kuck-ee," appears but once and that is on the records of Marshall county, which is a copy of the original field notes from the records of the auditor of state at Indianapolis, where the auditor says Mr. Hillis spelled it "Mek-in-kee-kee." Therefore, whoever transcribed the field notes of Mr. Hillis from the records at Indianapolis, for the records of Marshall county, made a mistake when he copied it "Max-in-kuck-ee." The record in the depart-

ment at Washington has it "Muk-sen-cuck-u." At the time the field notes were made by the deputy government surveyors, quill pens were used, and it is possible—in fact probable—that the final "u" was intended for "ee," the top running together and making a letter like "u." The "i" in "sin" was probably an "e" with the top run together. This is a reasonable conclusion based on the spelling of Jerry Smith on the Marshall county records and at Indianapolis. The correct spelling is undoubtedly "Muk-sen-cuck-ee." There is no authority for Max-in-kuck-ee. The word from which it was erroneously copied is "Mek-in-kee-kee," as is shown in the letter of the audtior of state.

It is no wonder that the name has got badly mixed in the bungling translations that were made of it, in the original surveys and in the treaties in which the name occurs. In making the treaties, etc., the name was taken down by the interpreters, as the Indians knew not how to spell or write, and the interpreters spelled it according to the sound as well as they could, and it is therefore not strange that it appears in so many different ways. But no matter. The present spelling, "Max-in-kuck-ee," has come to stay, and no power on earth can change it, even were it desirable to do so. The railroad company, the Culver Military Academy, the postoffice department, and the people generally about the lake, recognize the present spelling, and that fixes it beyond any possibility of change.

As to the meaning of the word in its present form, it has none. Originally it was an Indian word, but what its meaning was no one has been able to find out. For a long time it was generally believed to be the name of an Indian chief, but the government records, which have been diligently searched, fail to show that name or anything like it. The late Charles Cook, who lived a few miles north of the lake, and in his early days made his home with the Pottawattomie Indians in this region for many years and understood their language perfectly, said it was the Indian word for moccasin, because the lake was the shape of an Indian moccasin, and further, because of the prevalence of moccasin snakes about the lake at that time. Simon Pokagon, the last of the Pottawattomie Indians in this part of the country, whose death occurred in Michigan in 1900, in reply to an inquiry said it meant in the Algonquin language (same as Pottawattomie) "There is grass." Pokagon was a graduate of Notre Dame University and knew the meaning of words. As his definition has no relevance to the lake it is additional evidence that the word as we have it is a bungling translation of the original Pottawattomie name, whatever it may have been. But notwithstanding the marvelous changes that have taken place during the more than two-thirds of a century since its discovery by the American, what it was to the Indian, it is yet to the white men of today, the sparkling, laughing water, the beautiful Max-in-kuck-ee! That is what it means—let it go at that!

A few years ago, James Whitcomb Riley, Indiana's famous poet, spent some time at the lake, and gave his impressions of it as follows:

The green below and the blue above—
The waves caressing the shores they love;
Sails in haven and sails afar,
And faint as the water lilies are
In inlets haunted of willow wands,

Listless rowers, and trailing hands,
With spray to gem them and tan to glove—
The green below and the blue above.

The blue above and the green below.
Would that the world was always so—
Always summer and warmth and light,
With mirth and melody day and night;
Birds in the boughs of the beckoning trees,
Chirr of locusts, and whiffs of breeze—
World old roses that bud and blow—
The blue above and the green below.

The green below and the blue above,
Heigh, young hearts and the hopes thereof—
Kate in the hammock and Tom sprawled on
The sward—like a lover's picture drawn
By the lucky dog himself, with Kate
To moon o'er his shoulder and meditate
On a fat old purse or a lank young love—
The green below and the blue above.

The blue above and the green below,
Shadows and sunshine to and fro—
Seasons for dreams—whate'er befall
Hero, heroine, hearts and all.
Wave of wildwood—the blithe bird sings,
And the leaf-hid locust whets his wings—
Just as a thousand years ago—
The blue above and the green below.

Attention was first attracted to the lake as a summer resort by the erection of a clubhouse by a few residents of Plymouth on the east shore of the lake on grounds leased of L. T. Vanschoiack. the same now being owned by Mrs. McOuat, of Indianapolis. This was in 1875. The lease was to run five years. The club house was a story and a half frame building, with sleeping apartments above, and parlor, dining room and kitchen below. It became quite a popular place of resort, and many times during the hot summer months as many as fifty persons were entertained at one time. The officers of the club were Joseph Westervelt, president; William W. Hill, treasurer, and C. H. Reeve, secretary.

In 1878 a number of those who had been instrumental in organizing this club, wishing to have something permanent and more elaborate and comfortable, purchased fifteen acres of eligible lake front on the north bank, and erected a large two-story frame building, lathed and plastered, containing a large reception and dancing room, and other conveniences. The club was furnished with a fine sailing yacht, and five sailboats and as many rowboats were owned by the individual members. The organization was named "The Lake View Club," and was composed of the following members, all residents of Plymouth: William W. Hill, Nathan H. Oglesbee, Henry G. Thayer, Chester C. Buck, Joseph Westervelt, Charles E. Toan, Horace Corbin and Daniel McDonald. Within a few years each of these members, except Mr. Westervelt, erected comfortable cottages in which they made their homes during the summer seasons, all taking their meals at the club house. In 1890, owing to business reverses of some of the members, it became necessary to disband the club and dispose of the property, which was done, the Vandalia railroad company purchasing it for $16,000.

In 1878-9 Louis B. Fulwiler, Moses Muhlfield, and others of Peru, purchased ground and erected a two-story clubhouse on the northeast bank of the lake. The club in its earlier days was one of the most noted organizations on the lake, and its disbandment a number of years ago was a distinct loss to the cottagers who made their homes around the lake during the summers.

About the same time several Rochester people formed a club and erected a clubhouse on Long point, on the west side of the lake, and occupied it with considerable irregularity for several years. The club went out of existence many years ago, but the club house still stands and has been remodeled into a double cottage, which is occupied by private families during the summer seasons. The Rochester people were the pioneers in discovering the beauties of Long point, being the first to erect a building there. For that reason for many years it was called "Rochester point," and even yet many of the early comers about the lake call it by that name.

Since then there have been erected about 150 cottages, and the progress made in the improvements about the lake since the coming of the railroad is marvelous, a description of which would require more space than the limits of this sketch will permit.

In selecting the names for their cottages around the lake, the owners have exercised considerable ingenuity and imagination. Many of the names are more than merely fanciful—they describe, in some particular, the character or individuality of the surroundings, or some natural feature associated with the location, such as Shady Bluff or South View. Others commemorate some personal attachment or some sentiment associated with the owner's experience, such as Hamewold or The Wigwam. Others are named in a vacation spirit, such as Hilarity Hall or The Powwow. The following is a list of the cottages as complete as the names can now be recalled: Oak Lodge, Oak Dell, Oak Knoll, The Oaks, Two Oaks, The Illinois, Shady Point, Shady Bluff, Portledge, The Tepee, The Wigwam, Grand View, The Martin Box, Squirrel Inn, Manana, Beach Lawn, Cosy Cote, Willow Spring, Meadow Lodge, Waupaca Hall, Woodbank, The Roost, Ingleside, Windermere, Hilarity Hall, Idleden, The Sunset, Cricket Camp, South View, The Powwow, Edgewater, Fairview, Maple Grove, Pleasant Point, The Buckeye, Sleepy Hollow, Kemah, Idlewild, Aubbeenaubbee Park, Cherry Villa and Halcyon Villa.

A sketch of the town of Culver on the northwest shore of the lake, and also of Culver Military Academy on the northeast shore, will be found elsewhere under appropriate heads.

XXI. TOWNS AND VILLAGES.

Plymouth, the County Seat.

What now constitutes the city of Plymouth was laid off and platted as a town by John Sering, James Blair and William Polk, and filed for record in the recorder's office of St. Joseph county on the twentieth day of October, 1834, the records of what is now Marshall county being then kept at South Bend, which was the seat of justice of St. Joseph county at that time, and,

as it is a matter of some importance as a starting point for a brief sketch of Plymouth, the county seat, the reference as it appears on the plat is hereby copied in full:

Plymouth is surveyed at right angles with the Michigan road, which runs through the town of Plymouth 5 degrees west, variation 6 degrees 10 seconds, platted by a scale of eight rods to an inch. Michigan street is 100 feet wide; each of the other streets are 66 feet wide and the alleys 12 feet in width; all the lots except fractional ones are 88 feet in front by 126 feet in length, containing one-fourth of an acre. The square marked "Courthouse Square" is donated by the proprietors for public buildings necessary for county purposes. Lot No. 131 on Plum street on the west is given for a county seminary, and one acre and a half adjoining Plum street on the west is given for a public burying ground; end of lots numbered 49, 50 and 51, and 20 feet off of the east end of lots numbered 75, 76 and 77, is added to the width of Center street for a market house.

JOHN SERING,
JAMES BLAIR,
WILLIAM POLK,
Proprietors.

October 12, 1834.

In the winter or spring of 1835, Oliver Rose opened the first store in Plymouth. His store room was a log building which stood on the ground immediately east of the building now known as The Plymouth Inn, on La Porte street. Mr. Rose also commenced farming operations on quite an extensive scale for those days on what is known as the Goodsell farm, north of town, opposite the fair grounds. When he came to the county he was accompanied by the late Gilson S. Cleaveland, who assisted him for some time as a clerk, afterwards became a partner, and finally sole proprieter, in which occupation he continued for many years. During the summer of 1835 Uriah Metcalf and Milburn Coe located here. Mr. Coe afterward erected a sawmill which stood a little to the north of the present site of Zehner's mill in the northeast part of town. The race is yet visible, and where the dam stood can also be seen. This was a poor excuse for a mill, but it was better than no mill at all, and was the first sawmill erected in the county. It furnished lumber for doors, and door and window casing and floors, etc., but it was a long time before it could be made to furnish lumber sufficient to justify the erection of frame buildings. The dam was not very substantially built, and whenever a heavy rain fell there was nearly always a washout, and it was not many years until it was abandoned.

During the same year Grove Pomeroy erected a frame building, the lumber for which was sawed by this mill, on the corner of Michigan and La Porte streets, on the ground now occupied by the Corbin block, which he called the "Yellow River hotel," afterwards the "Plymouth hotel." Mr. Pomeroy was the landlord and carried on an extensive business in entertaining travelers, as the general land sales, which commenced about that time, brought many persons into the county from the different parts of the country. This hotel was considered the half-way house for the stage line from Logansport to Niles, Mich. Ten years later, after the opening of the Michigan road, the stage line through this place from south to north was considered one of the main thoroughfares of the state, and many who read these lines will remember how Old Jake Rhinehart, as he was familiarly called, would blow his tin horn, crack his whip, and come dashing into town

on his four-horse rock-a-way coach! The whole town would be out to greet him and to see who the new arrivals were. A hack also made regular trips between Plymouth and La Porte, and both of these lines furnished the only means of transportation until the railroads came many years later.

Plymouth was selected as the county seat of government by the trustees appointed to organize the county, which was done July 20, 1836. It was several years before it had any organization by which it could be governed. There were but two streets in the town, one the Michigan road, now Michigan street, and the other what was called the "Yellow River" road, which meandered from the Yellow River hotel in a northwesterly direction, along what is now La Porte street. These streets were only passable wagon roads, muddy in rainy weather and dusty in dry weather. There were no sidewalks then, and the few people who resided here at that time traveled the wagon road, leaving the space now occupied by sidewalks to grow up in weeds. Cows and horses, hogs and other animals had the freedom of the town without let or hindrance. Many of the cows were furnished with bells, and after filling themselves with grass during the day from the ranges around the suburbs of the town, they would congregate at some convenient place in the residence part of the village, lie down in the sand and chew their quids, and tinkle, tinkle, tinkle their bells the whole night through, to the disgust of nervous people and those whose sleep was easily disturbed. As has been the case ever since the beginning of the world, is now, and ever shall be, there were numerous dogs—yellow dogs and bull dogs, shepherd dogs, bird dogs, average dogs, miscellaneous dogs, good dogs and bad dogs, and every kind of dog that the mind of man could conceive of, yelping dogs and howling dogs—and just—dogs. They ran the streets at night, and the din these dogs raised in these nightly revels has echoed and re-echoed along down the corridors of the past until the present time! To add to this entertainment, the prairie wolves, which were numerous in various places around town, chimed in with a doleful chorus that portended the certain death of any innocent sheep that might be wandering about the village. The killing of sheep, however, was not confined entirely to the hungry wolves that made night hideous with their hungry yelps. Among the numerous dogs that infested the town there were many that were as expert at killing sheep as the worst sheep-killing wolf in the gang. In order to protect the sheep, the sheep-killing dogs had to be killed. Those having guns delegated themselves public executioners and it was not long before the sheep-killing dogs were exterminated and schemes set on foot to capture the wolves, so that in the course of time the sheep were allowed to run at large without much fear of being in danger of being killed.

The writer has heard a great many people in his time wonder why it was that the courthouse was built so far out of town as it is—that is, from the business center. That is easily enough explained. Where Michigan street crosses the river it was low wet ground as far north as the corner of Michigan and La Porte streets, and the proprietors were of the opinion that the business would center around the public square, as is usually the case in new towns. So they selected the courthouse square in the center of a splendid location for business houses in every direction from where the courthouse would be erected. But, as is always the case,

The best laid schemes o' mice and men
Gang aft agley,
An' lea' us naught but grief and pain
For promised joy;

Immediately after the county had been organized and the county seat located at Plymouth, an enterprising individual, whose name has not been handed down for the benefit of present and future posterity, erected a small shanty on the west side of the Michigan road, on the south side of the river, where a temporary log bridge crossed that stream, and opened what was in those days called a "grocery," but now universally known as "saloon." He stocked it with a barrel of whisky which was procured from Kentucky, and other necessary fluids to suit the tastes of the few customers who felt that it was necessary to "take a little something for the stomach's sake." The place came to be known as "Old Kentuck," in honor of the barrel of whisky that came from that state, and to this day the older residents, in speaking of it, call it "Old Kentuck"! The first glass of whisky the writer ever saw drank was in this place, somewhere in the later forties. It was kept by a man at that time well known as one of the prominent men of the town, by the name of Anson Shinnebarger. The writer came with his father to town that day and accompanied him to the various places where he went on business. Joseph Evans was sheriff of the county at that time, and Mr. Shinnebarger, being absent from town, had intrusted the key to "Old Kentuck" to him. Mr. Evans was a Democratic politician; so, also, was the writer's father, who was at that time a candidate for county auditor. A. L. Wheeler was the Democratic political boss, and after the political situation had been duly canvassed Mr. Wheeler proposed that the trio adjourn to "Old Kentuck" for further consultation. As a matter of course, the writer, who was then only a "kid," was permitted to accompany them, although very properly was not permitted to participate in the several libations which were indulged in. He remembers distinctly how Mr. Evans walked behind the little counter, took down the old decanter and set it down before them, and how they filled up the little glasses to the brim with the distilled juice of the corn all the way from "Old Kentuck." They sipped it down leisurely, talking the meanwhile about the political conditions in the various townships in the county and what ought to be done in order to elect the whole ticket and increase the Democratic majority in some localities that had of late shown some signs of weakness. It is proper here to say that none of these men were habitual drinkers and none of them ever drank to excess. In fact, in those days nearly every one took a little something for "their oft infirmities." Even the preachers who furnished spiritual food for their parishioners, at least many of them, thought it no harm to keep a well-filled decanter on the mantelpiece, to be used in case of "snake bites" and other maladies! During harvest time "the little brown jug" was considered as necessary as the wooden pail filled with fresh spring water, and generally both of them were placed side by side in the fence corner, in the shade of a spreading bush or tree. When the harvester had gone across the field and back he always took a drink, first sampling the contents of the jug and then washing it down with a gourd full of water. He imagined that the liquor invigorated and strengthened him and better enabled him to perform the work he had to do. But not many years later this was demonstrated to be a fallacy;

that instead of assisting nature to do its work, in the long run it had the opposite effect.

But to return to the subject: Those business men who early came here to engage in traffic and trade were not long in determining that the business of the new town should not be too far removed from the center, and as lot No. 1 was on the east side of Michigan street on the north side of the river and opposite the Yellow River house on the west side of the street, that was thought to be the proper place to begin the erection of shanties and small and cheap buildings for the sale of such dry goods, groceries, hardware, etc., as the pioneer population needed; and as the first buildings were erected on the north bank of the river, across from the "grocery," and as those who came later could not draw the trade with them by building around the courthouse square, they decided to join with the others and assist in building up the commercial center down town not far from the "grocery." The town plat at that time was an untouched wilderness, covered with trees and bushes, the only vacant space being the blazed La Porte road and the partially cleared Michigan road, which had not then been opened more than twenty-five feet in width. The courthouse square was covered with trees and bushes, and there was not even an Indian trail leading to it, and no one could tell where it was without the aid of a surveyor. The little courthouse, which the proprietors of the town erected for temporary purposes, was located on the west side of Michigan road, third block north from the little "grocery." This courthouse they knew was only temporary, and, as they did not know whether they would remain permanently, they concluded to build in the vicinity of the others. And that is why the business part of Plymouth was not built around the courthouse square.

Among the first who came here in 1835-6, and for several years later, the writer remembers James Bannon, who kept a boot and shoe shop and the postoffice in a small wooden building on the east side of Michigan street, on the space now occupied by the Humrickhouser brick building. He went to California during the gold excitement of 1849, and as he was in middle life then, he is probably dead long ago. He was a Democrat in politics, and held the postoffice for some time under President Tyler.

John Cougle kept a "grocery," or saloon, as they are now known, in an adjoining building, but later erected a large frame building on the corner of Garro and Michigan streets, now the handsome two-story brick building owned by C. T. Mattingly, and occupied by the postoffice, which he occupied as a dry goods and notion store until his death occurred many years ago. He kept liquors for sale and drank heavily, which may have had something to do with his untimely taking off. He was strictly honest and straightforward in his business transactions, but entertained some very peculiar notions. Before his death he purchased a coffin which he stored in his place of business so that it might be on hand when wanted. He was the owner of a fine bass drum and almost every pleasant evening gave an exhibition of his skill on that detestable misnamed musical instrument in front of his place of business. Later he was reinforced by Lorenzo D. Matteson, a carpenter and builder, with his snare drum. He was an artist on his instrument, and the two made a full band with some to spare. Nearly all the people of the little town turned out to hear them, and it was a

pleasure and recognition to them equal to the musical concerts given by more pretentious bands in later days.

Robert Rusk early opened a tin shop in a small frame building on the east side of Michigan street. His was the first establishment of that kind in Plymouth. His building was burned by the disastrous conflagration that destroyed nearly all the business buildings on both sides of Michigan street March 22, 1857. He died many long years ago. Joseph Griffith was another early settler well known in his day. He was prosecuting attorney at one time, also postmaster. He met death by the accidental discharge of his gun, while out hunting, more than half a century ago. He was always ready to offer himself as a living sacrifice for the amusement of the people. At a circus, once on a time, the clown was going to perform the difficult act of balancing a chair containing a man in it, on his chin. Joseph offered himself as the victim. The clown turned the chair upside down, and Joseph inserted his legs between the rounds in good shape, and after being adjusted in front of the audience, the clown left him to his fate. The uproar was terrific, and became greater when the victim had to throw himself down on the ground, backward, to extricate himself. At another time a sleight-of-hand performer came along and one of his tricks was that he could break a half-dozen eggs in a silk hat, which was fashionable in those days, without soiling it. He asked the loan of one to perform the trick. Mr. Griffith promptly handed him the one he wore. The performer broke in the hat a half-dozen eggs and with a stick stirred them up "good and plenty." When he went to show that the hat was not injured he found that the eggs were in reality broken, and the fine silk hat ruined! The performer handed the hat back to Mr. Griffith, remarking that he had made a mistake in performing the trick, and that he was very sorry indeed that he had spoiled his hat. Of course the boys who had quietly got the performer to play the trick on him took up a collection and bought Mr. Griffith a new "beaver." It was not long after this that he was accidentally killed as stated.

Plymouth Organized as a Town.

Plymouth was organized as a town corporation under a charter granted by the legislature under an act approved February 11, 1851. Prior to the adoption of the new constitution the legislature passed special acts for almost every conceivable kind of purpose, among which was the incorporation of towns. After the taking effect of the new constitution the legislature passed a general act which enabled towns of a certain number of inhabitants to incorporate under it, thereby saving the legislature the unnecessary trouble of passing special acts.

In 1851 an act was passed by the legislature permitting Plymouth to organize as an incorporated town, which was done some time during that year, but precisely the date, or who the first officers were is not known, as all the records were destroyed in the disastrous fire of 1857. From the Plymouth Pilot, which was started here about that time, the following information is obtained. The town council, which had just then been created by a special act of the legislature, passed an ordinance providing that sidewalks be built on each side of Michigan, La Porte and Center streets, four feet wide, of white oak or yellow poplar plank. These were the first side-

walks built on these streets. They extended from La Porte street north to Garro street. Ordinances were also passed—

Prohibiting ball playing within the limits of the town.

Prohibiting the shooting or firing of guns upon the original plat of said town, also

Prohibiting horse racing in the streets.

Prior to this there was no town organization whatever and every one did as he pleased without let or hindrance. Town ball was a favorite game on Michigan street between La Porte and Garro streets, every day when enough of idle men and boys were around to make the game interesting. For a time horse racing was a favorite amusement. Old Jack Smith came here as a shoemaker. He was an all-around sport and was the owner of a swift little runner which he exercised up and down Michigan street almost every day, and occasionally another horse was pitted against his horse. The track was on Michigan street from Jefferson to La Porte streets, and when the horses got fairly started the way they made the dirt and dust fly was a sight to behold. The passage of the ordinances stopped all this, and the streets were ever after used for the purposes for which they were intended.

The editor of the Pilot in the issue of his paper containing this information had this item: "We notice that one of our citizens has been mending his ways by putting down a good, substantial pavement opposite his residence."

In 1853 the population of Plymouth was 670. In the disastrous fire of 1857, which swept away nearly the entire business portion of the little town, all the books and records in relation to the corporation organization were destroyed, and therefore the particulars in regard thereto cannot be obtained; nor does the oldest inhabitant remember who were the officers at the time of the organization. It seems from the report of the board of corporation trustees, held January 30, 1855, that a proposition to surrender the charter had been presented. After considerable discussion the following resolution was adopted:

Resolved, That surrendering the charter granted by the legislature of this state on the 11th of February, 1851, incorporating the town of Plymouth, this corporation will and does hereby become incorporated under the general law of the state of Indiana for the incorporation of towns, defining their powers, etc., approved June 11, 1852, as provided by the fifty-fifth section of said act.

Dr. Rufus Brown was president of the board at that time, and Milo W. Smith clerk. Dr. Brown was one among the first practicing physicians who settled here in an early day, and was also one of the best. He was one of the most genial and agreeable men there was at that time in the town. He was a public spirited citizen and was always one of the leaders in every enterprise looking to the advancement and well-being of the town. In politics he was a whig, later a republican, and at one time was elected and served in the Indiana state senate. He was of a military turn of mind and during his term of office as senator directed his efforts principally to perfecting the military laws of the state. He was authorized and made an effort to organize a regiment of state militia for the ninth congressional district, but failed to enthuse the people with the military spirit, and after

meeting with indifferent success he abandoned the effort. He was a member of the Presbyterian church, sang in the choir, belonged to about all the temperance organizations, and about all the other societies and associations in existence here at that time; was prompt and zealous in the discharge of all duties imposed upon him, and was, take him all in all, a man whose like we shall never look upon again. He died, before his senatorial term expired, at his home in Plymouth, July 4, 1859.

Milo W. Smith was town clerk and was an educated and cultured gentleman. He was not a man of great force, but was methodical and competent in the work he had to do, a good citizen, who passed away many years ago regretted by all who knew him.

April 7, 1857, the following resolution appears of record:

Resolved, That whereas on the 22d day of March, 1857, the law office of A. C. Capron, the clerk of this corporation, was destroyed by fire, and also the books, records, tax duplicates, assessment rolls, maps, orders, vouchers, etc., of the corporation were entirely destroyed, the clerk is ordered to replace the same as far as possible.

The law creating incorporated towns was loose and unsatisfactory in its workings, and the population being then sufficient to organize under the city law, in April, 1873, the writer of this history drafted a petition, and he and James W. Maxey secured the requisite number of petitioners, which was presented to the board of corporation trustees requesting them to order an election of the voters of the town to be held for the purpose of taking the sense of the people as to the expediency of changing the government of the town from a corporation to a city. The board of town trustees acted favorably upon the petition, and ordered an election to be held on the 25th day of April, 1873. The election resulted nearly three to one in favor of "city," there being 327 votes cast, of which 244 were in favor and eighty-three against a city form of government. The proper steps were then taken, the old corporation dissolved, and the city government set in motion. In May, 1873, an election was held for city officers. Prior to the election a conference of the leading citizens of both political parties was held, in which it was agreed that in the new organization politics should be left out of the question so far as possible. The politics of the town at that time being democratic, the republicans consented that the Democrats should be entitled to the candidate for mayor, and the remainder of the officers be alternated between the two parties. In this way the two parties were equally represented in the new organization, Horace Corbin being the first mayor elect. The following is the ticket agreed upon and elected:

Office and Name.	First Ward.	Second Ward.	Third Ward.	Total Vote.
Mayor—Horace Corbin	68	134	74	276
Treasurer—D. B. Armstrong	69	141	74	284
Clerk—A. L. Thomson	69	141	74	284
Assessor—H. R. Pershing	69	141	74	284
Marshal—James W. Logan	69	138	74	281
Council—A. Johnson, First Ward	65	...	..	...
C. Bergman, First Ward	55	...	..	..
A. Morrison, Second Ward	..	135	..	...
S. Mayer, Second Ward	..	132	..	...
J. Brownlee, Third Ward	..	...	73	...
A. O. Borton, Third Ward	..	...	74	...

The Fourth Ward Embroglio.

The most exciting political fight which ever occurred in Plymouth, or even in the county for that matter, took place in the city council by the introduction of an ordinance August 27, 1894, by Councilman Reynolds to redistrict the city into four wards instead of three as it had been from the organization of the city. The particular reason given for this action was that the southwestern portion of the city had always been neglected in its representation in the city council; that there was street and other work in that territory that needed attending to and that it would not be done unless the people down there were given a separate ward and two councilmen to look after their interests. There was behind it, however, a little bit of political maneuvering that did not appear on the surface. During the past year the council had been composed of three democrats and three republicans—George R. Reynolds, Charles R. Hughes and Charles B. Tibbitts, democrats, and W. E. Bailey, Z. M. Tanner and Samuel Gretzinger, republicans, which made the vote on all political questions a tie. Charles P. Drummond, democrat, was mayor, and on all questions of a tie voted with the democrats. At the spring election Mr. Drummond was defeated by Joseph Swindell, republican, who was to enter upon the duties of his office the first meeting in September of that year. In order to relieve Mr. Swindell of the responsibility of casting his vote to decide a tie, the democrats conceived the idea of creating another ward, and appointing by resolution two democratic councilmen from that ward, which would make the total number of councilmen eight, five of whom would be democrats. So it came to pass at the last meeting before Mayor Drummond's time expired, an ordinance looking to that end was introduced as above stated. The ordinance was passed, James W. Maxey and William O'Keefe appointed and sworn as councilmen from the Fourth ward, entered upon the discharge of their duties and were recognized by Mayor Drummond during the remainder of his term, which expired on the first of September, when Joseph Swindell, the republican mayor, entered upon the discharge of his duties. Among his first acts was his refusal to recognize Messrs. Maxey and O'Keefe as members of the council, alleging as a reason that the ordinance under which they were appointed was not legally passed. Legal proceedings were then instituted and the matter went into court and finally to the supreme court.

But to go back a little, it will be interesting to give the facts as established by the evidence in the record: April 25, 1873, Plymouth was organized as a city under the general law, and was immediately districted into three wards with two members each, or six in all, and this status remained until August 27, 1904, when the Fourth ward was added and the council made to consist of four wards and eight members. A fine little parliamentary battle in the council then ensued as is shown by the record as follows:

"Councilman Reynolds moved that the rules be suspended and that the ordinance be placed upon its passage by one reading. The motion was seconded by Councilman Hughes, and thereupon Councilman Bailey moved to refer the ordinance to the committee on ordinances and police. The vote resulted in a tie. The mayor cast his vote in favor of the negative

and declared the motion lost. Councilman Reynolds then, with the consent of his second, withdrew his motion to suspend the rules. Councilman Tibbitts then moved that the rules heretofore governing the proceedings of the council as printed in the ordinance book be annulled and repealed. (This rule provided as follows: 'All ordinances shall be read three times before being passed. No ordinance shall pass or be read at the same meeting in which it was introduced.') The yeas and nays were taken on this motion to repeal the rules and the result was a tie—three for and three against. The mayor cast his vote in the affirmative and declared the rules repealed. Councilman Reynolds then moved that the ordinance as read be placed upon its passage. This vote was a tie and was declared carried by the mayor casting his vote for it. Councilman Tibbitts then moved that the ordinance as read be passed and adopted upon one reading, and upon the passage of the ordinance the ayes and nays were taken with the following result: Messrs. Hughes, Reynolds and Tibbitts voted for the ordinance and Gretzinger against it, and Bailey and Tanner were recorded as present and not voting. The mayor thereupon declared the ordinance passed and adopted.

"Councilman Bailey presented a protest against the action of the council and moved that the same be placed upon record. Upon this motion Bailey, Gretzinger and Tanner voted in the affirmative and Reynolds, Hughes and Tibbitts against it, and the vote being a tie, the mayor voted in the negative and declared the motion lost. A resolution was then introduced appointing James W. Maxey and William O'Keefe councilmen from the new ward. Those who voted in favor of the resolution were Hughes, Reynolds and Tibbitts, those against it Bailey, Gretzinger and Tanner. The vote being a tie, the mayor voted in favor of it and declared it adopted. The new councilmen were thereupon sworn and entered upon the discharge of their duties."

At the first meeting in September Joseph Swindell entered upon his duties as mayor, and among his first acts was to refuse to recognize Messrs. Maxey and O'Keefe as members of the council, or allow the clerk to call their names on roll call. This resulted in the new councilmen bringing mandamus proceedings in the circuit court to compel the mayor to recognize them, which it did, but on appeal to the supreme court of the state, that court decided adversely to the claimants to represent the Fourth ward, on the ground that the ordinance under which they held their appointment had been passed contrary to the rules governing the introduction and passage of ordinances through the council of Plymouth, which it decided the council had no right to repeal in the manner in which they declared it done. This case created a good deal of ill feeling in the community at the time, but as the supreme court has settled it forever, and the three councilmen instrumental in its passage are now all dead, it will only be remembered by our people as an episode in our local history.

Street Lighting.

For several years after Plymouth was legally chosen as the county seat there was no street lighting of any kind, and those who had occasion to go about at night had to feel their way, as there were no sidewalks and darkness prevailed everywhere, except when the fickle moon shed its pale

and solemn light over the little town with unimproved dirt streets. In these days the little stores and shops were lighted with tallow candles, and lard and tallow lamps, until time to close for the night. Then but little business was done after sundown, and seldom 9 o'clock at night found many people out of bed. There were no street lights of any kind for more than twenty years after the place had grown sufficiently to be known as really and truly a town, and when the sun went down preparations were begun for the closing up of business for the day. After a while, glass standing and hanging lamps with cotton wicks and a burning fluid made of alcohol and other dangerous explosives, came into use, and proved to be a great improvement over the old system of lighting. Later still coal oil was discovered, and was brought to Plymouth for lighting purposes by H. B. Pershing, then in the drug business. He kept one of the lamps filled with coal oil burning in his store to show the superiority of this oil pumped out of the earth over all other lighting fluids that had previously been discovered. The writer remembers distinctly of his father procuring one of these lamps and a can of oil and taking it home with him and trying it as an experiment. It made a beautiful, clean light, far superior to anything the family had ever seen; but for some time there was a feeling of insecurity pervading the household, that some day an explosion would take place that would knock things into smithereens. But the expected did not take place, and coal oil rapidly found its way into favor until its use became almost universal.

The use of coal oil having been fully established, the town council determined to devise a way by which the streets could be lighted, and about 1876 or 1877, some twelve or thirteen posts were put up at places where lights were needed the most, on top of which were fastened lamps that would hold about a quart of coal oil. These lamps were lighted by contract, Ezra Barnhill having the job the first two or three years. He sublet the work to John S. Harsh, who attended to the lamps about three years, when Dickson Thompson took the job off his hands and attended to it about three years, when he resigned, and was succeeded by Jonathan Brown, who remained in charge of the "plant" until it was discontinued to give place to electricity.

This old-time system of lamp-lighting the streets was the first effort in this direction Plymouth had had, and it seems exceeding strange that the streets of the town had been in darkness about forty years from the date of its organization before the edict had gone forth from the town board, "Let there be light," and "there was light!" The people of the town, "without regard to race, color, or previous condition of servitude," hailed with joy and gladness this new process of bringing them "from darkness to light." Of course it was better than no lighting at all, but as compared with the present splendid electric lighting system it would be considered very little better than no light at all.

In 1888, an electric light plant having been established in Plymouth, the city decided to enter into a contract with the company looking to the lighting of the principal streets with electric arc lights, and this was done without much delay. The streets are now lighted with about thirty arc lights, and with the electric signs, and lights in the plate glass windows

on the business streets, it is as pleasant and easy getting about town in the night time as it is in daylight.

During the summer of 1907 a gas plant was established in Plymouth, the output of which is mostly used for cooking and heating purposes, but when added to the electric light, will add greatly in dispelling what little darkness there may be left.

In 1888, after long and patient investigation, the city council determined to put in a system of waterworks for use by the citizens of the town and especially for fire protection, and that year put in about 18,000 feet of pipe, built an engine house, put in the necessary engines and fixtures, etc., at a total cost of about $17,000. Since that time several thousand feet of pipe have been laid, so that almost every part of the city can easily be reached by the fire hose, and since the organization of the fire department to conform to the waterworks system, the fires that have occurred have been extinguished with very little loss, whereas those that occurred prior to that time were in every case disastrous, so that in every fire in the main business part of town since that time enough property has been saved in each fire to pay for the entire waterworks system, as is shown by the losses in the great fires of 1851, 1857, 1866, 1872, before the waterworks fire department was organized.

The editor of the Plymouth Pilot in his issue of July 18, 1851, paid the following glowing tribute to the beauty of the town of Plymouth:

"Plymouth was always a beautiful town. It never looked so beautiful to our eyes as at the present time. Just bathed in refreshing showers, she blooms like a garden of roses in the desert. Silvery voices ring upon the ear, and bright eyes peep through the damask custains of heat, white Bloomer palaces. Yellow river glides on its course, laughing merrily among the greenwood shades and inviting us to drink of its limpid waters! We were not aware that Plymouth could gather so bright an array of celestial spirits. Many a sigh comes mourning over the green sward from the rosy bowers of Love and tears are falling for many a lost Adonis."

Early Merchants and Landlords.

For some time after the organization of the county, merchants and hotel keepers were required to procure a license from the board of commissioners. At the May term, 1837, the board fixed the rate of license for these and other occupations as follows:

"Ordered that license for retailing spirituous liquors be taxed at $100 for the present year.

"License to vend wooden clocks, $100 per year.

"Each traveling caravan, menagerie, or other collection of animals or show of wax figures, or circus exhibited to the people for money, $50 for each day.

"That license to vend foreign merchandise and foreign and domestic groceries be taxed $5 for each $1,000, and $2.50 for each additional $1,000; provided that no license shall exceed $20 for one year."

At the same term of court the following order was made:

"Ordered that Pomeroy & Muncy, merchants, trading and doing business under the name, firm and style of Pomeroy & Muncy, be granted a

license to vend foreign merchandise for the term of twelve months from this date for the sum of $10. Their capital does not exceed $1,000."

At the same term licenses to vend merchandise were granted to Chester Rose, Evan B. Hobson, Wheeler & Gregory, Hobson & Cougle. Jeremiah Grover, William M. Dunham, Grove Pomeroy were licensed to keep tavern.

The mercantile business was not very lively in those days. The whole county did not contain more than 600 people, not more than half of whom were residents of Plymouth and vicinity, and these were generally poor and had little use for dry goods and "foreign merchandise," and consequently many who engaged in the business failed to realize the profits they had anticipated and went out of business. All these old merchants and tavern keepers are long since dead—not one is left to tell the story of the pioneer days in the wilderness.

Plymouth Fire Department.

For a period of twenty-two years Plymouth was without any appliances to assist in extinguishing fires. The first effort in that direction was the organization of what was called Protection Hook and Ladder Company No. 1, which perfected its organization under the law by filing its constitution in the clerk's office February 24, 1858, about half a century ago. The following were the original members as they appear on the constitution: Jacob B. N. Klinger, Daniel McDonald, Adam Vinnedge, Stephen A. Francis, Henry B. Pershing, D. Lindsay, Thomas J. Patterson, Rufus M. Brown, James E. Houghton, J. C. Leonard, L. D. Lamson, Julius Tacke, David How, Eli R. Shook, Henry Humrickhouser, John H. Beeber, Nathaniel B. Klinger, David Vinnedge, Samuel Freese, John S. Woodward, second, Meyer Becker, Adolph Meyers, Henry M. Logan, William W. Hill, S. Vinnedge, Matthew Boyd, John M. Shoemaker, George Anderson, Charles G. Tibbitts, John Noll, Henry Kuntz, Horatio B. Sellon, William M. Kendall, Henry Botset, Christopher Seitel, Charles Ebel, J. Alexander, M. La Pierre, Homer Sluyter, George H. Wilbur, Thomas K. Houghton, Amasa Johnson, John W. Patterson, Henry McFarlin, John W. Houghton, Jerry Blain, Daniel B. Armstrong, James L. Cleaveland, Joseph Lauer, Henry M. Hilligas, J. N. Freese, F. Mullen, D. R. Davidson, William Babington, Michael Stoll and William C. Shirley.

The first officers were: Jacob B. N. Klinger, foreman; Stephen A. Francis, assistant foreman; William C. Shirley, treasurer; Daniel McDonald, secretary, and Eli R. Shook, steward.

The formation of this company grew out of the great fire of 1857, March 22, which destroyed every business house on both sides of Michigan street, between La Porte and Garro streets, entailing a loss estimated at between $75,000 and $100,000, with little or no insurance. There was no firemen's organization here then, not even a bucket brigade, and no water if there had been, except such as could have been drawn from dug wells and from Yellow river, a considerable distance away.

The constitution and by-laws are quite voluminous and contain about everything that could possibly be thought of in connection with the duties of members of the organization. The hour of meeting was fixed at 7 p. m., John M. Shoemaker's time being the criterion—he being the town watchmaker at that time. Everything went by sun time then, which was, and is,

about fifteen minutes slower than "standard time," which is now in universal use in this part of the country, the change having been made some thirty years ago. There was a good deal of opposition to abandoning the good old-fashioned sun time, but the town clock was set forward to standard time, the town schools adopted it at once, the railroads followed suit, and it was not long until the business houses, the churches and the citizens generally turned their timepieces forward, and everybody began doing business on "fast time." The telegraph office at the Pennsylvania station receives the exact time every day at 12 o'clock noon; in this way the town clock is regulated, as well as the clocks of the watchmakers and others. Each member was required to procure the following uniform: "A black glazed cap, a red woolen sack or wamus, with black velvet collar and cuffs, and a black leather belt."

A two-story frame building for the use of the company was erected on the bank of the river on the south side of Adams street, the upper story being used for meeting purposes and the lower room for trucks, ladders, etc. Later the company moved into the Dawes wagon shop, located where John W. Parks now has his law office, on the south side of Garro street.

April 10, 1859, the residence of David How, on the southwest corner of the public square, caught fire, and had it not been for the Hook and Ladder Company would have been totally destroyed. Speaking of the fire the editor of the Republican said:

"The conduct of the members of Protection Hook and Ladder Company No. 1, on this occasion, was honorable to them in the highest degree. No set of men could have done more efficient service with the same means. Our citizens will ever be proud of their firemen so long as they demean themselves in this manner, and will doubtless on all suitable occasions manifest a material regard for them."

With the organization of the old Hand Engine Company, and later the Hose Company, the Hook and Ladder Company necessarily had to take a back seat, but it was the first organization for the protection of property against the ravages of fire in our midst and is entitled to its due meed of praise.

As near as can be ascertained, the books having been destroyed, Adriatic Engine Company No. 1 and Torrent Hose Company No. 1 were organized in 1865. The first officers of the engine company were: Martin H. Rice, foreman; D. Emmit Simons, assistant foreman; Sigmund Mayer, secretary; John W. Palmer, treasurer.

About that time the department was regularly organized and was composed of the following companies: Protection Hook and Ladder Company No. 1; Adriatic Engine Company No. 1; Torrent Hose Company No. 1.

The records having been destroyed, as stated, it is impossible to get any information in regard to the work of the fire department until about the first of the year 1876, when the present city building was erected and occupied by the fire department. From that time up to the present a record of all the doings of the department has been kept, from which it appears that the companies took possession of the new hall February 21, 1876, and dedicated it by a grand ball on the same night, which proved to be one of the best paying balls ever given in Plymouth, the net proceeds being $165. At

the regular meeting of the fire department, February 22, 1876, the following resolution was unanimously adopted and ordered printed:

"*Resolved,* That the members of the fire department of Plymouth take great pleasure in returning their sincere thanks to the citizens of Plymouth for their liberality in purchasing tickets to the firemen's dedication ball, and to the McDonald Brothers, printers, especially, do the firemen feel grateful for their unparalleled liberality in donating all the printing for the occasion, amounting to $13, consisting of tickets, cards and programs, executed on the best of material and in a neat, artistic style."

Since the organization of the fire department there have been but six chiefs, whose names are as follows: James M. Confer, Daniel B. Armstrong, Andrew H. Korp, Adam Vinnedge, James Moore and Fred H. Kuhn, the present incumbent, who has been elected every year since his first election, the best endorsement he could possibly have that his work has been well and faithfully done.

The City Hall and Engine House.

The city hall was completed about the first of January, 1876, by Robert McCance and William P. Beaton, contractors, at a cost of $4,200. The construction of the building was under the immediate supervision of Alfred Morrison, Platt McDonald and William D. Thompson, all at that time members of the city council. The building is 34 feet wide by 50 feet in length. The walls are 35 feet high, 18 inches thick to the second story and 12 inches from there to the top. The tower is 9 feet square and 59 feet high. The first story is in one large room, in which are kept the implements of the fire department. The upper story is divided into two rooms—one for the fire department and one for the meetings of the city council, and the use of the clerk and mayor. The building is one of the best of its kind in northern Indiana, and is large enough for the use of the city for many years to come.

The Town of Bourbon.

Bourbon township, in which the town of Bourbon is situated as the seat of justice, was regularly organized January 6, 1840. The petitioners for the organization of the township were James O., Grayson H., John F. and Edward R. Parks; Thomas R. McKey, Peter Upsell, W. H. Rockhill, Israel Beeber, William Taylor, John Greer, William Elder, John Henry, A. H. Buckman, Lyman Foote, Samuel Taylor, John F. Dukes, John Fuller, James Taylor, William Taylor, Jr., George Taylor and Samuel Rockhill.

John Greer and John F. and Edwin R. Parks had, a year or so prior to the organization of the county, come to the region of where Bourbon now is from Bourbon county, Kentucky, and James O. Parks, as the spokesman for the others, suggested to the board of commissioners that the new township be named Bourbon in honor of his native county in Kentucky, and it was accordingly so done.

The town of Bourbon was not regularly laid out as a town until April 23, 1853, thirteen years after the organization of the township, although prior to that time it had grown to be considerable of a village. Naturally enough the town of Bourbon took the name of the township and for the same reason. The original proprietors of the town were Samuel Thomas and J. S. Neidig. Since then the following additions have been made:

Martin's first and second; J. F. Park's addition and continued addition; Linn's addition and continued addition; Boley's first and second addition; Ball's addition; Davis's addition; Bailey's addition; Thayer's first, second and third and continued addition; J. W. Thomas's addition; Borton's addition, and Staples's addition.

In September, 1865, the town of Bourbon was incorporated under the state law authorizing the incorporation of towns and villages for municipal purposes. The first officers elected after the organization took place were as follows: Trustees, Elias Galentine, James H. Porter and Omar Davis; Caleb Davis, marshal; George Sears, clerk and treasurer; Lewis Gross, assessor.

The first election held in Bourbon township was held at the house of Elizabeth Parks. This occurred in April, 1840. The town of Bourbon had no existence at that time, and for several years afterwards had but few houses. The writer remembers having passed through what is now the town of Bourbon in August, 1849, and his recollection is quite vivid to the effect that there was not what could be called a town there then. The whole country in that region, with few exceptions, was an unbroken wilderness, and to follow the road that led to Tippecanoe town, the place he was trying to find, without missing the way, required a close look-out for the blazes on the trees, the primitive guide-boards as it were, that enabled the traveler to find his way. Notwithstanding these precautions, on his return in the dusk of the evening he lost his way, and some time during the night found himself the guest of a pioneer who lived in a log cabin in the woods half way between what is now Bourbon and Tippecanoe town.

Some thirty odd years ago a writer gave the following glowing description of Bourbon: "The pleasant and beautiful little city of Bourbon is in the center border of Marshall county, in the midst of one of the finest, richest and most splendidly developed agricultural regions in the entire state. The vicinity of the city is beautiful and diversified by old and magnificent forests of the loftiest and largest timber of every variety; the finest and cosiest country seats, nestled in secluded spots, surrounded by Nature's choicest beauties; the largest and most productive farms and horticultural plantations, the peaceful towns and sleepy villages, the schools and churches here and there, o'er hill and vale, all in the midst of health, and abundance of all that makes life desirable and enjoyable."

The First College Student.

The following order appears on the records of the board of commissioners of Marshall county at the March term, 1837, and that was the first order of that kind that had been made since the organization of the county:

"Now, at this time, to-wit, on the seventh day of March, 1837, here comes in open court James Parks and makes application for the privilege of sending a student to the Indiana college at Bloomington, to-wit: John F. Parks, which request is granted for the term of two years."

James Parks was the father of the applicant and of James O. and the other Parkses named above. In a paper prepared by Sinclair D. Parks many years ago, he speaks of the death of James Parks as follows:

"The first death in the new settlement occurred on the twenty-eighth day of August, 1839, the deceased being James Parks, at the age of sixty-three

years. He was buried in the first burying ground laid out in the township, which is now known as the Parks or Ganzhorn burying ground, two miles east of Bourbon. Considerable astonishment was manifested when it was rumored that a gravestone was to be shipped from New York and was to be erected at the head of his grave. It was the first gravestone ever brought to Marshall county."

Destructive Fires.

For several years Bourbon was without adequate fire protection, and during that period several destructive fires occurred, but a detailed record of them has not been kept.

On the twelfth of January, 1854, the storeroom of W. E. Thompson was consumed, together with its entire contents, including his books. The estimated loss on building, goods, etc., was about $2,500, on which there was an insurance of $1,600. The adjoining room, occupied by Robert Cornwall as a drug store, was also consumed, but a portion of the contents was saved.

January 20, 1854, the dwelling house of James Miner was burned; no insurance and nothing saved.

The most destructive fire of which an account is given occurred October 3, 1872. The second block north of the railroad, on the west side of Main street, was entirely destroyed, resulting in an estimated loss of $10,000 to $15,000. Those who suffered by the fire were Leroy Manville, William Sear, A. M. Davis, D. Walmer, Phil Matz, Thomas Banks, Matchette & France, W. C. & A. C. Matchette, H. A. Snepp, Mrs. Hess, A. W. Johnson, J. Oldfather, Dr. L. Johnson and Tyrrell & Chamberlain.

January 15, 1878, the residence and ax handle factory of Peter Knisely was destroyed. The loss was estimated at $1,500. The house was one of the first erected in Bourbon.

There were several other fires where the loss was considerable, but no details have been secured. Among them were the Heller and Galentine flour mills, the largest in northern Indiana, and the Odd Fellows building were destroyed in 1863; the church and the public school building in 1864; the Davis mills in 1865; the Sear block in 1873; the old College building in 1884; the east side of Main street, including the Ledas block, the Matchette block, Brillhart, Bendell & Pickett block, and the Fort Wayne railroad passenger and freight station in 1885.

For thirty years or more Bourbon has had an efficient fire department, which has been the means of saving from burning buildings and property worth many times its cost.

Vigilant Hook and Ladder Company was organized July 5, 1875. The cost of apparatus complete was about $385. It started with twenty-five members. This company participated in a friendly contest at Warsaw during the fair of 1876; also in a friendly contest in Bremen in 1877 and July 4, 1877, won the second prize, $50, at the state tournament at Goshen. They ran 150 yards and sent a man over the top of a twenty-foot ladder in twenty-eight seconds. They also participated in the contest at Fort Wayne, July 6, 1880, running the same distance in twenty-four and one-fourth seconds, and winning the prize of $75. At that time this company had the reputation of being one of the best in the state.

Red Eagle Engine Company was organized April 7, 1879, and had thirty members to start with. James Lilly was the first foreman.

Red Eagle Hose Company was organized June 15, 1879, with fifteen members. T. J. Payne was the first foreman.

The town authorities have since put in a system of waterworks with direct pressure which reduces the losses to the minimum.

Secret and Benevolent Societies.

Secret and benevolent societies are well represented in Bourbon. The Odd Fellows were the first to organize a lodge in this place, which was done in 1858. This was followed by the organization of Bourbon Lodge No. 227, F. & A. M., in December, 1865. The Knights of Pythias organized a lodge in Bourbon in 1889 with thirty members and have since added largely to that number. The Improved Order of Red Men organized Pottawattomie Tribe No. 16 in 1868. It has continued from that time to the present and has a membership of about seventy-five. Attached to it is a lodge of the degree of Pocahontas for the benefit of the ladies of the male members. It is No. 1 and was the first organized in Indiana. There is also here an organization of the Daughters of Rebecca, and also a chapter of the Order of the Eastern Star, an appendant to the Masonic order. There is also here a post of the Grand Army of the Republic, whose membership is made up entirely of soldiers of the war of the Rebellion.

Old Uncle Jo Davis, as he was called, father of the older Davises that were prominent in the early days of Bourbon's history, came to Bourbon in the early sixties, and among the first buildings he erected was a small round house that stood on the north side of the railroad near the then passenger and freight depot. It was a curious looking structure, and was the subject of many inquiries as to what it was used for. Uncle Jo had formerly lived in La Porte county, and with Charles W. Cathcart had been converted to Spiritualism, and he erected this building to be used for spiritualistic meetings. For some time it was used for that purpose, but Mr. Davis, growing old and feeble, its use for that purpose was finally abandoned. For two or three years it was used as a passenger station for the railroad, and telegraph and express office. After the railroad company vacated it, it went into a state of "innocuous desuetude" and has finally disappeared.

Bourbon Cornet Band.

In 1866, Web Truslow and Charles Jewel, amateur musicians then residing in Bourbon, succeeded in organizing the Bourbon Cornet Band, comprised of the following members in addition to themselves: Charles Rathburn, John W. Parks, Daniel Hartman, Daniel D. Haines, Jerome H. Chamberlain, William Johnson, Frank Johnson, and Henry Steinbach, leader. The instruments were purchased in Chicago at a cost of $150, of which $25 was contributed by the members, $49 donated by the citizens of Bourbon, and $76 borrowed from Caleb Davis, which was afterwards returned to him. In 1867 some changes took place, George N. Hupp and Gaylord brothers being admitted. Mr. Steinbach resigned his leadership in 1872 and was succeeded by George N. Hupp, who continued as such for several years. During the presidential campaign of 1880 the band made $520.

Owing to change of residence, etc., the organization was disbanded several years ago.

Bourbon's Colleges.

Along in the seventies the people of Bourbon began the agitation of the feasibility of establishing a college of learning in Bourbon, and it finally culminated in the adoption of the following agreement between citizens of Bourbon and the German Baptist Church of the northern district of Indiana:

"State of Indiana, Marshall County, Bourbon, May 28, 1871.

"Articles of Agreement made and entered into between Mathew Erwin, Howard Barnaby, A. C. Matchette, Newell Minard, David Wilkins and K. Heckman, of the first part, and Jacob B. Shively, Jesse Calvert and Jacob Beiby, of the second part.

"The party of the first part agrees to make a good and sufficient warranty deed, or cause the same to be made, of the college property in Bourbon, Marshall county, Indiana, to said party of the second part, subject to the following conditions, to-wit: That said college property is to be used perpetually for college purposes, after the order of Burber college in the state of Ohio, except the theological department, and if not so used by the party of the second part, revert back to the persons or legal representatives who have subscribed, and to pay the sum of $2,500 in a ratable proportion to the amount paid by each person so subscribing. And the party of the first part agrees to pay the party of the second part the sum of $1,000 on or before the 25th day of May, 1871, the party of the second part to assign the above-named subscriptions to the party of the first part for their own use upon the conditions that the party of the first part make deed as aforesaid and become responsible for the $1,000.

"(Signed) M. Erwin, K. Heckman, H. Barnaby, N. E. Minard, A. C. Matchette, Citizens' Committee.

"Jacob B. Shively, Jacob Beiby, Chairman of Committee."

The college was incorporated under the laws of the state of Indiana in the name of "Salem College" on the 24th day of February, 1871, prior to the making of the above agreement. The objects for which said institution was established were for the diffusing of useful, religious, moral and scientific knowledge, under the control of the German Baptist Church of the mother Baptist church of Indiana.

The first president of the college was C. W. Miller, and the trustees were Jacob Shively, Jesse Calvert and David Shively. The amount of endowment designed to be reached was $100,000, and that they should connect with the college in land, buildings, donations and property to the value of $12,000. The work progressed for some time; scholarships were sold and the college was opened, and continued for a period of two or three years, when the organization became involved in litigation, finally dissolved and the property reverted to the original owners. The college was also known as the Dunkard College.

In the years 1875 and 1876 J. A. Reubelt tried to re-establish the defunct institution, but failed. He was followed by President Yocum, who tried for two years more without success. This ended Salem College. The building was destroyed by fire in 1880 and the ground sold to the town of Bourbon, on which was erected the present public school building.

In 1900 the Bourbon College and School of Music was started. President Marshall labored for one year, followed by Prof. Bish, and then by Profs. Steele, Newel and Hahn. The life of the college was four years. The building is now vacant, save one room, which is used as a primary room for the south side Bourbon school. To erect this building shares of $100 each were sold to the amount of $10,000 to farmers and men in town who still own the stock. The stockholders have a board of directors, but they have nothing to do.

Bourbon Town Schools.

Bourbon's first public school building was erected in 1865 and 1866 in the south part of town, a short distance west of the residence of Joseph W. Davis, at a cost of about $4,000. It was a commodious building, two stories in height, comfortably seated and furnished, and generally well arranged for the purposes for which it was intended. Reason Shinnebarger was the first teacher who occupied the building after it was completed. He was followed by Mrs. Hoover, Messrs. Bock, Reefy, Chrouse, W. E. Bailey, Prof. Allen, Miss Lou Borton, Mr. James, Mr. Greenawalt, and Byron McAlpine, who prepared the first course of instruction the school had ever had, in 1877. Mr. McAlpine was connected as principal of the schools for a period of twelve or more years. Since his death occurred several years ago several have occupied the position, among them Mr. Reubelt, and the present superintendent, Prof. E. H. Rizer. Some twelve or more years ago the old school building was destroyed by fire, whereupon a new building was erected on the old Salem college grounds where the schools are now taught.

Argos.

Prior to the organization of Walnut township, where is now situated the town of Argos was in Green township. A meeting of those interested in the formation of a new township was held at the schoolhouse near Marquis L. Smith's tavern, then in Green township, May 21, 1859, for the purpose of selecting a name for the new township and recommending a suitable person to be appointed trustee. Merrill Williams was president of the meeting and Samuel B. Corbaley secretary. The names of Argos, Richland and Noble were proposed for the new township. Noble was withdrawn, and the vote resulted: Argos 13, Richland 8. For some reason not stated the commissioners ordered the township to be called Walnut. The names of John A. Rhodes and Charles Brown were proposed for trustee. The vote resulted: Rhodes 18, Brown 4. Merrill Williams, John A. Rhodes and N. E. Manville were appointed a committee to attend to the necessary business before the board of commissioners. The township was organized January 9, 1859. Immediately after the organization of the township the following petition was presented to the board:

Whereas, The town plats of Fremont and Sidney lie very near each other; and
Whereas, The postoffice of those two places is named Argos; and
Whereas, We, the undersigned citizens and petitioners, believing that so many names are and will continue to be against the interest of citizens of said places, we therefore petition your honorable board to change the names of the above-named towns

and consolidate them into one name, namely, Argos, and thus in duty bound we will ever pray.

John A. Rhodes,	N. E. Manville,	J. W. Harris,
M. E. Richards,	Joseph Lissinger,	G. W. Gordon,
N. Siple,	W. Nichols,	John Tribbey,
Joseph Rhodes,	John Whitacre,	J. A. Haig,
William Worthington,	J. G. Bryant,	Joseph Finney,
Martin Bucher,	Thomas King,	J. J. Hough.

The petition was granted and the consolidated towns were ordered to be known as "Argos." Argos was the name of a city in Greece made famous in the Iliad of Homer. This ancient city, according to history, is long since in ruins. Her thirty temples, her costly sepulchers, her gymnasiums, and her numerous and magnificent monuments and statues have disappeared, and the only traces of her former greatness are some remains of her cyclopean walls, and a ruined theater cut in the rock and of magnificent proportions. The modern Argos, built on the ruins of the ancient city, is nothing more than a straggling village. The plain of the ancient Argos is said to be one of the most beautiful to be found. On every side, except toward the sea, it is bounded by mountains, and the contrast between these mountains and the plain and the sea is strikingly beautiful. The Argus spelled with a "u" was the name of a fabulous being of antiquity, said to have a hundred eyes, and placed by Juno to guard Io, and hence originated the term, "argus-eyed."

The town of Sidney, of which Argos is the successor, was laid out by John Pleak and Marquis L. Smith, January 8, 1851. It was named in honor of Sidney Williams, who settled there probably as early as 1835. Mr. Williams was a prominent citizen and took an active part in the early organization of the county. He served as the first associate judge of the circuit court, from 1836 to 1843. He took the "gold fever" and went to California in the early fifties, and later returned east and settled in Illinois, where he lost the sight of his eyes, and finally died. The town of Sidney was surveyed and platted by Amasa W. Reed, county surveyor, and contained sixty lots.

Fremont, adjoining Sidney, was laid out by Joseph H. Rhodes, November 6, 1856, and contained twenty-six lots. It was named in honor of Col. John C. Fremont, who was on that day voted for as the Republican candidate for president. As he was beaten in his race for president, it was an easy matter to get the board of commissioners to change the name to Argos.

The town of Argos was incorporated under the state law in December, 1869. The first election was held December 4, 1869, and resulted in the election of the following officers: Trustees, Joseph F. Norton, Jonathan Pickerel and J. S. Leland; marshal, James Pickerel; clerk, George W. Krouse; treasurer, A. Seely; assessor, W. R. Cook.

The Marshall County Medical Society was organized at Argos May 13, 1878, with the following charter members: Drs. Samuel W. Gould, Reason B. Eaton, J. H. Wilson, J. S. Leland, F. Stevens and J. T. Doke. The objects of the society were stated to be for the purpose of advancing medical knowledge and to elevate professional character.

The cornerstone of the public school building erected in the town of Argos was laid under the auspices of the fraternities of Masons, Odd Fellows and Improved Order of Red Men, on the sixteenth day of August,

1873. After the ceremonies of laying the stone, addresses were delivered by Rev. J. L. Boyd, Methodist minister of Plymouth; Hon. M. A. O. Packard, of Plymouth; P. S. Hoffman, of Richmond, and Prof. M. B. Hopkins, state superintendent of public instruction. After the close of the services an excellent dinner was served by the ladies of the place, and the occasion was one in every way enjoyable. The building is of brick, forty by sixty feet, and two stories high, well finished and furnished with the latest improved furniture and fixtures.

Abel C. Hickman, whose death occurred in Argos June 11, 1877, was at the time of his death probably the oldest settler in the county, although that honor was disputed by Robert Schroeder, then living in North township, who claimed to have settled in the county before Mr. Hickman. From his obituary notice the following is taken as being of historical importance: He was born in Harrison county, Virginia, September 1, 1805. He chose the profession of a farmer, emigrated to Indiana in 1832 and settled on the Michigan road two miles south of Argos, as the lands belonging to the road were the only lands in market. This was four years prior to the organization of the county. As soon as the government lands were surveyed in 1835 he moved off west of the road and settled on the farm now owned by Adam Bixel. Thus he was the first actual settler on state lands after the survey in the neighborhood. Three years after, in 1838, the first society for religious worship was organized at Mr. Hickman's house by the Rev. Mr. Owens, of the Methodist Episcopal church. Thus was Methodism introduced into Marshall county. His house continued a regular place of worship for several years. In 1844 the first house of worship erected in the county was built on his farm. In 1875 he took up his residence in Argos and engaged in the drug business. As a man he was positive to a fault and was a good neighbor. He had been watching the developments of Marshall county for forty-five years, and with great satisfaction he saw the forest give way to the beautiful fields, and the solitude of the wilderness broken by the bustle of busy homes. He saw the population of the county increase 160 times. In the midst of prosperity, surrounded by friends, like a ripe sheaf he was gathered by the harvesters of eternity.

The Argos Public Schools.

The Argos public schools have ever been dear to the people of the town. Even while Argos was yet a small village, the "little red schoolhouse," which, in point of fact, happened to be the natural color of the weatherboards, put in its appearance.

Specific facts relating to this early period are scarce and have but slight serial relation. Only a few tangled threads of the warp and woof of the history then made now remain, and these are found only in the memories of some of the older citizens. These lead back to the year 1847, when the first schoolhouse was built in Argos by Walnut township, on what is now the southwest corner of the old cemetery. The land upon which this house was built was purchased of Merrill Williams. As showing something of the progressive and up-to-date spirit of the people who founded the little village, it may be stated that this pioneer schoolhouse supported a bell, a thing almost unknown to district houses until a much later period. Among

the teachers who taught in this first one-room house were Peter D. Lowe, Malinda Brown and Wesley Blodgett.

The second schoolhouse, built also by the township in the early seventies, was located on West Cemetery street, where now stands the residence of Mr. Ralph Schlosser. This house, too, was a one-room frame, but, unlike the first, it was painted white. It had a double front entrance, similar, in this respect, to many country and village churches. In fact, it was used as a church by the Christian denomination, which, some years later, when the growth of the town made it necessary to build a larger house for school purposes, purchased it and devoted it to church use exclusively.

Of the number of people who taught in this house, the writer of this article can name only Mattie Beame, ——— Franks, A. C. North and W. J. Benner. Before the next house was built it became necessary to provide temporarily for an overflow of pupils, and accordingly Mrs. W. J. Benner taught a part of the school in the building on North Michigan street now occupied as a residence by Isaiah Hess. These were the days of the "Old Masters," men and women, who wielded the birch and, along with very valuable lessons in spellin', readin', 'ritin' and 'rithmetic, taught the more valuable lessons of honor, honesty, industry, obedience to law, and, without any fuss about it, "civic righteousness" in general.

The third schoolhouse was built in 1873. It was located on Cemetery street, between Maple street and Michigan avenue. A presumably correct writer has described this house as follows:

"The school then built was almost square. It had a shingle roof, on top of which a belfry, consisting of four posts with cross-pieces, was perched. In this hung a common country dinner-bell, destined to call pupils together for many years. Across the front of the building, which faced Maple street, was a large hall with a cloak-room at each end and a stairway occupying the central portion. The house contained six not very large rooms. Each of these was heated by a stove, lighted by a few small windows and furnished with double seats."

At the time this building was erected Dr. L. L. Barr, Harvey Athinson and William Worthington were trustees. The cost of the building is estimated at $8,000. In the nineteen years of its existence the following named teachers are remembered as having served as principals: W. E. Ashcraft, L. Q. Martin, E. A. Powles, M. L. Teeples and M. L. Smith. Among the grade teachers were A. A. Homes, —— Goucher, A. C. North, Belle Richards, Nora Littleton, Lida Gordon, Mrs. Geo. D. Stevens, Geo. D. Stevens, Maggie Campbell, Jacob Martin, J. B. Weimer, J. D. Quivey, Etta Harris, S. N. Stevens, Louisa Humphrey, Mrs. L. Alleman, N. E. Barr, Esther Foster, R. C. O'Blennis, A. E. Wickizer and Anna Cathcart.

When the school was established in the new building, but three teachers were employed; later, three were added. In 1883, under the supervision of W. E. Ashcraft, the school was regraded and a three-years' high school course was provided. In 1886, the first class was graduated. It was composed of Ola Wheatfield, *née* Gordon; Minnie Bose, *née* Norris; Flora Huff, Ella Ashcraft, *née* Boggs; Fannie White, *née* Bucher. While the school remained in this building, or at least before it passed into the next, twenty-seven other pupils were graduated. On March 16, 1892, this house was destroyed by fire. The schools were in session when the fire broke out, but

owing to the fact that a systematic fire-drill had been established in the several rooms, there was no trouble in marching the pupils out of the building unhurt. During the remainder of the school year and all of the next the churches of the town gave their auditoriums for school use, and thus the schools were maintained until the next building was completed.

The fourth schoolhouse rapidly arose, Phœnix-like, out of the ashes of the former one. More ground was procured adjoining the old site, and the ~~present~~ commodious nine-room building, standing in the center of as beautiful a campus as can be found in the state, was erected. Built on a beautiful and substantial foundation of boulder granite and constructed by skillful workmen out of the best material obtainable, this elegant edifice promises to give acceptable service until the end of the present century. To Dr. D. C. Knott, A. T. Slayter and B. C. Schoonover were due the conception, beginning, completion and location of the building. They built for the future rather than for the then immediate necessity, and the growth of the town and school has approved their judgment. After the lapse of only fourteen years, the necessity of additional room for the near future is plainly apparent. Since 1893, in addition to the gentlemen just named, Leonard Bock, Isaac Reed, M. L. Corey, Noah Leland, together with the present board, Jonathan Pickerel, J. J. Thompson and A. T. Slayter, have served as trustees.

The superintendents have been W. B. Swearingen, 1893; E. C. Peterson, 1895; L. Q. Martin, 1896; Otis A. Hoskinson, 1900; C. L. Hottell, 1905. The school was commissioned in 1904 to certify its graduates for admission to Indiana University, Purdue University and to the State Normal School.

The present four-years' course of study is in accord with the pedagogy of the day, and from the primary room to the high school, inclusive of both, the teaching is of high order. The more advanced classes have access to a well-selected library and a good working laboratory. Argos high school takes just pride in the fact that it has furnished to the county many successful teachers, to the colleges and universities of the state many good students, and to society many worthy young men and young women, who are performing well the duties of life. Her alumni roster contains 162 names, but these show only a small part of the work she has done. Many hundred young people, who, for various reasons, were unable to complete the prescribed course of study, have entered her classes and have been in a large measure prepared for good citizenship.

Bremen.

German township, until it was regularly organized in 1838, was a part of North township. Some South Bend parties had purchased land in that part of North township, believing that in the course of time a town would be built in that section of the county. Having this object in view, Lathrop M. Taylor and Henry Augustine, of South Bend, located a town plat about three miles east of the present town of Bremen to which they gave the name of Clayton. Its form was a diagonal cut up into gorgeous streets and avenues. But when German township was organized by cutting it off from the east end of North township, the center of gravity was too far east, and the project of building a town there was abandoned.

The town of Bremen, the present seat of justice of German township,

was platted and laid out by George Beiler October 21, 1851. The original plat contained forty-eight lots. Since then the following additions have been made to the original plat: Deitrick's; Heim's; Ringle's; Bauer's, first and second; Foltz's continued; Mast's; L. R. Martin's; D. Ringle's; Koontz's; Vanner's, and J. P. Huff's. The town was organized under the law authorizing the incorporation of towns, at the March term, 1871, of the board of commissioners. It was divided into six districts. The officers first elected were: Lewis Theobold, clerk and treasurer; David Guyer, marshal; Chris. Seiler, assessor; John Heckaman, Charles Lehr, Chris. Hans, John Koontz, Jacob Walter and Chris. Schilt, trustees. In 1872 the town was redistricted and the number of trustees reduced to three. The officers for that year were: John Heckaman, clerk and treasurer; Robert Montgomery, marshal; Chris. Seiler, Jr., assessor.

The town of Bremen was first called *New Bremen,* the name being given by George Pomeroy and Joseph Guiselman, who thought the name appropriate, as it was of German origin and a large portion of the early settlers were a German-speaking people. But it was not long until the "New" was omitted, and it soon became known as "Bremen" in "German" township, which indicated the nationality of the people. The first settlement in Bremen was made about 1836, and between that date and 1848 settlement was made by several families, among whom were Hardzog, Heim, Weis, Beyler, Koontz, Yockey, Ringle, and others who pre-empted government lands in the vicinity and here in the wilderness established their home and began the rugged toil of pioneers. Other families soon came in, and it was not long until a village was formed. In 1846 a postoffice was established and named Brothersville, in honor of David Brothers, the first postmaster, and on whose premises the office was held by him two years. In 1848 George Pomeroy and John Bush bought of Mr. Brothers one acre of land. Mr. Bush took the east half and on it built a log cabin, where for two years he resided and followed the cooper's trade, and then sold his possessions to John Parker, a Quaker by faith and a shoemaker by trade, and thus it happened that Mr. Parker became the first shoemaker of the new village of Bremen. He was succeeded by Philip Kenager, who from that time until the date of his death in the nineties occupied the old log cabin and worked at his trade. George Pomeroy erected upon his half-acre a crude frame in which he kept the first store, consisting of a miscellaneous stock of notions, dry goods, groceries, etc., and here he held the postoffice, which had been changed from Brothersville to Bremen. Mr. Pomeroy was the first notary public of the town. In 1848 Joseph Geiselman purchased a lot where is now located the dry goods establishment of John R. Deitrich & Co., on which he built a log blacksmith shop, the first in Bremen, and where he followed his trade several years. In 1850 he erected the first frame building in the new town. In 1851 Gotleib Amacher built a log cabin and opened the first tailor shop. Ben Shane had built a log cabin which John Soice, coming from Stark county, Ohio, in the early fifties, purchased and converted into the first harness shop.

Bremen has an excellent fire department, which was organized September 8, 1874, at which time there were issued bonds of $2,100 for the purpose of purchasing the necessary apparatus and the erection of suitable buildings. In the beginning there were eighty-five members of the depart-

ment, divided into four divisions: An engine company, a hook and ladder company, and two hose companies. Hoosier Hook and Ladder Company No. 1 was organized June 5, 1874, and participated in the firemen's tournament at Bourbon in September, 1877, taking first prize, running 300 yards, stacking ladder and putting man over top in thirty-four and a half seconds. September 6, 1877, the engine and hose companies attended the firemen's tournament at Goshen, Indiana, where they made the best time, running 100 yards, laying fifty feet of hose, and throwing water fifty feet in thirty-four and one-fourth seconds, receiving the first prize, amounting to $80. Hose Company No. 4, in September, 1885, at a tournament at Michigan City, won first prize, receiving $100 and a water service. In August, 1887, at Plymouth, they received $50 and the championship of Indiana. Union Engine Company No. 1 in 1882 won the state championship as an engine company; and it was in 1885, at South Bend, that Ed. Hickeman and Theo. Walter, as couplers from the Bremen department, won the world's championship in that particular line of firemen's duties.

Among the most prominent citizens that resided in Bremen in the early days was Jacob Knoblock, who was born in Alsace, Germany, in 1803. He emigrated to America in 1823, settling in Ohio, and moved from there to Bremen in 1850. He was a stone and brick mason and plasterer by trade, and in 1865 built a hotel in Bremen, which he kept until his death, in 1869. He was a zealous member of the Masonic fraternity, and was a member of and the first senior deacon of Plymouth Lodge No. 149, which was organized in 1853. Many times during his life he had been known to ride horseback from his farm east of Bremen to Plymouth to attend the meetings of the lodge. Being a stone mason, he cut the headstone that marks his last resting place in the Bremen cemetery, and on it he carved the square and compasses, the emblems of the Masonic order, to which he belonged. He was a worthy and well-respected citizen; in politics a staunch democrat, and held in life several positions of honor and trust in the county.

Bremen had an excellent cornet band organized in 1861, Peter Vogli leader. It was reorganized in 1866 with Mr. Vogli still retained as leader. The members became very skillful on their instruments and the band was at one time the best in the county.

Union Town—Marmont—Culver.

The present town of Culver has had considerable of a struggle in its original survey and in keeping the names that have been given it from time to time. Union Town was originally laid out and platted by Bayless L. Dickson, who owned a farm bordering on the lake, a part of which embraced the territory now covered by the town of Culver. This was on the 8th of June, 1844. The following is a copy of the statement made and the certificate attached to the original plat of Union Town:

Union Town is pleasantly situated in the southwest quarter of section 16, town 32, range 1 east. It is laid out in such a manner that it presents to the eye a view of Lake Maxinkuckee, and is surrounded with as good a country as can be found in northern Indiana. It has the advantage of three state and two county roads running through it. The streets are all 66 feet in width and the alleys are 16½ feet.

Bayless L. Dickson, Proprietor.

Witness: G. S. Cleaveland, John L. Westervelt.

Union Town, June 8, 1844.

In 1857 Thomas K. Houghton became the owner of the town, and on the 9th day of June, 1857, filed the following certificate attached to what purported to be an amended plat of Union Town:

"Union Town is situated in the southeast corner of section 16, town 32, north range 1 east, Marshall county, Indiana. The southeast of said section is the commencing point of this town plat; the streets are all of a width, being 66 feet; the alleys are 16½ feet; the lots are 66 feet in front and 99 feet back; so planned by the original survey. All lines running north and south bare no degrees and ten seconds east, and those that run east and west bare south eighty-nine degrees east. The magnetic variation at this date is 5° 10′ east. I, J. B. N. Klinger, Surveyor of Marshall County, certify the above to be correct."

Prior to this date, to-wit: May 6, 1857, Thomas K. Houghton appeared before M. W. Smith, a justice of the peace in Plymouth, and acknowledged that the above survey locating and laying off said town of Union Town was done by his order and direction for the purpose of locating a town by that name and as therein specified by the surveyor thereof. That said survey and plat is intended to supply the place of the old survey made by Henry B. Pershing, that being inaccurate.

On the 20th of March, 1890, the following affidavit was filed for record in the recorder's office:

"I, J. B. N. Klinger, ex-surveyor in and for Marshall county, state of Indiana, swear that, upon the request of Thomas K. Houghton, then owner and proprietor of the town of Union Town, in said county, he employed me as surveyor of said county, April 24, 1851, to resurvey and plat said Union Town. In setting out the location I made a clerical error, locating it in the southeast corner of section 16, township 32, north, range 1 east, when it should read southwest corner of said section No. 16, township 32, north range 1 east, and the same was part of record, the error being overlooked, and further deponent sayeth not."

February 13, 1884, Peter Allerding filed what he called the "Vandalia Addition to said Union Town." The addition is in the west half of the south forty acres of section 16, 32, 1, except Thomas K. Houghton's corrected addition; also except three acres known as Bowles lot, and three acres immediately south of the same. Said addition being divided into 24 lots, and numbered from 1 to 24 inclusive; also 5 outlots and numbered from 1 to 5 inclusive. The length and breadth of said lots being indicated by figures on said plat; also the width of all the streets and alleys.

On the 5th day of August, 1886, Albert D. Toner made an addition to the Vandalia addition, said addition being laid out of lots Nos. 3, 4 and 5 of school subdivision of Section 16, 32, 1, commencing at the northwest corner of said lot No. 3; said additions being divided as shown on plat in 13 lots and numbered from 1 to 13 inclusive; and also eleven outlots, numbered from 1 to 11 inclusive. The length and breadth of said lots being indicated by figures on said plat; also the width of all streets and alleys are so indicated, except from this plat outlots 2, 7, 8, 10 and 11.

Marmont—The name of Union Town was changed to Marmont when a resurvey was made in 1851. Dr. G. A. Durr was a resident of Union Town at that time. He was of French descent and succeeded in having the name changed to Marmont in honor of a French general of that name.

It was many years after the village took the name of Marmont before it was incorporated under the law as a town. The first election was held under the corporation July 5, 1894; the election board being composed of J. H. Koontz, D. G. Walter and E. M. Scates. The following was the result of the election:

Trustees: S. E. Medburn, Marcus F. Mosher and John W. Souder; clerk, Fred L. Carl; treasurer, Henry M. Speyer; marshal, John F. Crumley. Crumley did not qualify, and the board appointed Ozias Duddleson, who did not furnish bond. The board then appointed Nathaniel Gandy, who qualified and served. On October 4, 1895, the board of commissioners changed the name from Marmont to Culver City, on petition of O. A. Rea and ninety-nine others, being a majority of the qualified electors of said Culver City.

The first election after the name was changed to Culver City was held May 6, 1896, resulted as follows: Trustees: J. H. Castleman, E. W. Guiselman, F. B. Harris, of whom Mr. Harris was subsequently chosen president of the board; clerk, Charles Zekiel; treasurer, Henry Speyer; marshal, Nathaniel Gandy. The proposition to change the name of Marmont to Culver City met with the unanimous approval of the citizens of the town; but when the matter was presented to the postoffice department at Washington it declined to change the name of the postoffice to Culver City for the reason there was already a postoffice in Indiana by the name of Culver, a village by that name in Tippecanoe county on the line of the Big Four railroad, and for the further reason the word "City" had been eliminated from all towns bearing that annex to the regular name. Henry H. Culver, after whom the town had been named, went to the village of Culver in Tippecanoe county and at once entered into negotiations with the authorities of the town of Culver to change the name so that the name of Culver in Marshall county could be recognized by the postoffice department and thus secure the naming of the postoffice, Culver, the same as the town. In the prosecution of his negotiations Mr. Culver found that the town of Culver in Tippecanoe county had been named in honor of a man by the name of Crane Culver, and the citizens were much opposed to making any change. Mr. Henry H. Culver was one of those sort of men that never gave up any laudable undertaking, and having for his motto, "Where there is a will there is a way," he concluded to use a little financial diplomacy and proposed to pay the town authorities all expenses of the change for the name of Culver, and suggested that they could honor the name of the Culver for whom the town had been named by giving it Mr. Culver's first name—"Crane." These suggestions were agreed upon and the contract fully carried out. The papers were properly made out and forwarded to the postoffice department at Washington, which recognized the name of Crane instead of Culver, and changed the name of Marmont to Culver, omitting the word "city," and so Marmont and Culver City became Culver, and will probably so remain for all time to come.

The government census of 1900 gave the population of Culver at 505. A census taken January 1, 1908, by the editor of the Culver Citizen shows the population to be at that date 661.

Culver Fire Department.

The Culver fire department was organized January 22, 1903, in accordance with a resolution of the town board. The charter members were: O. M. Byrd, Ed Zekiel, Charles Medburn, F. W. Cook, Al Mawhorter, Walter Byrd, Will Cook, M. H. Foss, G. W. Smith, Thomas E. Slattery, Arthur Morris, T. O. Saine and J. R. Saine.

First Officers: Chief, T. O. Saine; assistant chief, Arthur Morris; secretary, J. R. Saine; treasurer, Thomas E. Slattery. T. O. Saine held the position of chief until he resigned August 9, 1906, when O. A. Gandy was elected to fill the vacancy, and was reëlected January 10, 1907. March 16, 1905, the company purchased a building, where it has a permanent home.

At the time of its organization the company had no equipment save a few rubber buckets and three ladders purchased by the town, which were so heavy it required the combined efforts of a dozen men to erect them. With the installation of waterworks in the fall of 1907 a hose cart and hose was provided and the company had some real practice in the art of fire-fighting, developing a degree of proficiency surprising in view of their unfamiliarity with fire apparatus. In November, 1907, through the generosity of Chief Fred H. Kuhn, of the Plymouth fire department, the company was presented with a hook and ladder truck, which has been thoroughly overhauled and repaired and proves to be ideal for their requirements.

Antiquarian and Historical Society.

The following notice appeared in the Marshall County Republican of February 15, 1858, and indicates that the people of that part of the county, even at that early day, were alive to the importance of preserving for future generations the early history of the county:

"*Notice—1st.* That a meeting will be held at the schoolhouse in Union Town on the evening of March 4, 1858, to take into consideration the propriety of forming a society to be known as the 'Antiquarian and Historical Society,' for the purpose of collecting as many of the circumstances and incidents relative to the settlement of this region of country from the first settlement to the present time, that it may be read by posterity, which we believe will be of great interest.

Union Town, February 15, 1858."

Who the movers in the matter were, or whether the organization was effected, nothing can be ascertained. Bayless L. Dickson, who was the founder of Union Town, and one of the earliest settlers in that region, was probably the head of it. Isaac N. Morris, who was something of a historian and a great reader, and who lived near by, was undoubtedly one of those who were interested in preserving the history of that locality, but these early pioneers and many others who resided there then have passed away, leaving no record to perpetuate the history they helped to make.

Exchange Bank of Culver.

Mr. S. C. Shilling is the president of the bank and William Osborn cashier. When Mr. Shilling took charge of the bank in 1901 the deposits were $18,000, the loans $11,000, and the number of open accounts 100. At the present time the deposits are $50,000, the loans $40,000 and the open

accounts between 250 and 300. The bank recently purchased an eligible corner lot in the center of the town, on which it erected and is now settled in a permanent home amid surroundings luxurious enough to place it in the front rank with similar institutions anywhere in the northern part of the state. The building is the finest in the town of Culver, and in addition to the bank, it houses that other leading business factor, the postoffice, besides giving space to the Masonic lodge on the second floor, and also three professional men. Not only the owners of the bank are proud of the institution, but the community at large are equally gratified that they have in their midst so important a factor in the building up of the business of their fast-growing town.

Walnut.

The village of Walnut is situated in Walnut township, about four miles south of Argos on the Lake Erie & Western railroad. It was laid out and platted by Frederick Stair April 16, 1866, and contained eighty-three lots. It was named Fredericksburg, in honor of the proprietor, and that is still the legal name of the village. When the railroad was completed through that place in 1868, two years after it had been organized, the railroad changed the name of the village to Walnut, after Walnut township, and by that name it has been known ever since. In the early years of its organization it was given the nickname of "Possum Trot," because of the number of opossums that were found in that section of the county. Mr. Stair was an early settler and one of the prominent men of the county. He was a congenial gentleman, a man of more than ordinary ability, and acted well his part in whatever he had to do. He died in the nineties respected by all who knew him.

Panama.

This place was platted and laid out by Isaac P. Shively September 6, 1854. It is situated on the south side of the southeast quarter of the northwest quarter of section 4, town 33, range 4 east, on the Plymouth and Warsaw state road, about five miles northeast of Bourbon. It did not grow as a town as was expected, and a few years later Jacob Pritch and Adam Moneysmith purchased timber land there, erected a saw-mill in the later fifties and after the completion of the railroad through Bourbon in 1856, furnishing them an outlet for their lumber, they carried on an extensive business, and with the families connected with the mills the little village for a time had quite a boom. For some years there was quite a settlement there, and both political parties during exciting campaigns always held one or more meetings in that place during the year. But with the sawing up of the timber into lumber, the village disappeared, and now it is only the center of one of the best farming regions in the county.

Linksville.

This village is situated about five miles northeast of the county seat, in the southeastern part of North township. The proprietors were Simon Stough, M. J. Link and E. J. Mosholder. It was laid out June 9, 1866, and contains twelve lots. It is a neighborhood village, conveniently situated

as to the various parts of the township, and the county seat, as well as on the main road to Bremen and Lake of the Woods.

Fairmount

Was situated five miles north of Plymouth on the Michigan road. In an early day Silas Higby erected a building and opened a tavern, and called his place Fairmount. It was too close to Plymouth for a tavern to do much business, and as there was nothing there to attract people it soon disappeared and is now a thing of the past.

Sligo.

This is the name of a place situated in West township at the outlet of Twin lakes, where was situated the first grist-mill built in the county about the time it was organized in 1836 by Timothy Barber; and also the old iron forge, a description of which will be found elsewhere in this history. It had stores and shops and other conveniences of a neighborhood village, but it did not have sufficient business attractions to make it grow to be a town of any size. It is in the center of a good community of farmers, and will always probably remain about as it is at present.

At the time of the organization of the county this place was known as "Onondaga." It had a postoffice of that name, and there was a mail route from Plymouth to that point until it was discontinued a few years later. It probably got its name from Onondaga county, New York, from which place the original proprietors came.

Wolf Creek.

This was the name of a place on the creek of that name about five miles southwest of Plymouth. A dam was made across the creek and a water sawmill erected prior to 1840, and about that time a grist-mill was built. Clark Bliven was the original proprietor and during high water a few years later was carried over the dam and was drowned. He had named the place "Bermingham" for some reason unknown, as is shown in a petition for a road filed with the board of commissioners from Samuel D. Taber's on the Michigan road west to Bermingham across Wolf creek and then west three or four miles to Mis-sin-ne-co-quah on Yellow river, etc. Missinnecoquah was a Pottawattomie Indian chieftainess to whom in one of the treaties was assigned a section or two of land. When the whites first settled in that part of the county she was very old—well on toward one hundred years old. She went with those who were driven away in 1838 and was never heard of afterwards.

Inwood.

This village, situated seven miles east of Plymouth on the Pennsylvania railroad, was, before the railroad was built, called Pearsonville in honor of Ezra G. Pearson, who platted and laid out the town December 29, 1854. Mr. Pearson had located there and built a sawmill. At that place and for miles all around it was even difficult for men used to the "thick woods" to get through it in places. When the railroad was built through that place two years later, the company, looking for a shorter name than

"Pearsonville," and finding themselves "in the woods," the name of Inwood easily suggested itself and from that day to this it has been called Inwood.

For many years, until the timber was mostly cut off, it was a fine lumber region, and those who purchased land for the timber alone made enough out of the timber to pay for both the timber and land and had the land left, and much of it is now among the best farming land in the county. The following additions have been made to the original plat: Pierson's first and second; A. W. Hendrick's; Croup & Core's first and second; Frederickson's, and Lee & Dickinson's.

This village has a two-story brick schoolhouse, in which is taught a graded school. The Methodists have a church building here; there is a telegraph office, an express office, and stores and shops of various kinds where such articles as the inhabitants need can be purchased.

Tyner.

Tyner (it was originally called Tyner City), the seat of justice of Polk township, was laid off and platted June 18, 1855, by Jacob H. Miller, Maynard French and Thomas Tyner. It took its name from the last named proprietor. It is located in the west half of section 10, town 34, range 1 east, on the Lake Erie & Western railroad, at that time known as the Plymouth & La Porte railroad, about seven miles northwest of Plymouth. It is laid off into twelve blocks 315 feet square, including alleys, each lot containing twelve lots each 50 by 100 feet. The streets are named Race, Vine, Main, Walnut, May, Miller French, Allen and Boyce. The four first were named after streets in Cincinnati, where some of the proprietors at one time resided, and the remainder were named in honor of railroad men who were engaged in building the new railroad which was completed the following year, 1856.

Tyner was incorporated under the state laws for this purpose. A feud had sprung up between the people of the town and those who resided outside of its limits. It was carried to such an extent that no resident of the village could be elected to a township office, and as it was desirable to have a justice of the peace a resident of the town, the only way to accomplish it was to organize under a corporation government, the law providing that where there was such a form of government one of the justices should reside within the limits of the corporation. The organization had the desired effect. A justice who resided in town was elected and in course of time the warring elements having subsided, and there being no apparent necessity for a town government, an election was called to vote upon the proposition to disband the organization.

The result of the election is embodied in the following certificate filed in the clerk's office:

> I, George E. Leroy, do hereby certify that at an election held in the town of Tyner City on the 29th day of November, 1879, for the purpose of dissolving the incorporation, the whole number of votes cast were 33, and that the number of voters in the town are 47, and that there were 22 votes cast to dissolve and 11 cast to maintain the incorporation.
>
> George E. Leroy, President.
>
> Washington Wilson, Clerk.

The incorporation was accordingly dissolved. The people of the town were law-abiding and had very little need of a corporation government, and

during the thirty years that have elapsed since then they have maintained order among themselves without being required to pay the expenses of a town organization.

Thomas Tyner, the founder of Tyner City, and from whom it took its name, died in that place on the 18th of October, 1880. He was born in Kentucky in 1800. He was a worthy and highly respected citizen, and during his long life filled many important positions of trust and honor, always in a satisfactory manner to all parties concerned. In the earlier portion of his manhood he assisted in moving the archives of the state from Corydon to Indianapolis, after the capitol was established there. He was one of the old landmarks, not only in Marshall county, but of the state, and was well acquainted with many of the prominent citizens of Indiana. He was generous, kind and charitable, almost to a fault, and was honored and esteemed while living, and died sincerely regretted by all who knew him.

Huckleberry Marsh.

A good many years ago there was a huckleberry marsh two or three miles west of Tyner which attained considerable notoriety as a frontier village, with all that the name implies, during the huckleberry season. Hundreds of people from far and near located there during the time of gathering berries, giving it more the appearance of a mining camp than a temporary village for peaceful pursuits. Huckleberries were gathered there by the carload, and the products in favorable seasons were a source of considerable revenue to those who engaged in the business. Buyers were there every afternoon and evening to buy the day's pickings and the road between Tyner and the huckleberry marsh, with the wagons coming and going, had the appearance of a Fourth of July procession. The village was laid out in systematic order, and the tents and temporary shanties were built so as to leave plenty of room for streets and alleys. When the season was at its height amusements of every description and kind known to temporary places of that kind were indulged in by most of the inhabitants, and hundreds of visitors who gathered there out of curiosity, and to see what they could see. If one was thirsty and wanted a little "something for the stomach's sake," he could find it at the "Alhambra," which could be found on a convenient corner in the center of the village. If he wanted to indulge in a game of "old sledge" or the more interesting game of "poker," the appliances were at hand, and besides these there was roulette and all kinds of games of chance; and it was a rule of the inhabitants of the village who conducted that part of it, when a visitor arrived to "take him in." And there was a large dancing hall where the "Arkansaw Traveler" made music and

> They danced all night till broad daylight,
> And went home with the girls in the morning.

A great many good citizens of the county went there and camped during the season that took no part in the frivolities there indulged in. Very little disturbance occurred there. The inhabitants agreed that all would unite in maintaining peace and good order, and having all the fun in a legitimate way they could get out of it during their short stay. The campers united in appointing watchmen who patrolled the village during the night,

and during the years it flourished no disturbance of any serious nature ever occurred. During the past dozen years the drainage of the marshes and the fires that have swept over them have destroyed the huckleberry bushes to such an extent that there are not enough berries grown there to justify the continuance of the village.

Teegarden.

The following is the description of the location of Teegarden, as filed by Eli Taylor and Calvin J. Wright, the proprietors, November 18, 1873: "Teegarden is located in the southwest corner of the southeast quarter of section 23, township 35, north of range 1 east, in Marshall county, Indiana. The south line of said town is the section line, and the west line is the center line of said section 23; there is fifteen feet left on the north side of the section line for half of a street; also twenty feet on the east side of the center section line for half a street, and forty feet on the south of the right of way, of the Baltimore & Ohio railroad for a street, called Wright street. The south line of Taylor street commenced on the center section line—fifty feet north of the center of the Baltimore & Ohio railroad, and runs east at right angles to the north and south center section line of said section 23," etc. The plat contains thirty-three lots, and they are 100 feet wide by 144 feet in length. The streets are 60, and the alleys 20 feet wide. The Baltimore & Ohio railroad runs through the southern portion of the original town. On the 20th day of June, 1874, Lewis Lemert laid out and caused to be platted and recorded an addition to Teegarden, joining the original plat on the west. The addition comprises fifteen lots of the same size as those in the original town. There are two good dry goods, grocery and notion stores, a saw-mill, a tile manufactory, coal kiln, blacksmith shop, etc. The town is surrounded by a good farming country that is being improved by drainage.

Elizabethtown.

This was a town on paper, located on the La Porte road, twelve miles from Plymouth and eighteen miles from La Porte. It was elegantly laid out in the shape of a cross. There were twelve blocks, each containing twelve lots. It was laid out May 23, 1837, by G. A. Cone. At a time it was considered to be an eligible location for the building of a town, being about half-way between Plymouth and La Porte. But some way it failed to attract any settlers within its limits, and, except the record in the recorder's office, from which the foregoing information is derived, nothing remains to mark its untimely demise.

Blissville.

Blissville was a place near the west line of the township, on the La Porte road, that attained some celebrity in the early days. It was owned and managed by Justice T. F. Stevens, an old gentleman of commanding presence, who supplied the weary traveler that passed that way with all the necessaries, comforts and conveniences of life. Upon the completion of the I., P. & C. R. R. in 1856, the current of trade centered at Tyner, and Mr. Stevens found his occupation gone. He has since died.

La Paz.

This town was located on section 5, Michigan road lands, six miles north of Plymouth, and was laid out and platted by Achilles Hunt, August 5, 1873, and contained 121 lots. Three years later Mr. Hunt was killed by the kick of a horse he had been leading to water.

September 23, 1875, Edson Spencer laid out an addition to the town called Spencer's Addition to La Paz, containing eighteen lots which are 40x120 feet. The streets are forty and the alleys fourteen feet wide.

December 27, 1881, Moses Thayer laid off an addition to La Paz containing thirty-five lots, besides blocks 2, 4 and 5, that were not subdivided. The streets are forty feet wide. This addition is called "Moses Thayer's addition to La Paz." On June 10, 1884, Mr. Thayer made another addition, containing eleven lots and lying west of his first addition.

April 1, 1885, Leonard Logan and Gideon Logan laid out "Logan's addition to La Paz," which contains sixty-four lots of varied length and breadth. The addition lies in the southeast part of the town.

East La Paz.

East La Paz is about three-fourths of a mile east of the original La Paz at the junction of the Baltimore & Ohio railroad and the Logansport & Terre Haute railroad, and is described as follows by Walter Kimble, the proprietor, his plat being filed for record February 14, 1855: "East La Paz is situated in southeast quarter of northeast quarter of section twenty-eight (28), township thirty-five (35) north, range two (2) east, at the crossing of the Baltimore & Ohio & Vandalia railroad, is bounded on the east by Vandalia railroad, on the south, west and north by the boundary line of said southeast quarter of the northeast quarter."

Burr Oak.

On the 15th day of December, 1882, the following description of the situation of Burr Oak, together with the plat thereof, was filed in the office of the recorder of Marshall county:

"Burr Oak station is situated on the east line of the northwest quarter of section 4, township 32, north of range 1 east, commencing 1,255 feet south of the north quarter-section corner of section 4, township 32, north of range 1 east, the north line of the right of way of the New York, Chicago & St. Louis railroad; thence north with the center section line 517 feet, thence west at right angles with center section line 332 feet, thence south with the center section line 422 feet, thence east parallel with north line 302 feet, thence south 93 feet to north line of right of way of said railroad, thence southeastwardly with said line 30 feet to place of beginning. November 1, 1882. Michael Burns, Proprietor."

The above named plat contains eighteen lots, numbered from 1 to 18 consecutively. The streets are fifty feet, the alleys twelve feet wide, and the lots are forty feet wide by 120 feet in length.

On the 8th day of October, 1885, Franklin Overmyer filed the plat of Overmyer's addition to Burr Oak station, properly described and acknowledged. This addition lies immediately east of the original plat of Burr Oak station and contains lots from 1 to 8 inclusive, the lots being the

same size as those in the original plat. This village is nearly in the center of what is known as the "Burr Oak Flats," which is as beautiful and productive a region as can be found anywhere.

A short distance south and west of Burr Oak station were in the early days several mounds which were supposed to have been the work of the Mound Builders. Excavations were made into them at different times by different persons to see if anything could be found in them that would enable the prospectors to determine what they were built for. In one or two of them what appeared to be human bones were found, which indicated that they might have been used by the Indians for burial places, although this was not the usual Indian mode of burial. Those who have studied the history of the Mound Builders are inclined to the belief that these mounds were the work of these dwellers in the ground as they made their way from the frozen north to the tropical regions of the sunny south.

Maxinkuckee.

The village of Maxinkuckee is situated half a mile east of Maxinkuckee lake, from which it derives its name. From this village on the high bluff on which it is built is obtained the finest view of the beautiful lake anywhere around the twelve miles of its charming shore line. It has never been regularly platted and laid out as a town. It has two streets. The one that divides the place, running east and west, is called Lake street, and the one running north and south is called Washington street. On the north side of Lake street, about half-way from the village to the lake, was the wigwam of the good Indian chief Neeswaugee, about opposite the residence of Peter Spangler. The street should have been called "Nees-wau-gee avenue," to perpetuate the memory of the first owner of all the land east and north of the street. The village contains a store, blacksmith shop, a church, a lodge of Odd Fellows, and contains a population of perhaps 150. For many years it had a postoffice, but with the coming of the rural free delivery system it was discontinued and the people now receive their mail by free delivery.

North Salem.

North Salem, according to the plat, consisted of twelve lots laid out in the year 1851 by Barrack Plummer, Basil Roberts and A. G. Pumphrey. It was situated some distance southwest of Inwood. Shortly after it was platted a very large and elegant church building for those days was built, but a few years later it caught fire and was consumed and has not since been rebuilt. There being no prospect that a town would ever be built there, the plat has been vacated.

Donelson.

The original plat of Donelson was laid out October 25, 1871, by D. W. Taft, Cornelius Tuttle and W. J. Richardson. It is located in the corners of sections 29, 30, 31 and 32, township 34, north of range 1 east, on the line of the Pittsburg, Ft. Wayne & Chicago railroad, and is one mile east of the Starke county line. It contains twenty-two lots, their size being 66 feet wide by 132 feet in length. On the 14th day of September, 1875, D. W. Taft laid out "Taft's addition to the town of Donelson," con-

taining twenty-one lots of the same size as the lots in the original plat and lying north and west of the original town, and on the 14th day of September, 1875, Cornelius Tuttle laid off "Tuttle's addition to Donelson," comprising twenty-two lots, being of the same size as the original lots. It is a quiet little village and probably will always remain so, as most of the farm products raised in its vicinity are marketed elsewhere. It has two stores, a drug store, a grain elevator, a blacksmith shop, one doctor, a good schoolhouse, church and all the conveniences and evidences of civilization common to villages of its size.

Robert J. Evans ("Jons" Evans, as he is familiarly called), who lives near Donelson, is the oldest settler in West township, having settled there in 1835, the year before the county was organized, and has lived there almost continually ever since. The Pottawattomie Indians were numerous there when he came. Of them he says: "Their relations with the settlers were of the friendliest character."

Tippecanoe Town.

The original proprietors of this town were Joseph Hall, Daniel C. Martin and Joseph Serls. It was platted and surveyed December 12, 1850. It is located on the Tippecanoe river, in Tippecanoe township, in section 18, town 32, range 4 east, and contains thirty lots. For thirty years this place was the only town in Tippecanoe township and during that time it became quite a business center for that part of the country. Tippecanoe river, which meanders through this township, entering it on the eastern boundary about the center, passing through Tippecanoe Town and veering off to the south, furnished an excellent waterpower at Tippecanoe Town for milling purposes. An excellent flouring mill was erected by N. B. and P. S. Alleman, who operated it for many years. During the war of the Rebellion they also erected a woolen factory close by the mill, which they also operated until 1878, when they sold it to J. F. Van Valkenburg, of Plymouth. On the night of October 25, 1878, the woolen mills were fired by an incendiary, and before assistance could reach them were entirely destroyed. An attempt was made to set fire to the grist mill the same night, but a watchman being in the mill, the attempt was unsuccessful. Detectives were put upon the track of the "fire fiends" and in course of time a young man in the neighborhood was arrested on suspicion of having committed the deed. He was incarcerated in the county jail and soon after gave intimation of an intention to confess his guilt and turn state's evidence against other parties who he said were implicated. Before the meeting of the grand jury, however, he succeeded in making his escape from the jail. He concealed himself for some time, but finally concluded to return and confess that he fired the property, describing minutely how the act was accomplished. He also implicated a large number of old and respectable citizens of the neighborhood as being *particeps criminis* in the transaction. He alleged that the object sought to be attained was the removal of the mill dam, which it was averred overflowed a large section of country, produced stagnant water, causing malaria, resulting in sickness and death. He stated that meetings of those in the neighborhood affected by the dam had been held at various times, at which the question was discussed as to the most expeditious and safest way to get rid of what

they termed an "intolerable nuisance." According to his statement it was finally determined that if the mills were out of the way the dam would soon follow. He was selected, he stated, to do the work, the others agreeing to save him from arrest and punishment. Several of the parties implicated were jointly indicted with him, and after many vexatious delays the cases came on for trial. As to all the parties but one a *nolle-prosequi* was entered, and the case went to trial as to the remaining party, mainly on the evidence of the party who had confessed that he had been guilty of the burning. The trial lasted several days, creating much excitement and ill-feeling among neighbors and parties interested, and finally resulted in the jury failing to agree. The case was then transferred to another county on a change of venue, but the party implicated left the country and has not been heard of since, and so the case never came to trial again.

Tippecanoe Town Station.

The Nickel Plate railroad having been completed through this township from east to west, a town was laid out on the line of that road about three-quarters of a mile south of Tippecanoe Town by W. W. Burkett, John Kramer, John T. Hardesty, Elizabeth Lewallen and E. J. Martindale, February 8, 1882. It contained sixty-two lots, and on the first of November, 1882, Kramer, Hardesty and Lewallen laid out an addition, the lots numbering from 62 to 90 inclusive. The town was called "Tippecanoe Town Station." At the December term, 1886, of the board of commissioners on the petition of G. W. Roberts and others the name of Tippecanoe Town Station was changed to Ilion, by which name it was known until the summer of 1905 or 1906, when "Tippecanoe" was substituted for Ilion, and by that name it is now recognized by the railroad and also the postoffice department. The old Tippecanoe Town, with the coming of the railroad and the building up of a station there, lost all its vitality and the halo of the business glory that formerly hovered over it is a thing of the past. *Sic transit gloria mundi!*

XXII. PIONEER LOG CABINS.

The first real emigration to Marshall county began in the early spring of 1836. Many of those who came early, following the customs of the Indians, built temporary domiciles of poles and bark, similar to wigwams, into which they moved their household effects, and lived after a fashion, until log cabins of more pretentious designs could be erected.

In a discussion on the subject a number of years ago between two of the "oldest inhabitants," it was quite satisfactorily settled that the first log cabin built in the county was erected by Abel C. Hickman on the Michigan road, two and a half miles south of Argos. It was built of rough, unhewn logs, covered with clapboards, had an outside chimney made of sticks and "daubed" with mud.

It wasn't a very palatial residence, but it was fitted and furnished so as to keep out the wet and cold, and was considerable of an improvement over the Indian wigwams in the neighborhood.

At that time the Michigan road was not passable. The contractors had

only commenced opening the road and only in patches could it be traveled over, and there was little or no travel in either direction here at that time. Mr. Hickman cleared off a small patch of ground near his cabin, on which he raised vegetables in sufficient quantities to supply the wants of his little family.

There wasn't a great deal of comfort living there at that time. For weeks at a time no human being would be seen. Wild animals of almost every kind were numerous, and it was no trick at all for Mr. Hickman to take his trusty rifle down out of the pegs from over the door and kill a deer, turkey or other animal in an hour or two sufficient to supply food for days at a time.

At night, from the time the sun went down over the treetops until it came up again in the morning, the wolves made the night hideous with their barking and yelping. When morning came they secreted themselves in their dens and hiding places, and during daytime seldom was one seen. In that region and for a few miles northwest all along down Wolf creek, which took its rise not far from here in Tippecanoe township, wolves were as thick as fleas on a dog's back. It passes through a portion of Walnut and Green townships and empties into Yellow river near the northeast corner of Union township. It is skirted for some distance with broken lowlands, marshes, cat swamps, etc., and was a safe and sure retreat for wild animals of all kinds. Black wolves were numerous from one end of the creek to the other, and from this fact it took its name. The Indians called it Mack-kah-tah-mo-may, the Indian name for black wolf.

In 1835, when the lands were made subject to entry, Mr. Hickman secured a piece of land and moved off west of the road to the farm owned by Adam Bixel. Here he erected another log cabin of a more pretentious order of architecture, taking the trouble to hew the logs and otherwise adorn it in more modern style.

Here, according to the best authority, the first society for religious worship was organized by an itinerant preacher of the Methodist Episcopal church by the name of Owens. Here the society continued to meet for several years, until 1844; it is stated by the same authority, a house of worship, or a "meeting house," as it was called, was built on this farm, being the first building exclusively for church purposes erected in the county.

During the year 1835-6 there was quite an addition to the population. The first thing the newcomer had to do was to select and enter a piece of land, decide on a building location, and without unnecessary delay erect a cabin in which to live. There was no lumber or brick here at that time, and the only material out of which these dwellings could be built was logs chopped from the trees. Axes, adzes, cross-cut saws, hatchets, augers and drawing knives were the implements used in their construction. In the earlier cabins such articles as nails, door hinges and ironlatches or window glass were not known. Everything was made out of wood.

He who had decided to build a cabin ground his ax, went to the woods and, having selected trees of the proper size, proceeded to chop them down. He measured off the length of the logs according to the size the house was to be, and cut an equal number for the sides and ends. Of course, a yoke of oxen was necessary to haul the logs in place, and men enough to assist in raising them into the building, so the neighbors were invited, and one of

them brought along Broad and Berry, and in a few hours a cabin in the wilderness had been erected. The rafters on which the roof was to be placed were made of small poles fastened to the top logs and the gable center rafter by means of wooden pins driven into holes bored with an auger. The roof was of clapboards. These were generally "rived" out of red oak logs sawed the proper length with a cross-cut saw. A maul and wedge were used to split it into small blocks, after which a "froe" and mallet properly applied by the "horny-handed son of toil" produced a fair substitute for shingles that came into use later. These clapboards were fastened on by binding them down with heavy poles laid on them along the ends where they were joined together.

Four or five feet in length of as many logs at one end were cut out for a fireplace, which was walled up outside with niggerhead stone and plastered over with mud. The chimney built of small sticks was continued a foot or two above the top of the house. At one side a door was cut out, in the same way, and a door made out of hewn poplar timber, fastened together with oak pins was hung on wooden pegs with rawhide straps. The latch was of wood which was fastened in the inside in a slot. A leather string attached to the latch on the inside hung through a hole on the outside. To unlatch the door from without all that was necessary was to pull the string, the latch would be raised out of its socket, and the door swung open. Locks had not reached this part of the country at that time. There was no need of them, anyhow. There were no housebreakers then, probably because there wasn't anything in the houses worth carrying off.

A window was cut out near the door, and, prior to the advent of glass, greased paper or white muslin served to admit all the light that was deemed necessary. The floor was made of puncheons hewn out of small poplar logs. As a general thing they were a little rough, but they served to keep the pioneer feet off of the ground. There were no brussels carpets in the market then, and so a split broom made out of a small hickory sapling and some soft soap and water vigorously applied served to keep it reasonably clean.

The furniture was scanty and was of the most primitive kind. Bedsteads, tables, stands, benches, chairs, shelves, etc., were made by hand "on the spot," by the man of the house. Bed clothing, cooking utensils and dishes had mostly been brought with the emigrants. In case of a young married couple, the parents of the bride and groom usually set them up in housekeeping by dividing with them their household goods.

A few years later, after the boys and girls grew up, and the "courting" had been gone through with and the marriage ceremony had been performed, the young people moved into and began housekeeping in apartments very similar to the one above described.

The household furniture and equipments, except such as the pioneers had brought with them, were primitive and rude in the extreme. The following is one among many plans for constructing beds which was common in those days: "Holes were bored in a log of the wall at the proper height from the floor, and into these sticks were driven horizontally, the other ends being supported by upright stakes or posts. Upon the framework thus provided was woven a bottom of withes or bark or deerskin thongs, which formed a support for the bedding. Privacy was sometimes secured

by making the outer supporting posts high enough to be furnished with a concealing curtain.

Hooks on which to hang clothes or other articles were fashioned from the forked or crooked branches of trees, and forked sticks with the addition of pins inserted in the longer arm made pothooks which were caught over a pole or crosstree that was fixed in the fireplace a safe distance above the fire, the pots being hung on the pins. An improvement on these was the "trammel hook," formed of a flat bar of iron hooked at one end, while at the other an adjustable hook could be raised or lowered as desired and secured by means of an iron pin inserted in the holes that were drilled along the bar. With the advent of brick chimneys came swinging cranes of iron. These set in iron eyes imbedded in the masonry, could be turned freely, the long arm carrying the pots out over the hearth when desired.

The common cooking utensils were first of all the rotund, bulbous iron pot constructed with a flare at the top so the lid would sit in safely. And then there was the iron oven for baking pone, not forgetting the long-handled frying pan. The baking oven was a vessel of perhaps three or four inches deep set on legs and provided with an iron lid turned up around the edge. In it the thick loaf of corn bread was baked by setting it on a bed of coals with more coals piled upon the lid. Many who read this will call to mind the long thin slices of corn pone, heavy and clammy, and the bowl of sweet milk which was frequently all one had for the "frugal meal."

In this same iron kettle was also stirred up and cooked the pot of cornmeal mush, which with the fresh milk from the family cow was made to satisfy the evening repast.

The "jonnycake" board was also one of the most important cooking utensils belonging to the kitchen department of the old log cabin. It was usually made out of an oak clapboard, the sides dressed smooth with a drawing knife and the ends rounded. Cornmeal was made into dough and spread on one side of the board and smoothed along the sides and ends. It was then set up before the log fire close enough so the heat would gradually bake but not burn it. It was allowed to remain there until it was browned and cooked through. Sometimes it was turned over and both sides browned. When eaten warm with nice fresh butter and sweet milk it was a dish that a king might relish.

As time wore on other devices were invented, among which the "reflector" oven was considered among the greatest. This utensil consisted of a light iron frame, two or three feet in length, mounted upon short legs, to hold the baking and roasting pans. To the back part of this frame a flaring top was attached by hinges, so that it might be turned back when the cooking needed attention. The sides were also enclosed. This flaring top and sides, made of bright tin, presented a large opening toward the open fire which was supplemented by a bed of live coals drawn out upon the hearth and from the hood, sides and back of tin the heat was reflected down upon the cooking. It served its purpose well, and surely no better light biscuits, bread, cakes or pies have ever been eaten anywhere than those our mothers used to bake in the old "reflectors" upon the hearth of the old log cabin.

When the cook stove made its way into the early homes of the pioneers it was hailed with delight by a majority of the housewives because it afforded such great relief to their faces, hands and arms, that had been so

continually blistered by the great open fires, but some adhered to the fireplace, the old utensils and the old cooking methods as long as they lived.

A good many of the more prosperous families used what was called the "Dutch ovens." These were made of small boulders or bricks and mortar, or else of tough clay, wrought and beaten into shape and burned by slow fires built within. They were usually set upon wooden platforms away from the house by reason of danger from fire, and were protected by a shed. They were principally used in the summertime. In appearance they were rounded domes, not unlike the old-fashioned beehive. The fire was built in them and then raked out, and the baking set upon the floor, the body of the oven retaining enough heat to do the cooking.

The woodenware of the household was often made by the pioneer himself. Trays, large and small, were made from the soft poplar, buckeye and basswood, and these took the place of most of the present-day tin and crockery ware. The churn was sometimes a mere trough and paddle.

The hominy pestle was a solid beech or maple stump with a bowl-shaped cavity burned in the top to hold the grain while being pounded, and a similar stump cut as smooth as possible made the chopping block for meat. The rude trough hollowed out from a short log split in half, that was used to catch sap from the sugar trees, is still a familiar relic from the olden time.

"For drinking and dipping vessels," it has been well said, "the common article was the gourd—one of the most adaptable and convenient gifts of nature to man. In an age when manufactured conveniences were hard to get the gourd was a boon, and in every cabin home it played a conspicuous part. Of many sizes and shapes, it served, when properly scraped out and cleaned, a variety of purposes. It hung as a dipper beside the spring or the well with its long sweep, and in the same capacity it was a companion to the cider barrel and whisky jug; it was used at the table, at the lye kettle or at the sugar camp, for soup, soap or sap; a large one properly halved made a wash pan or a milk pan, or, cut with an opening, it became a receptacle for the storing of divers things; a small one was used by the grandmother to darn the family socks over; the boy used one to carry his bait in when he went fishing, and the baby used another for a rattle. A veritable treasure was the gourd, and it should be celebrated in song."

There were various curious articles used in the pioneer homes that are now quite obsolete. Among these we find metal warming pans which, filled with live embers, were used to warm the sheets of a cold night; lanterns of perforated tin; tinder boxes with their contents of flint, steel, little powder horns and "punk" from rotten logs used to start the fires; candle molds with balls of cotton wicking; long tin horns and conch shells to call the men to dinner, and many other conveniences now considered quaint and sought for relics.

One important piece of pioneer furniture, if so it might be called, unknown to the modern house, was the loom, which in the days of homemade fabrics was almost indispensable. The space this ponderous machine occupied in the small cabin made it a serious incumbrance, and hence a period would be devoted to the family weaving, after which the loom could be taken apart and stowed away, unless, as sometimes happened, one had a separate loom room. The excellence of the work done upon these rude, homemade implements is a matter of wonder now, as one examines preserved specimens.

Not only have those blankets, jeans and various cloths a surpassing durability, but some fabrics, such as coverlets and curtains, exhibit a remarkable artistic taste and skill, both in the dyeing of the yarns and the weaving of complicated figures.

Complimentary to the loom were the spinning wheels—a big one for the wool and the familiar little one for the flax. The skillful use of these was a part of the education of every girl and some of the boys, and in the ears of many an old man and woman the resonant hum of it still lingers as the sweet music of a day that is past.

XXIII. HOME-MADE GARMENTS—SPINNING AND WEAVING.

In connection with household duties there were things to do that would not now be considered in keeping with the way we manage our home affairs nowadays.

A great deal of the clothing worn by the heads of families and the children was manufactured by and under the supervision of the wife and mother. Almost every family owned a few sheep, and the wool, after it had been sheared in the spring, was thoroughly washed and dried, and picked and carded, and woven, and the cloth cut and made up into garments for the various members of the family by the good wife and mother. It was a long, tedious, laborious road from the wool on the sheep's back to the completion of the "homespun" garment on the person of the wearer. At that time the "the tariff on wool" had not begun to cut any figure, and it did not matter whether there was a high protective tariff on wool or not, as there was no wool imported into the western country at that time, and nobody had any use for imported wool anyhow. All the wool was used at home, and it was many years after the first settlement before there was a surplus to dispose of.

The fleece of wool was sorted, the fine from the coarse, and carded by means of hand cards made of short bent wire thickly fastened into leather, which was in turn fastened to a small board about 3 by 4½ inches thick, to which were fastened handles. Two of these cards were used. A small amount of wool was placed on one of the cards, and then the carder would hold one in his left hand and pull with the other in his right hand until the wool had been thoroughly torn to pieces, when it was made into a small roll, say, about half or three-quarters of an inch in diameter and five or six inches in length.

Carding was hard work, but after one got used to it, it became easier, and in time many became experts and could "roll" off a considerable quantity in the course of a day.

But spinning was the most difficult operation of all. The old spinning wheel was an absolutely indispensable piece of furniture in every well-regulated cabin. They were of two kinds: the large wheel with the projecting spindle, which was used only to spin wool, and the small wheel with distaff, which was used mostly for spinning flax, but on which wool was sometimes spun. To draw out the roll and turn the wheel just fast enough to move the spindle with the proper velocity to make the thread the proper

size and keep it so, was something that not everyone could do. When the spool was filled the thread was run off on a reel until it had so many "cuts," when they were taken off into "hanks," and then into dozens and hung up in bunches for use when needed.

The yarn was colored red, brown, black, yellow and blue, according to the fancy of the manufacturers. This was generally used for "filling." The chain was generally of cotton yarn and was either white or of one color, black, brown or deep red.

The loom was generally of domestic manufacture, except the reed and shuttles, which were purchased from those who made them for the retail trade. The different colored threads were fastened into as many shuttles and passed through the warp from one side to the other as often as was necessary to make the stripe desired, when that particular shuttle would be laid aside and a shuttle containing another color would be taken up and passed through, and so on alternately until all had been used. Some very handsome plaids were made in this way and when worked up into "linsy woolsy" dresses and other garments for the female portion of the household, they were not only handsome, but, for winter wear, warm and comfortable.

When cloth was to be woven for men's wear the yarn was generally colored blue, and to make it variegated, a string would be tied tightly around the hank before it was dipped into the coloring kettle, and this would prevent the color from taking effect, leaving a white spot in the thread which, when woven into cloth, gave it the appearance of "Kentucky jeans." A suit of this kind of cloth, when neatly worked up, made a dress that was not to be sneezed at.

For summer wear linen made of flax was generally used, and so almost every farmer had a flax patch sufficiently large to supply the supposed demand. After the ground was prepared the seed was sown, and nothing more was necessary until the stalks had ripened and it was ready to pull. It was carefully pulled up by the roots and laid down in swaths to cure, after which it was bound in bundles and put under cover for use when wanted. A flax break was made having a lever with grooves in it, so that when the flax was placed on the break and the lever was pressed down on it with sufficient force the straw inside would be broken, leaving the fiber undisturbed. When the flax was thoroughly broken, in order to get all the pieces of straw out from among the fiber it had to be carefully "scutched" or "wingled." This was done by setting a board upright and rounding off the top, making it even and smooth. An instrument made of hickory wood, say about three feet long, much in the shape of a butcher knife, with a proper handle, with which to do the scutching, was used. Taking a hand full of broken flax in his left hand, close to the lower end, and throwing it over the top of the board, and taking the "scutcher" in his right hand he beat away, turning it in his hand as often as necessary until the broken straw had all been scutched out, and nothing but the fiber, which had been beaten into tow, left. Before it could be spun into thread it was necessary to run it through a hackle for the purpose of separating the coarse part from the fine. When it had been properly hackled it was wound tightly on a distaff, which was a necessary attachment to the old spinning wheel. Starting a thread from the flax on the distaff, setting the wheel in motion and keeping it going by foot power, our ancient and

amiable mothers would work away from morning until night, day in and day out, spinning thread out of which to make husband and children shirts and other clothing for the summer.

The weaving of cloth out of flax was done on the same loom and in the same way as woolen cloth was woven. The main garment made out of flax cloth was men's and boys' shirts. At first, without underclothing, as may be well imagined, they were a "holy terror" to the skin, and as there were no buttons, and the collars and sleeves had to be fastened with a needle and thread and tied in a hard knot, there was no way of getting them loose so as to relieve one's epidermis by scratching. After they were washed and ironed a few times, however, they became quite smooth and were more or less endurable.

The greatest difficulty the writer had in wearing these primitive shirts was in getting the cuffs and collar unfastened and properly fastened up again when he stole away on Sunday against the express commands of his parents and went in swimming. Some of the wicked boys in the neighborhood, however, generally managed to secretly carry off the family needle and thread, after it had been used for the day, and in that case the collar and cuffs would be fastened, and unless some other evidence of truancy appeared, the beech rod above the fireplace would be permitted to remain in its place; otherwise, otherwise.

XXIV. EARLY ROADS IN MARSHALL COUNTY.

When the first pioneers came there was nothing here but a wilderness. Few evidences of civilization were to be seen anywhere. Telegraphing had not then been discovered, and there was not a railroad within a thousand miles in any direction, and at that time there was not even a stage line within forty miles. With the coming of white people closely followed the "pony express mail carrier," once a month, then weekly and triweekly, and so on.

Those who were here then will remember when an occasional New York, Philadelphia or Baltimore paper strayed out this way, the picture of the pony express would be looked for to see what time the mail was scheduled to leave the east for the west, and what time it would be due at Pittsburg, Cincinnati and Indianapolis, and the probable date of its arrival here. It will be remembered how fast that mail carrier seemed to be going. The pony was running at full speed; the mail carrier was bent forward at an angle of 45 degrees, and was heralding his approach by the blasts from his tin horn. But he did not make half as rapid headway as he appeared to be making. Most of the road he had to travel over was through the wilderness, and before he reached the end of his journey he met with many a mishap that delayed his arrival for hours and days.

The letters he brought were written on blue letter paper with goosequill pens, folded in the form of our present envelopes, envelopes not having been invented then, and sealed with a red wafer or sealing wax, mucilage being a discovery of a later date. Letter postage at that time was rated according to distance, 25 cents being the rate from the eastern cities, payable in coin on

delivery, postage stamps not having been invented at that time and for many years afterwards. It is easy to be seen that the number of letters that failed to reach the parties to whom they were addressed and consequently sent to the dead letter office without the postage having been collected was an immense loss to the United States.

There were no roads or bridges in those days, and the neighbors in finding their way to the cabins of each other followed the Indian trails, which were the first roads in this part of the country. There is more method and symbolism in laying out an Indian trail than may be imagined. As illustrative of all the Pottawattomie Indian trails in this county and in northern Indiana, the writer avails himself of the following truthful and elegantly worded description of the Pottawattomie trail as given by Charles H. Bartlett in his admirable "Tales of Kankakee Land." The Indian trail, he says, was an Indian path with all the features that the term might indicate. It never crossed over a hill which it might go around; it crept through the hollows, avoiding, however, with greatest care, those conditions in which a moccasin could not be kept dry and clean; it clung to the shadows of the big timber belts, and when an arm of the prairie intervened sought to traverse such a place of possible danger by the route which was shortest and least exposed. At every step the ancient path tells the story of wilderness fears. Yet the travelers of this venerable avenue of the old life had also their own peculiar delights. A warm and sheltered path in the winter time; its fragrant airs were cool and soft in summer days. All the woodland flowers crowded to its margin; the blue violets and the water-cress; yellow honeysuckles; the fringed gentian; the roses, the ox-eyed daisies—and where the shades were damp and dark, yellow ladies' slippers and purple ones. When the heavy foliage above parted wide to let the sunshine fall on some gentle slope, there was the strawberry bank all white with promise, or growing with the ruby red of its luscious sweets, or throwing above the tender leaves of its pink stolas to make sure the feasts of coming days. The birds loved the red man's path, stationed their homes in the thickets that bordered its course, sang their morning songs beneath those rifts where the blue sky looked down, and there, while the twilight lingered, warbled their evening hymns.

And then, to the Pottawattomie, this above all others was the ancient highway of his people. All the pageant of his life was then in the springtime and in the moon of falling leaves passing before them in living remembrance. When these scenes were over the old men loved to wander along this path and rehearse the stories of the past and tell the times when they with their people in tumultuous throng hurried home from the chase. With trembling voice and solemn gesture they pointed out the spot where a chief with warriors brave once fell victims to the deadly ambush; or this was the tree where the children had been lured to their death by the mocking wail of a panther; or, in that place the Great Spirit with a countenance of light had spoken of his children in a voice of thunder. Then on the old path they told off, as on a rosary, the sacred traditions of their people.

It was a long time after the first settlers came to the county before any roads were regularly laid out and opened for travel. Indian trails were followed wherever they led in the desired direction. Wherever it was thought that a road should be opened the route would be selected by those

interested and a man sent over the route with an ax to blaze the way. The brush and logs were cut out, and the man with the ax would cut the bark off of the trees along the line a foot or two long and about five or six feet from the roots, on both sides of the trees, that would be seen by those passing along the road going and coming. One of the first of these roads was from the region of Maxinkuckee lake by way of the Indian trail near Menominee village at Twin lakes, and so on to Plymouth. Another branch was by way of Wolf Creek and from there by the nearest route through the woods to the Michigan road, which had been cleared out and blazed so that it could be used after a fashion, and thence on to Plymouth. A road was also early cleared and blazed from Plymouth to Bourbon by way of what is now Inwood, and on to the Benak Indian village in Tippecanoe township. Short roads were opened in the same way in various parts of the county where most needed, but without any system or legal authority. The lines of these early roads were selected so as to avoid swamps and marshes, and as much as possible to avoid the building of corduroy bridges. In this way they were like the Indian trails—they meandered around over the county without regard to the distance to be traveled and without any regard as to whose lands it was that the road was built upon.

The Michigan road has an interesting history. Several years ago the writer of this history made as thorough investigation of this subject as possible, procuring the data for such investigation from the Interior Department at Washington. The following is the result of that investigation:

Prior to 1826 numerous treaties had been made with the Pottawattomie Indians, the owners and inhabitants of the country embraced in Indiana, southern Michigan and northern Illinois, by which they were to give up most of their lands and hunting grounds to the United States for the benefit of the white population. After these treaties were proclaimed, gangs of government surveyors were sent out to survey and plat the land, which was done, and the land opened to entry at $1.25 an acre. Through these government surveyors, axmen and chainmen it soon became noised about that a most delightful and productive country had been found, with beautiful lakes and watercourses, and every kind of fish and wild game, wild fruits, etc., in abundance. Many of these surveyors, with Indian traders, land speculators and government agents, entered into a scheme to persuade the Pottawattomie Indians to make a treaty giving to the government a strip of land 100 feet wide through the entire state from Lake Michigan to the Ohio river, with a contiguous section of land through which the road should run which should belong to the state of Indiana and by it be given to those who should be awarded the contracts to build the road. It was to be a great national thoroughfare, the northern terminus of which was the mouth of Trail creek at Michigan City, and the southern at Madison, Ind. After the treaty was made the Indiana legislature took the matter up, and among other things named it the "Michigan road." The treaty by which the Pottawattomies granted the land for this road was article 3 of the treaty made October 16, 1826, concluded near the mouth of the Mississinewa, on the Wabash, Indiana, between Lewis Cass of Michigan and James B. Ray and John Tipton of Indiana, commissioners on the part of the United States, and the chiefs and warriors of the Pottawattomie tribe of Indians. This article of the treaty is as follows:

"Article 3. As an evidence of the attachment which the Pottawattomie tribe feel towards the American people, and particularly to the soil of Indiana, and with a view to demonstrate their liberality and benefit themselves by creating facilities for traveling and increasing the value of their remaining country, the said tribe do hereby cede to the United States a strip of land commencing at Lake Michigan and running thence to the Wabash river, 100 feet wide, for a road, and also one section of good land contiguous to the said road for each mile of the same, and also for each mile of a road from the termination thereof through Indianapolis to the Ohio river for the purpose of making a road aforesaid from Lake Michigan by way of Indianapolis to some convenient point on the Ohio river. And the general assembly shall have a right to locate the said road and to apply the said sections or the proceeds thereof to the making of the same, or any part thereof, and the said grant shall be at their sole disposal."

As I view it, the wording of the treaty was a cunningly devised arrangement to swindle the Indians out of an immense amount of the best lands belonging to them in the state. The words "good land" enabled the legislature to zigzag the road so as to avoid all the bad land and run around through all the "contiguous good land" through the entire state. By referring to the map of Marshall county it will be seen that from the time the road enters the county on the south until it reaches the northern boundary, the Michigan road sections are so disjointed on the map that they have the appearance of a great big stairway. From Argos north the line of the road angles off to the west before it reaches Plymouth, about two miles and a half. The object of this "wobbling" was to avoid low or swamp lands and get over onto a better quality. Near Benoni Jordan's old farm, now owned by D. E. Snyder, four miles south of Plymouth, the angle is so abrupt that the sections are barely "contiguous." From La Paz the road zigzags about until it reaches South Bend, where it turns abruptly and runs directly west through some of the best prairie lands in the state, or anywhere else for that matter, and then turns north and finally finds its way into the mouth of Trail creek at Michigan City.

The disjointed manner in which these Michigan road sections appear on the map of Indiana is a perpetual verdict against the conspirators who defrauded the Indians out of their rights; and like the blood on the hands of Lady McBeth, "the d——d spot will not out."

It was in 1832-3 that this end of the road was ordered to be "cut" and "opened" and these are the directions prescribed by the legislature of 1832 (see pages 124-5, acts of that session):

"Cut and clear off said part of said road all logs, timber and underbrush, leaving no stump more than one foot above the level of the earth, and grub thirty feet wide in the center of said road."

Polk, Blair and Seering were the contractors through this part of the state, and the late Robert Schroeder of North township was one of the bosses that superintended the job. He told me many times before his death the manner in which this great thoroughfare was opened up, and according to history, the truth of which cannot be doubted, the work was the merest pretext toward complying with the intent of the law. The road was practically impassable for much of the way through this part of the state; the

mud holes, which were numerous, were bridged over with poles and logs placed on cross logs without any particular system, the brush cut off and piled up by the side of the road, and some of the knobs and high places cut down, and that was about all that was done to make it the great thoroughfare that the Indians had been made to believe was to be built for their especial benefit. Within five or six years after this road was declared open, the various small reservations still held by the Pottawattomies were secured from them by treaty, and those who refused to leave the country were driven away, starting from Twin lakes September 4, 1838, in charge of a company of soldiers under command of Gen. John Tipton, one of the commissioners who secured the making of the treaty. Thus was completed one of the darkest pages in the history of Indiana.

La Porte and Plymouth Mail Route.

Next in importance to the Michigan road was what was called the La Porte road. In the beginning it was little more than an Indian trail and was established more as a post road between Plymouth and La Porte than for purposes of travel. At first the mail was carried once a week between the two places; later it was increased to three times a week, and finally to a two-horse wagon daily, which also carried passengers back and forth. In examining some ancient documents over in La Porte county not long ago a student of local history came across a contract written by J. H. Bradley with a quill pen on an old-fashioned unruled legal folio sheet, which, though the paper is yellowed with age and stained by exposure to the weather, is as clear and legible as on the day it was written. Following is the wording of the contract, as nearly as it can be reproduced in print:

Memorandum of an agreement:

Made this sixth day of May in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and thirty-seven, between John H. Bradley, Mail Contractor, for carrying the United States Mail from LaPorte, by Plymouth to Chippewa, once a week and back, of the one part, and Erastus Ingersol, of Marshall county, Indiana, of the other part, as follows, to-wit, the said Ingersol, agrees and hereby binds himself to carry or have carried, the said United States Mail on the said Route from LaPorte by Plymouth to Chippewa, according to the terms, times and manner prescribed by the postoffice department, and in all things to comply, with the directions, and requisitions of the law, and the Post Office Department in carrying guarding and delivery of the same, for and during the full terms and time of said contract, to commence on the ninth day of May, A. D., 1837, and continue until the said contract be ended, for the sum price and consideration of three hundred and fifty dollars per annum—and at and for that rate and proportion to be paid by the said John H. Bradley in the manner hereinafter mentioned—and also the said Erastus Ingersol agrees and binds himself to pay and satisfy all fines, forfeitures, penalties and amercements, imposed or exacted by the said postoffice department, for or on account of any and all failures or delinquencies, about the performance of the said contract, while in his hand, or while he is carrying the same, and to allow the said John H. Bradley to deduct the same from the amount to be paid to the said Ingersol, for his services aforesaid.

In consideration whereof, the said John H. Bradley agrees and binds himself to pay to the said Erastus Ingersol the said sum of money aforesaid, or the rateable proportion thereof, as soon as the money shall be received from the department, and at no other times or manner whatever, deducting therefrom any and all fines and exactions for delinquencies aforesaid—and making from the money due July 1st, 1837, the further deduction of seventy-five dollars, the amount of a note held by the said John H. Bradley on the said Ingersol—the price of a mare sold to him.

To the true performance of all which covenants and agreements the said parties bind themselves the one to the other in the sum of three hundred dollars. Witness our hands and seals May 6th, A. D., 1837.

JOHN H. BRADLEY, (Seal).
ERASTUS INGERSOLL, (Seal).
Sealed and delivered in the presence of J. C. HOWELL.

This document is a reminder of the days when things at La Porte were in their beginnings. In May, 1837, the village was hardly more than four years old, Plymouth and Rochester had not yet been laid out a year, the Yellow river road from La Porte to Plymouth was little better than a blazed trail through the woods and marshes, and the Michigan road, though opened three and a half years earlier, was very, very far from being usable as a race course. Notwithstanding the fact that Daniel Webster broke dirt in La Porte county July 4, 1837, for a railroad, no such commercial artery was actually in operation in this section until fifteen years passed by. La Porte had a postoffice in 1833, Plymouth not until 1837. Mail routes were just being opened up in northwestern Indiana.

John H. Bradley was one of La Porte's greatest lawyers, his admission to the bar being dated October 12, 1835. He was aggressive in politics on the Whig side and served repeatedly in the state legislature, besides being defeated nearly as often. He was a great orator and a profound student, and in his early life as a pioneer in this region he was glad to reach aside from the practice of his profession and take a contract to haul the mail, not to perform that arduous labor himself but to sublet it at a small profit.

Erastus Ingersol, the subcontractor and actual post-rider, belongs to the history of Marshall county, in which his appearance is very obscure. On horseback with his sacks of mail, in all sorts of weather, he followed roads that would now be thought impassable, covering the distance in two days, or four days for the round trip. About that same time a regular stage line was operated from La Porte to Plymouth, connecting there with the Concord coaches plying up and down the Michigan road between South Bend and Indianapolis, at which latter point connection was made with the lines east and west on the National road. J. C. Howell, the witness to the contract, was a La Porte merchant.

The Chippewa named as one of the terminals of the route—called Chippe-wa-qua in some of the old records—would be difficult to find now save with help from some curious antiquary, but then it was an important and a hopeful settlement, well known to every traveler on the Michigan road. It was a formidable rival of Rochester for selection as the county seat, and even now one can hardly see why it was not chosen because of the beauty, healthfulness and availability of its site near the intersection of the great northern highway and the Tippecanoe river (then more important than now) unless it was too far from the county's center.

William Polke, Michigan road commissioner, entered the land at that place, built his log cabin there in 1832, the first house on the road north of the Wabash, moved his family to it from the southern end of the state and established there his official headquarters. It was a home of great hospitality. The tourist for pleasure, the traveler for business, the Catholic missionary priest, the Protestant preacher, the state or government official, the teamster and road laborer, the vagrant Indian—for all these the door of that small cabin in the woods was opened. Gen. John Tipton, Col. Abel C. Pepper and

other important functionaries were often there and under the trees close by several Indian treaties were concluded. There in 1834 was celebrated the marriage of Mary, daughter of William Polke, with John B. Niles, then a young lawyer whose brilliant future was but faintly indicated. William Niles, born of that union September 27, 1835, is now the oldest living white person who was born in La Porte. He and Mrs. Emmet H. Scott are the present owners of the long-forgotten Chippewa, the terminal point of La Porte's earliest southern mail routes and designed to be one of the chief cities along the historic Michigan road. The original cabin is still in existence and is occupied, as is also the frame house on the adjoining farm, which was also built by William Polke and was the first frame house north of the Wabash on the Michigan road.

The Yellow River Road.

This road was the same as the La Porte and Plymouth mail route above referred to. The board of commissioners of Marshall county early took steps to open the road and put it in condition for the increasing travel over that line to La Porte, and especially to Michigan City, where shipments of grain and other produce was made, and where all kinds of merchandise was received by lake from New York and Chicago, and hauled overland to Plymouth and farther south to Rochester.

At a special session of the board held in the early part of July (no date is given on the record) the following order appears on Order Book A, page 17, in reference to this road:

The board of commissioners for the county of Marshall, July special session, 1836.

Ordered, That Stephen Marsters, commissioner of the three per cent (3) fund for said county, is ordered to lay out five hundred dollars ($500) on the road leading from Plymouth, in the said county of Marshall, to La Porte, commonly called the "Yellow River road," which sum shall be expended on that part of said road which is within the bounds of the said county of Marshall, and the said commissioner aforesaid shall proceed to lay off the said road in lots of quarter sections as near as may be and expend the aforesaid appropriation in the places mostly needing the same. The said commissioner shall cause the said road to be cross [word indistinct] with good lasting timber, to be eighteen feet in length, in those parts of said road wherein he may deem it necessary, and cause the same to be covered with clay, sand or gravel five or six inches in depth; and also cause culverts to be put in said road and said road to be ditched so as to cause the water to drain from the same wherein his judgment may deem it necessary; and said commissioner shall proceed to sell the same to the lowest bidder at public auction in the town of Plymouth, in said county, after having advertised the same ten days previous to the day of sale by posting up written advertisements at several of the most public places in said county. Contractors to give bond with security to be approved by the said commissioner in double the sum of their contracts for their faithful performance of said work; said road to be completed by the fifteenth (15th) day of November, 1836. Said commissioners to pay one-fourth of the money when contractors have their contracts half completed and no more.

Ordered, That said board adjourn until tomorrow morning, 9 o'clock A. M. And said board adjourned.

ROBERT BLAIR,
ABRAHAM JOHNSON,
CHARLES OSTERHAUTE,
Commissioners.

Test: JEREMIAH MUNCY, Clerk.

At the September term, 1837, Stephen Marsters, the commissioner of the 3 per cent fund, reported that he had expended on the Yellow River road

a total of $1,107.41, to the contractors—Sidney Williams, Williamson Owens, Thomas Singleton and Gustavus A. Cone. For many years afterward much work was done on the road before it became fairly passable.

Plank Roads.

During the year 1851 the question of how to obtain good roads was the all-absorbing topic of conversation and discussion among the people of Marshall county. At that time there were very few regularly established wagon roads in the county. The Michigan road, extending through the county from south to north, had been opened after a fashion, as had also the road between Plymouth and La Porte. Roads leading in other directions mostly followed the Indian trails, the brush and logs being cleared out and the trees blazed so that those passing along would not get lost. The ponds and sink holes, which were numerous, were bridged over with logs and poles and covered with a light coating of loose dirt. Roads ran wherever it was most convenient, without regard to section lines, as there was little cleared land then to be interfered with. In the spring and fall of the year, known as the "rainy seasons," the roads became almost impassable. Ox teams were mostly used then, and it was about all a single yoke of oxen could do to haul even an empty wagon any considerable distance. The Michigan and La Porte roads were traveled more than any others in the county, but the more they were traveled the worse they got. The sub-soil, sand and mud holes were numerous, and teaming was the most difficult thing the farmers and business men had to do. Naturally enough this deplorable condition of the roads led to an effort to improve them, resulting in the attempt to build plank roads over the main lines of travel.

The Plymouth Pilot, which was the only paper in the county at that time, took up the discussion of the advisability of building plank roads and pursued it with vigor for some time, although it does not appear that it resulted in accomplishing much toward the final completion of the roads then being built in this direction. Among other things the editor said:

"Here we have a county containing a population of 8,000. We have but one town in the county, and no other town within twenty miles of us and no good market under forty miles. In order to get to that market we have to pass over some most execrable roads at all seasons of the year, which are easily bettered and which we fail to make any effort in, while our neighbors around us are all awake to their own welfare and offering every assistance to us that we can ask, and that needs only the taking advantage of to bring a market to our own door."

After enumerating the advantages to be derived from plank roads, the editor went on to say:

"The interests of Michigan City and La Porte are identical, and we should care nothing for their bickerings. South Bend, twenty-four miles north, is on the St. Joseph river, with the Southern railroad through it and the Central ten miles distant, and the warehouse of the Central at Mishawaka, twenty-four miles from here, prepared to receive produce at Niles without additional charge. Boats are running on the river carrying produce to St. Joseph to be shipped on the lake. Rochester is twenty miles south; Logansport forty-three miles south on the canal and will probably soon

have a railroad and depot. Now here we have a diagram of our means of outlet, and now comes the value of plank roads. Logansport is building to Rochester and has completed about fifteen miles. South Bend has built about ten miles toward us. La Porte has built about twelve miles toward us, and it remains with us whether it comes here or goes through North Liberty to South Bend."

After showing the great advantages to be derived from the building of the proposed roads, the editor concluded as follows:

"Lay down your plank one foot wide, nine feet long, and full two and one-half inches thick, and it will stay there. With railroads all around us and thoroughfares opening in every direction, we are 'stoning the squirrel while the dog is robbing our dinner basket!' Wake up, then, and show us the man that says he won't take a share in it and push it through, and we will show you the man that goes to mill with the wheat in one end of the bag and a stone in the other, 'because his father did.'"

The road from La Porte, if memory is not at fault, was only completed to the Kankakee river, where it connected with a toll bridge across that stream known as "Lemon's bridge." Until the completion of the La Porte & Plymouth railroad in 1855, "Lemon's bridge" was a popular stopping place. Horses were watered and fed there, meals served, and a little something for the stomach's sake could be had upon a pinch. Frequently teams loaded with wheat for the "port at Michigan City" camped out there over night during the summer, starting early the next morning and arriving at Michigan City by sundown.

The plank road was completed most of the way to Plymouth during the year 1852. It never paid the expense of construction, and after a few years was abandoned. The boards soon began to warp at the ends and as no repairs were made the road became almost impassable. The planks were finally taken up and piled at the side of the road and finally rotted or were burned up. It was many years before the Michigan road to South Bend was fairly passable, and even to this day it might be a good deal better than it is. Before the war all the plank roads that had been built were abandoned, and that great improvement scheme that promised so much in the beginning came to an inglorious end.

XXV. SPRINGS AND DUG WELLS.

Of course every cabin had to be provided with a well or spring from which water for drinking, cooking and washing purposes could be drawn. Springs were not very numerous and they were confined to hills and gulleys and along the banks of the lakes, rivers and small streams. Places where springs could be secured were few and far between, and therefore the water supply mostly came from dug wells, and these were supplied almost entirely with surface water. A five or six square foot hole would be dug in as low ground as could be found near the cabin, to a depth generally of from twelve to twenty-five or thirty feet, or until the first surface vein of water would be struck, when the digging would cease and a barrel or square box would be sunk in the bottom, into which notches would be

cut, or auger holes would be bored into it to allow the water to seep in through the gravel or sand, or, more frequently, blue clay. This "hole in the ground" was boarded up with heavy boards split out of red oak logs, to prevent the well from caving in. Generally the water was drawn by means of a wooden or tin bucket, to which a rope would be tied, or if the well wasn't too deep a long, slim pole with a hook and fastener at the lower end would be used. These were generally only for temporary use. When deeper wells would be dug, and better water would be found, the well sweep and the "old oaken bucket," about which so much has been said and written, would be erected. These "sweeps" were made by erecting a large post in the ground, say twelve or fifteen feet. A long pole, heavy at the butt end and tapering until it was quite small at the top end, was fastened into the top of the erect pole, in a socket cut for the purpose, through which a two-inch auger hole was bored and a hard, seasoned hickory pin was inserted. To the top end was fastened a small pole or a rope or chain of a length about the depth of the well, to the lower end of which the bucket would be attached. The lower end of the sweep rested on the ground. When water was needed to be drawn the bucket was put over the top of the curbing and let down to the bottom of the well by pulling the top of the sweep down. A sinker, a stone or piece of iron, was attached to the bail of the bucket, which turned the top of the bucket sideways, when the water would run in and fill it, when it would be pulled up to the top and emptied into the bucket or other vessel at hand used for that purpose.

This mode of procuring water was almost universal, for the reason that there were no pumps to be had here at that time. Up to 1840, and probably to 1850, there was not a pump in the county. The Indians who were here before that time had no dug wells and got their water from the lakes, rivers, branches, creeks and ponds, wherever they might happen to be located.

Tinware was very scarce for a number of years and tin cups for drinking or other purposes were hard to get. As a consequence other devices were resorted to, many of which were quite unique. Many will remember the small gourd cut and cleaned out in the shape of a dipper, with a long crooked handle, that used to hang on a bush near the spring, or a peg at the well, out of which the thirsty was always welcome to drink and refresh himself. It was not uncommon to see the shell of a turnip that had been scraped out used for drinking purposes. Many will remember, too, of having seen wooden cups and bowls cut out of soft wood by experts with jack-knives that were useful, if not very ornamental. It was not uncommon for the male portion of the inhabitants when very thirsty to lie down on the ground and drink out of the creeks, springs, etc. They sometimes turned up the rims of their hats, dipped them in the water, and drank in that way; and frequently the large leaves of the pawpaw bushes in their season would be plucked off and made into a ladle shape, which made an excellent substitute for a dipper to drink out of.

The lack of good water in the early times was the greatest drawback the first settlers had to contend with. The only pure water and the only water fit to drink was the water obtained from springs, but these were very rare and but a very small percentage of the people had access to them.

As a general rule the water obtained from wells was "surface water," full of malaria, and during the summer months, when it was drunk in larger quantities than at any other season of the year, it was sure to bring on ague, bilious fever, typhoid fever, flux and other summer complaints, often to an alarming extent, and frequently it was not an uncommon thing for entire families to be prostrated with some of these diseases at the same time.

The ague was the most prevalent of the different varieties of malarial diseases, and it came on every day, every other day, every three days, every seven, fourteen and twenty-one days, and was known as the "chills and fever," "fever'n ager," "shakes" and the like. To the newcomer it was a holy terror, but it was no respecter of persons. It attacked old and young alike. In the fall of the year, after all had gone through the summer's siege of this hated disease, nearly everybody looked pale and sallow like they had been frostbitten. It came on with a chill, which usually developed into a shake that would make one's teeth chatter so that the sound could be heard for some distance about the cabin. The shaker covered himself with blankets and comforters, no matter how hot the weather was, and he shook and shook and shook until his bones fairly rattled. In an hour or two the chill went off and then came on the fever, followed by a thirst for water that could not be quenched. After two or three hours the fever passed off and the patient began to recuperate sufficiently to get up and walk about. But oh, how miserable he did feel! In many cases it was impossible to get rid of it and it had to be endured until frost came and killed the malaria that produced it.

The year 1850, when the entire population of the county was only about 5,000, more deaths occurred than during any year before or since on the basis of population. From the census report which was made on the first of June of that year the total number of deaths from the diseases named was set down at 133. That was June 1. It is quite probable that a great many more deaths occurred during July, August, September and October, so that it is fair to estimate that not less than 300 souls were removed by death caused by malaria, generated through impure water during that year!

A note by the census taker stated that "this year has been remarkable for the unusual number of deaths. A very fatal disease known here as typhoid fever has prevailed to an alarming extent in the center of the county and spread in all directions, reaching to the extreme parts of the county. The flux, bilious and scarlet fever have also been prevalent."

The physicians here at that time were not very well read and were scantily supplied with medicines which were supposed to be specifics for these diseases and half the time not knowing what the real ailment of the patient was, probably a large per cent died for lack of proper medical knowledge and attention.

In those days most of the doctors considered "bleeding" necessary to get the patient's system in proper condition to receive medical treatment. When he arrived he looked wise, felt the patient's pulse, examined the tongue, shook his head to indicate that it was a dangerous case and that bleeding was necessary! The clothing was removed from the patient's arm, a string tied tightly around it above the elbow to stop the circulation, a bowl or pan was procured to catch the blood, the doctor took his lance,

ripped open the vein, and the blood spurted out two or three feet high. Sometimes half a bowl full would be drawn from the patient before the flow could be stopped. The next thing was to administer a dose of calomel and jalap. As a general thing this would take his insides out and salivate him so his gums and teeth would be permanently ruined. If the patient recovered under this treatment the physician was considered "the best doctor in the country," and his praises were sounded far and wide. If he died, his death was attributed to the inscrutable interposition of Divine Providence!

Driven Wells.

During the Civil war, or perhaps a little later, driven wells were invented, that is, procuring water through hollow pipes driven into the ground to a considerable depth, far enough, at least, to go below the surface water. As pure water could be procured through these wells they became at once very popular. Well drivers became numerous, every neighborhood having one or more. Whenever a resident wanted a well on his premises he employed one of these well drivers to put one down for him. It happened that these driven wells had been patented, that is, the "process" had been patented by the United States patent office, and as these well drivers did not have permission from the patentees to use their process every well driven into the ground was liable to pay a royalty, which was fixed at $10 by the United States district court. About 1879 the owners of Green's patent, having secured the names of all owners of driven wells, sent them notices that they were indebted to the patentees for infringement of their patent in the well driven on their premises in the sum of $10 and unless it was paid within a reasonable time a suit would be brought against them in the United States district court to recover the amount. As might be expected, this created great excitement among the people owning driven wells, as they had paid the well drivers for putting down the wells and they supposed that was all there was of it. The excitement increased as it extended to every township in the county and finally resulted in the organization of an Anti-Driven Well Association to resist the payment of the royalty demanded. It was a Plymouth organization, but quite a number of members belonged to it from various localities throughout the county. A legal opinion as to the probability of successfully resisting the payment of the royalty was secured from the law firm of Baker, Hord & Hendricks, of Indianapolis, to the effect that similar cases had been brought against the patentee and in every case his patent had been sustained, giving him the lawful right to collect royalty on all infringers. At the same time the agent of the patentee, fearing a long siege of litigation, proposed that he would compromise with the members of the association for $5 on each well, half the amount originally asked. The legal opinion, together with this proposition, was made to the association at a called meeting, and in view of the uncertainty of succeeding in the courts, the proposition was accepted, each of the members paying $5 for each well, and the association disbanded. For a considerable time it created quite a bitter feeling among those who wanted to fight it out and those who favored compromising. Finally most of those having wells paid up and the matter was dropped. While the royalty collected from the people was not far removed from highway

robbery, yet the wells did more to improve the health of the community by furnishing pure water and driving out malaria than anything that ever occurred.

XXVI. CLEARING UP FARMS.

The clearing up of farms was the hardest work the pioneer farmer had to do. The land was mostly covered with a heavy growth of timber, which had to be cut down and rolled into log heaps, and the limbs, etc., piled into what was called "brush heaps" and burned, which, as the timber was green and full of sap, was a very slow process, and frequently took several seasons before the chunks were all consumed. The slaughter of the very best kind of timber in those early days is something fearful to contemplate now by the people living away down here three-quarters of a century since then, when the country has been almost entirely denuded of some of the finest timber that ever grew out of the earth. At that time there was no particular use for it, and the only object was how best and the cheapest way to get rid of it. The finest stately poplars, the tall oaks, the ash, and above all the different varieties of walnut, of which the black walnut was afterwards found to be the most valuable because particularly adapted to the manufacture of furniture, came down by the woodman's ax. In after years the walnut timber that grew upon the land was found to be more valuable than the land itself.

When the timber on a piece of land had been felled and was ready to roll, the neighbors for miles around were invited to a "log rolling" and with several yoke of oxen to help in hauling the logs together, the work was soon done. The ground was generally covered with underbrush and small saplings, and the roots had to be taken out with a mattock and grubhoe, and this primitive implement had to be operated by main strength, and those who know how it is themselves know that it was the hardest kind of work. Stock, such as cattle, hogs, sheep and horses, ran at large, and so the clearing had to be fenced, and this was done with rails split from the trees near by. An iron wedge, a few "gluts," an ax and a maul were the implements used, and as in "grubbing," the splitting had to be done by main force.

To fence a forty-acre lot was a long, tedious job, and many a man ruined his health by long continuance at this kind of labor. But after this work was done, there was a harder job still—that of plowing the ground. There were no chilled plows in those days, and the first plowing of the ground was nearly always done with a large breaking plow and wooden moldboard, to which were hitched two or three or more yoke of oxen. When the ground had been gone over it had more the appearance of having been rooted up by the hogs than having been turned over with a plow. Plows met with roots and stones every few rods, and many is the time that he who held the plow handles was hit in the side or in the umbilical region by the handles when the plow struck a big root, and had the breath knocked out of him before he knew what the matter was.

Usually the first crop planted was corn, and between the rows was planted the old-fashioned "Hoosier punkin." It was worth all that was raised to keep the chipmunks, wild squirrels, blackbirds and crows from stealing all

the seed that was planted. Usually the corn rows near the fence and woods would have to be replanted two or three times, and even then if half the hills came up it would almost invariably be destroyed while in the roasting-ear before it matured.

The ground was very rich, and it was a race from start to finish between the weeds and corn as to which could outgrow the other. The weeds that caused the most trouble, and were the greatest annoyance, were the wild nettles. To touch them was equal to the sting of a bee, and the more one tried to keep clear of them the more one was sure to run into them.

As soon as the ears of corn turned from the milk into the grain they were used by the family for food. They were cooked in various ways, whichever was the most convenient. They were boiled, roasted before the fire, the grain cut off the cob and fried, or boiled in a kettle with beans, with a piece of pork for seasoning; and when a fellow was real hungry, with a piece of hot corn bread, and a bowl of sweet milk, there was nothing like it in the heavens above or in the earth beneath.

When the corn ripened, and before the frost came, the stocks were cut off close to the ground and set up in shocks of the proper size, larger at the bottom and small at the top, tied with a band made of smaller stalks or of bark or grass.

It was after the corn had been cut and shocked from one of these fields that our own Hoosier poet, James Whitcomb Riley, drew his inspiration for that charming bit of poetry that touches a tender chord in the breast of every one who has breathed the pure air of country life and the farm, and which is inserted here as a fitting conclusion to this brief sketch:

When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's in the shock,
And you hear the kyouck and gobble of the struttin' turkey-cock,
And the clackin' of the guineys, and the cluckin' of the hens,
And the rooster's hallylooyer as he tiptoes on the fence;
O it's then's the time a feller is a-feelin' at his best,
With the risin' sun to greet him from a night of peaceful rest,
As he leaves the house, bare-headed, and goes out to feed the stock,
When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's in the shock.

They's something kindo' harty-like about the atmosphere
When the heat of summer's over and the coolin' fall is here—
Of course we miss the flowers, and the blossoms on the trees,
And the mumble of the hummin'-birds and buzzin' of the bees;
But the air's so appetizin', and the landscape through the haze
Of a crisp and sunny morning of the airly autumn days
Is a pictur' that no painter has the colorin' to mock—
When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's in the shock.

The husky, rusty rustle of the tossels of the corn,
And the raspen' of the tangled leaves, as golden as the morn;
The stubble in the furries—kindo' lonesome-like, but still
A-preachin' sermons to us of the barns they growed to fill;
The strawstack in the medder, and the reaper in the shed;
The hosses in their stalls below—the clover overhead!—
O it sets my heart a-clickin' like the tickin' of a clock,
When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's in the shock!

When your apples all is gethered, and the ones a feller keeps
Is poured around the cellar-floor in red and yeller heaps,
And your cider-makin's over, and your wommern-folks is through
With their mince and apple-butter, and their souse and sausage too,—

I don't know how to tell it—but ef such a thing could be
As the angel's wantin' boardin, and they'd call around on me,—
I'd want to 'commodate 'em-all, the whole endurin' flock,
When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's in the shock!

XXVII. JAMES M. GREER'S RECOLLECTIONS OF EARLY TIMES.

James M. Greer, Sr., who came to this county with his parents about the time of the organization of Marshall county, has lived in Bourbon township and vicinity ever since to the present time, has written several articles for the county newspapers giving his experiences and recollections of his pioneer days, from which the writer of this has permission to make the following extracts. Mr. Greer says:

"I have seen wild deer in the woods where Bourbon now stands. The deer was a great help to the pioneer in settling Marshall county, as he could have venison the year round. I have seen seventeen deer in one drove. They stay behind each other when running, with their hind feet wide apart and tail high in the air. The under side of a deer's tail is white, and as they jump high in running, their tails present quite a picturesque appearance. The young deer (called fawn) is spotted, the spots being about the size of a silver ten-cent piece. The fawn is said to be scentless. It appears that nature has provided them with that defense from ferocious animals. A neighbor told me he went out one moonlight night to his cornfield to watch for deer as they came into the cornfield to eat corn. He said he hid himself there to see what the deer would do when they came in the field. When they came they went to eating, and when they got done they went to playing. They skipped, jumped and ran in a circle, and it looked to him like they were playing some kind of a game. He watched them as long as he wanted to; then he shot one of them and that ended the game.

Feeding Cattle.

"Pioneers had a hard time to live and make ends meet. In the spring of the year the stock became poor. I have known men to cut down trees in the spring of the year so their stock could get the swelled buds to eat to keep them from starving until the grass got started. They put a bell on the stoutest one if there was one able to carry it. They would go to the lowland and marshes where the grass had started. They would wade into the marshes to get the grass and mire down. The owners wound hunt for them, but couldn't always find them. I recollect one cow that wasn't found until in summer, and then her horns was all that could be seen. In those days some of the marshes would almost mire a cat; there were a good many cows lost in that way. There were a good many cow bones that rotted in the marshes of Marshall county.

Going to Church.

"Going to church in pioneer days was termed 'going to meeting.' I will tell a narrative of preaching in pioneer days. Stuart Bailey, father of Wellington Bailey, of Plymouth, was a pioneer preacher. He told me that

he went in west of Plymouth to a pioneer settlement to preach. He said that he got to one of the pioneer dwellings after following a crooked trail through the woods until he was about given out. A boy was dispatched to the pioneers of the neighborhood to let them know the preacher had come and there would be preaching at his father's house that evening. About dusk the pioneers began to come in. The house was soon full. Rev. Stuart Bailey told me there had been pumpkins cut into rings and hung on poles overhead. He said that he took his stand beside a bed and went to preaching. He preached and they sang soul-stirring songs. Most all of them got to shouting. He said he was about exhausted and he fell back on the bed and looked at them jumping, shouting and knocking the pumpkin rings high and low. Religion was free in those days. We had it among us without money and without price, and I believe it to have been a far better article to that in general use among us at this time. The pioneer preachers of Marshall county preached because they were devoted to their religion and also for the love they had for the people, and not for money; they were earnest, honest, industrious men, and practiced what they preached. When my memory reverts to those happy boyhood years my eyes are filled with tears.

Corn Planting.

"The early settlers had to chop all winter to get some ground ready for corn in the spring. There would be fifteen or twenty log rollings in each neighborhood every spring; some men didn't get in more than four or five acres of corn—some ten. When the corn got into roasting ears the black and gray squirrels would go to eating it up. They were in great numbers. The children had to watch the squirrels out of the corn. At intervals they took the dogs and went around the field and drove them into the woods. The early settler had from one to three dogs. I think the county could hardly have been settled without the noble dog. They were all well trained for coon and deer. A good coon dog was considered worth $50. Some hunters would catch enough coons in one winter to pay for the dog. There was a greater demand for dogs sixty years ago than there is today.

Pioneer Hogs.

"When the early settlers first came to Marshall county they brought hogs with them. They put them in pens and kept them there until they got naturalized to the place, then they would be turned out and taught to come to a feeding place. The sows would stray to the woods after the mast and farrow; the pigs would get to be hogs and before found would be wild. The only way the owner would know the hogs were his was by the mark on the sow; every man had his sows marked. When the mast was good I have known men to kill their hogs off the mast that hadn't had a grain of corn. The meat would be soft and spongy. When the mast was scarce the hogs would be thin. The neighbors would help each other get their hogs up. Five or six men and that many dogs would go into the woods, catch them, tie them, haul them home, put them in a pen and feed them until they got fat enough to kill. Sometimes they wouldn't fatten; they would act like so many hyenas. They wouldn't eat and would have starved to death. It took a pen eight or ten feet high to hold them; I have known men to let them out because

they couldn't be fattened; they were wild hogs for certain. In those days the dog was a great friend to his master and an incalculable benefit.

A Den of Wolves.

"The timber wolf was of a dark color; they didn't do much harm. I could hear them howling at night in the woods. The dogs kept them away, the sheep were always shut up at night. Some men split slabs out of logs and set them in the ground and made a kind of fort for their sheep. There was a wolf that was called the prairie wolf; it was smaller than the timber wolf and about the color of a fox. They lived in the ground. My father found a den of them and I was with him when he dug them out. The old wolves were absent. There were five young ones in the den about as large as a tomcat. The county paid $3 each in county orders for wolf scalps. They would pay taxes. A wolf scalp is the skin off the top of the head with the two ears attached. There were wild cats also; their heads were shaped like a bulldog's; they were of a gray color and had a short thick tail. There was also an animal that was called a porcupine. Its body was covered with quills; they were very hard and tapered to a sharp point; when disturbed they would turn the sharp points out from the body and when in quietude they lay flat on the body. I have known dogs to kill them, but I never knew a dog to kill one that didn't have to be made fast and the quills pulled out of his mouth with a pair of pincers.

Beaver Dams.

"There was also beaver in Marshall county. One day, I don't know when, I saw large trees growing on what is said to be a beaver dam. It is said the beaver used his tail for a trowel. There were otters here, it is said. I never saw one, as they are hard to see. They are an aquatic animal. There were plenty of mink here in an early day; they were sought for their fur. There are some here yet. There were plenty of wild turkeys here when this county was first settled. I have seen good-sized droves of them. When I was big enough to handle a gun it was hard to get a shot at a turkey or deer. I got to shoot the black and gray squirrels. They finally became extinct and the red squirrel and the fox squirrel took their place. The red and fox squirrels are more of a domestic nature. When the first settlers came here they cut the timber down on a spot of ground big enough that the trees wouldn't reach the house. Then they built the house and moved into it. They didn't have to haul any wood for a long time. The wild turkey hens, not being aware of their new neighbors, would stroll up within a few rods of the house with a drove of small turkeys. If you would catch the little turkeys, the hen would go through all kinds of monkey-shines. She showed to be in distress.

"In the settling of Marshall county the prairie chickens were plentiful. They hatched in the marshes; they were speckled and about the size of a pheasant. I don't think they were as plentiful, though, as the quail around Moses' Israelite camp.

An Indian Doctor.

"In the early settling of Marshall county snakes, frogs and mosquitoes were beyond enumeration. People and stock were bitten by the rattlesnakes.

There were two kinds of rattlers, a big yellow one and a smaller one—a dirty brown. A man got bitten by one of these reptiles. They sent for an Indian doctor, and when he came he sat and looked at the sufferer and wouldn't do anything. The wife said to the doctor, 'Why don't you do something for him?' The doctor said, 'I want pay.' They soon got the spondulix and then the old Indian went to work. The Indians claimed there was an herb that grew in the woods for every ill that man was heir to. I am inclined to believe the Indians had some botanical instinct. There is no doubt but what the Indians could stop the effect of rattlesnake virus, but how extensive their knowledge was I don't know.

Pioneer Ague.

"Ague was prevalent among the early settlers; sometimes half the population would have the ague. It wasn't considered dangerous. When a man took the ague he would have a chill; when the chill went off he would have a high fever and vomit everything out that was in him. His head would ache like it would burst. This occurred every other day until broken up; quinine was the best remedy known to break it up, but in some cases it appeared that nothing would do it. I have known men to have it over a year before they could get clear of it. In those days quinine fluctuated; it was $4 per ounce at one time; many people were not able to buy it at any price. I think the ditching and driven wells had much to do with the obliteration of the ague.

Buck Ague.

"There was another kind of ague that was called buck ague. It would come on a man when he was about to get a shot at a buck—a deer, I mean. When a man got it bad he would shake so bad he could hardly hold his gun; there was never any fever after the chill went off. In this kind of an ague the man that got it didn't get any venison, as a rule.

Boot Makers, Etc.

"The pioneers, as a rule, made their own shoes. John Gibson, grandfather of Mrs. Broda Parks, tanned leather for the pioneers for a number of years. His son-in-law, Stephen Staley, bought the tannery and tanned leather for the pioneers for a number of years. A great many of the pioneers owned looms, and they made some beautiful blue cloth with a wool front and a cotton back. They wove some flannel cloth, took it to South Bend and had it fulled and called it full cloth. I have seen my mother spin sewing thread on a little wheel; she spun it from flax. I said the pioneers made their own shoes; it has been said that necessity is the mother of invention; I believe that is what invented so many shoemakers.

"James O. Parks settled on land now owned by Jennie Weaver and Ada Parks in 1836 and cleared several farms. He was elected to the legislature twice. His first opponent was John L. Westervelt, of Plymouth, and his second C. H. Reeve, of Plymouth.

"James Miner settled on the land now owned by Eli Shafer. The first ten acres of land he cleared and fenced he split the rails and carried them on his shoulder and built an eight-rail fence around the ten acres. He didn't own any team. He was a bachelor at that time, but he was not invincible, for Sallie Burnett wooed and won him.

"Andrew Bearinger's house stood on a knoll on the east side of the road from Graham Rose's. He had a son, David, who became enthused with a girl. He had a rival. The girl was pivotal—the one who got there first had an option on her company. One Sunday there was a church in a log schoolhouse. David's rival got around first and got the girl's consent to let him walk home with her. David walked along behind them for a hundred yards or so until he became so jealous that he couldn't stand it any longer. He struck his rival, when they went into a dog fight. Some of the old pioneers not far off hurried to the scene of the fracas and separated them.

"William Elder settled on the land now owned by Ebed Huffer. He was an industrious and an honest man and a fine railsplitter. He wore a knit cap the year round and was so badly tanned that he had a complexion like the red man of the forest. He would occasionally imbibe a little of the extract of corn. He said he didn't like the taste of it, but liked the funny effects it had on him.

"There were three of the Taylor brothers: Joseph, William and George. They were stout men. Joseph started one morning before daylight to help one of his neighbors plant corn. While passing through a woods he was attacked by two wolves. He heard them coming and backed up against a tree and fought them until daylight, when they left him. He was wet with sweat keeping them at bay with an eye hoe, or a 'nigger hoe,' as they were sometimes called. James O. Parks and Solomon Linn went to the woods one day to locate some land. When night came on they had to climb trees and stay there till morning to protect themselves from the wolves. I am inclined to think they got lost and couldn't find the road home."

Getting Lost in the Woods.

In one of his articles Mr. Greer incorporates a letter which he had received from one of the early pioneers, commending his efforts in preserving some of the early history of the county that otherwise would have been lost. That part of the letter giving some additional historical information is herewith reproduced as follows:

"My Dear Sir: I have been very much interested in reading your sketches of the early pioneers of the eastern portion of the county, and I want to thank you for the work you have done in preserving much useful and interesting historical matter which otherwise would have been lost to future generations. Your sketches are worthy of preservation, and the next history of the county, whenever it shall be written, will not be complete without at least a portion of them.

"I remember nearly all the pioneers you name, but until I read your articles many of them had been forgotten. I had a little experience in the region of country traversed by you in your sketches that came back to me vividly as I read the names of many who were living there then and still in the prime of early manhood. It was on the day of the August election in 1849 that it happened. The county politically was quite evenly divided between the Whigs and Democrats, and while the Democrats had a little the best of it they did not have a sure thing by any means. There was considerable local interest as to the outcome, and messengers were sent to the several polling places in the county to get the vote and carry it to the

county seat. I was a boy then, and was selected by the Democrats to go to Tip Town and bring back the returns of the election with all possible speed. I was furnished with a horse to ride and an untanned sheepskin in place of a saddle. As you may well remember, the roads were little traveled, and at best were but an elaboration of the Indian trails of those days, the trees being blazed along the route to guide the weary traveler on his way. I passed through Lycurgus, but I do not remember whether your father or you lived there then or not. I think there was a blacksmith shop there, but who 'the village blacksmith' was I do not remember.

"I reached Bourbon some time in the afternoon, and I thought it was the most dreary-looking place I ever saw. There were but a few log houses there then, and they stood in the midst of a wilderness of tall and stately forest trees. I remember one of the houses was built of logs and stood on the corner where is now the Matchette drug store. It was kept, I believe, by Robert Cornwall as a general store of small proportions. The only man I remember now of seeing was James O. Parks. He was the big man of the town at that time and for many years afterwards. I remember he directed me how to find my way to Tip Town. I got through all right, but owing to the 'red tape' method of the election board I did not get the returns until 7 o'clock. I started on the return trip as fast as I could go, but darkness soon came upon me. I lost the main road and was going I did not know where. I could hear the barking of many wolves in the distance in almost every direction, and what to do I did not know. I kept going, however, and finally came in sight of the smoke from a chimney in the woods. I hurried on, and when I reached it I found it was the old Perrin homestead. I told the family that I had missed the road to Plymouth and wished to be directed how I could find it. They told me it would be dangerous to attempt to go any farther in the 'pitch darkness' through the woods, and it did not take a great deal of coaxing to persuade me to put up my horse and stay all night. I did not sleep much that night. The excitement of the day and evening, the strangeness of the surroundings, the yelping of the wolves and the hooting of the night owls, and the thousands of mosquitoes that insisted on presenting their bills made sleep almost impossible. I was up and out by break of day next morning, and after traversing the woods and Indian trails I brought up at the cabin of the elder Elliott, 'The Pilgrim,' as he called himself, some place in the region of Inwood. He made hickory chairs, I believe, and called his place 'Pilgrim's Rest.' He directed me how I could find Plymouth, and I hurried on, arriving there about noon, much to my own relief and to the relief of my parents and friends, who imagined all sorts of calamities had befallen me. Before I arrived home the returns already in showed that the Democratic ticket was elected, and thus ended my first experience in practical politics."

Ramps.

"There was a plant that grew in the thick woods in Marshall county that covered the ground all over and was called ramps; some people called them leeks. The cows would eat them and the butter couldn't be used. A cow's breath would almost vomit a man if he got a full blast of it. The wild turkeys would eat them and when a man killed a turkey that was rampy it was thrown away. I think the hog was the agent that caused the

ramps to become extinct; I think the ramp belongs to the onion or garlic family; they grew early in the spring and died in June, I believe. Wild onions grew in Marshall county; I have gathered them; they grew up slender and the part that grew in the ground was about the size of a lead pencil.

How They Cooked.

"The pioneers had no cook stoves; they cooked in front of the fireplaces in ovens, skillets, pots and on boards, and they baked what they called a John-a-cake on a board in front of the fireplaces; they had what they called a reflector, made of tin, and one side was open; it had an inclined top and a grate in it, and they would set a pan of biscuits on the grate, set the reflector in front of the fire and the heat would strike the inclined top and reflect on the biscuits and cause them to bake. They were good, too.

Cleaning Wheat.

"I have seen my father and two other men blow the chaff out of wheat with a sheet. One man would pour the wheat down in a small stream, the other two would furnish the wind with the sheet. That beat having no biscuits. Years ago there was a porous substance that grew on decayed trees; it was known as a sweet knot; it had a fine odor, and could be scented, when the wind was favorable, for a considerable distance. This knot was inhabited by small insects which made the perfume, so it was said by those who claimed to know.

"George H. Thayer settled on the land now owned by Milton Martin. He erected buildings, cleared the land and did blacksmithing. He also preached the gospel and was a talented and good man.

"John Greer settled on land half a mile south. He was a violinist. When I was a small boy I heard him play a piece he called 'Sugar in the Gourd.' I thought it was delightful. It might have been the sugar that made it sound so well. Some of the old pioneers used to keep sugar in a gourd. I suppose that is what the song started from. It went something like this:

Sugar in the gourd,
  Sugar all about;
It's hard to get it in
  And hard to get it out.

"Samuel R. Coons settled on lands that are now owned by Mrs. Vernet. He was somewhat of a politician and wanted to be sheriff, but never got there. J. B. McFarlin was a very sociable man and loved to sing. He compiled the books of the Old and New Testament into song. I have heard him sing it. It sounded pretty well.

"North and northwest of Bourbon John Greer built a house in June, 1836, on the land where the Bourbon schoolhouse now stands. He moved into it in September, and lived there six weeks before a white man came to the territory to live. Solomon Linn settled on land half a mile north of the main corners of Bourbon on the west side of the road. The front is now mostly covered with town. He came here in 1836, erected buildings, cleared a good farm, lived there many years, and there he died."

XXVIII. FARM MACHINERY AND HARVESTING.

It was only a year or two after the clearing off of the ground, and the first crop of corn had been raised, until the grounds were sown in wheat. There were no drills in those days, and the wheat had to be sown "broadcast." This was done in this way: A bushel and a half or two bushels were put in a sack, and thrown over the shoulder of the "sower." Stakes were set up at certain distances, at each side, on the top of which a white flag was attached. These were generally fifteen or twenty feet apart. The sower threw the sack over his left shoulder, the grain divided equally in the middle, with the front end partially opened so as to admit the right hand. The sower then started on his journey across the field, stepping about three feet at a stride and at every step taking out a handful of grain and sowing it "broadcast" before him. After a little experience, nearly all to whom that part of the farm work was assigned became quite expert, and the wheat came up very evenly all over the field. The ground was generally dragged with a wooden harrow drawn by a yoke of oxen. Sometimes the grain was "brushed" in; that is, the top limbs of small trees were pulled over the ground, which was an excellent substitute where harrows were not obtainable.

After the grain had grown and ripened, the next thing was to harvest it, and this was done in this part of the country, at the time of which we write, almost entirely with what was called a "sickle," an agricultural implement almost entirely unknown to the present generation of farmers. It was a small implement made of steel in a crescent shape, and having a handle fitted to a tang. It had one side of the blade notched so as always to sharpen with a serrated edge so that when inserted into the grain it would be easily cut off, the reaper holding the stocks by the tops with the left hand, and pulling steadily, but firmly, with the right hand.

Harvesting grain in this way was something that had to be learned, and without an exception those who first attempted it were sure to cut the lower part of the left little finger, which always left a scar by which he could ever after prove that he belonged to the great army of reapers. The writer has a "certificate" that he is one of 'em. Half an acre, or three-quarters, at most, was as much as the average reaper could cut and bind in a day. The swath was generally, according to the size of the man, and the reach of his arms, from three and a half to four feet in width.

The operation has been described by a writer as follows: "The first movement was to cast the sickle into the standing grain, compelling it to lean somewhat toward the reaper, and then dexterously throwing forward the left leg, the grain was further led into the desired position; then by throwing around it the right leg and the left arm and hand, it was in a position to be cut off by the sickle, ten or twelve inches above the ground, and dropped from the left hand of the reaper into piles. On the return, to rest his back, the reaper, carrying the sickle on his shoulder, properly twisted into his suspender so as to hold it there, he bound into sheaves the grain he had cut through the field and started in again. Usually five to ten persons composed these bands of reapers, one man following another, and their gyratory movements at cutting a half acre each per day would be a sight to the driver of the present stately harvesters.

"Previous to 1840 the grain was thrashed, either with the flail or was tramped out with horses. Two men could flail out and winnow about twelve bushels per day, and two men and a boy, with horses, could tramp out and winnow about twenty bushels a day. The winnowing, or separating the grain from the chaff, was done by the hand sieve, pouring the mixed chaff and grain from above, two men at the ends of a bed sheet so vibrated it as to make a current of air which blew the chaff to one side, while the heavier grain fell in a pile at their feet."

The "flails" referred to above were a very awkward implement to handle, and if it so happened that he who used it was himself awkward, he would frequently get a knock on the head that would make him see stars. The handle part was about three and a half feet long, somewhat larger than an ordinary hoe handle. At the upper end a small auger hole was bored, through which a rope or cord was run. The upper part of the flail was a round piece of wood, larger than the handle, about a foot and a half long. An auger hole was bored through one end, and it was securely tied to the handle, leaving the rope a play of two or three inches. The operator raised the flail high above his head and brought it down with all the strength he could command. He kept on beating the heads of the sheaves until the grain was all loosened, when it was cleaned as above stated.

It was probably in the '40s that the "cradle" began to be introduced here. It was a wonderful improvement over the sickle, and the man who owned a cradle and knew how to use it was considered to have a fortune within his grasp. The scythe, up to that time, had been used solely to cut hay, which was cured on the ground and stacked in heaps without binding. In using these scythes, some one caught the idea that a frame with fingers that would hold the stalks of wheat and enable the cutter to lay it down with the heads together in one direction for binding, attached to the ordinary mowing scythe would be just the thing, and so it came to pass that the wheat cradle was invented. It was quite a nack to handle these cradles, and besides it was very laborious work. Usually a man could cut a swath four or five feet wide as rapidly as an expert could bind it in bundles.

It was about this time that wooden wind mills for cleaning wheat, that is, separating the chaff from grain, began to make their appearance, and this was a most valuable improvement over the old primitive method of manipulating a bed quilt or sheet for the purpose of producing wind to drive out the chaff.

XXIX. FARM PRODUCTS—COON AND DEER HUNTING—SUGAR CAMPS.

It was hard "scratching," you may be sure, the first few years, to get enough wholesome food to live on after the pioneers settled near Maxinkuckee lake. Corn, at first, was the staple product, as its growth was rapid and it could be used from the time it was in the milk stage until it ripened, about the time when "the frost was on the 'punkin' an' the fodder's in the shock." As soon as the ears began to "blister" they began to be plucked for use by roasting before the fire, by cutting the corn from the cob and

frying and boiling, and cooking in various other ways. When the beans began to mature, a favorite dish was a pot of boiled corn and beans with a piece of fat pork to give the proper flavor. Potatoes and turnips, rutabagas, pumpkins and squashes, peas and onions, beets, cucumbers, lettuce, radishes, and all kinds of garden vegetables among which were all varieties of melons, were planted and grew in abundance, and of the very best quality. The woods, too, were full of a great variety of wild fruits, such as huckleberries, blackberries, raspberries, gooseberries, cranberries, wild cherries, paw paws, black and red haws, crab apples and plums, and other fruits in their season.

And there was also an abundance of all kinds of wild game used for food, such as deer, turkeys, quails, ducks, prairie chickens, wild geese, pheasants, squirrels, and fish by the barrel whenever the big seine was drawn in the lake, so that, although it was quite different from what it is in these days of fancy dishes, the menu was sufficiently palatable and nutritious for all practical purposes.

Buckwheat was a favorite crop, as it matured rapidly and required less labor to produce it than other grains. Hot buckwheat cakes for breakfast, with a plentiful supply of wild honey or maple molasses made a meal fit for a king.

Almost every farm had a sufficient number of maple trees to open a sugar camp. Sugar troughs were made out of small poplar trees chopped out with an ax and adz and placed near the tree which was to be "tapped." "Spiles," as they were called, were made out of the branches of elder bushes. They were made about one foot in length, split in half, lengthwise, after which the pith was removed, thus forming a channel for the water to run into the trough. Holes were bored into the trees, into which the spile was inserted. The trough was placed under the end of the spile through which the water, as it ran from the tree, was carried and emptied. A sugar camp was established at a convenient place on the grounds, a furnace was made of "niggerheads" arranged so that large kettles could be set in and heated from below. Sometimes a pole held in the forks or crotches of stakes at each end would be used to hold up the kettles so that fire could be kept burning underneath. Large wooden barrels or tanks were kept standing near by, into which the sugar water would be emptied as it was drawn in on sleds or carried by hand in wooden buckets as fast as the troughs were filled. Usually it was made the duty of the women and girls of the family to boil the water down to the molasses or sugar point, while the "old man" and the boys chopped and hauled the wood for fuel, and looked after the taking care of the water. There was a good deal of work about these primitive sugar camps, and it required a good deal of experience to ascertain just where the molasses point ended and the graining, or sugar point began. Frequently when the "stirring off" time came the young people of the neighborhood for miles around would congregate at a favorite camp, have a molasses pulling and make a night of it and the "boys would go home with the girls in the morning." These were joyful times for the young people of those primitive days. Sugar making time was always in the spring of the year when the flowers were just budding into bloom and making the air fragrant with their sweetness; when the woodlands were clothed in their habiliments of living green; when the bird songsters sang joyously in the rich foliage, and all nature

joined in the glad anthem. Really the people were very happy then. They were the children of nature and knew nothing of the annoyances and perplexities of the break-neck world in which we are now living.

Canned fruits were not known in those days. Peaches and apples, after they began to be raised, were cut into pieces, and strung on a thread to dry. All kinds of wild cherries were spread out on a cloth and dried in the sun. When sufficiently cured they were put in a sack and hung up on a peg handy for use when wanted. Pumpkins and squashes were cut into thin rings, peeled and hung up on a pole to dry.

When deer were killed, the saddles, or the hams, were partially dried, or "jerked," as it was called, as in this way it could be kept longer for use and was more palatable than when salted and preserved in brine. The hides were neatly dressed and trimmed, and tacked up to the gable end of the house to dry.

The common American deer was the only variety found here when this county was first settled by the whites. This graceful animal was the most useful of all the wild game found here at that time. Its flesh was a very palatable and easily digestible article of food, its skin was made into various articles of clothing, and especially for moccasins, both for the Indian and the white man. Its horns were useful for handles for different kinds of cutlery, and its sinews for bow strings and other uses. During the day they usually retired to thickets and swamps, coming out to feed and drink by night, although they were frequently seen in daylight. In the winter they lived on buds of the wild rose, brambles, and various berries and leaves, and in spring and summer on the tenderest leaves and grasses. Sometimes when the males would meet tremendous battles would ensue, resulting often in the death of one or both of the combatants. In January their horns would drop off, after which they would live peaceably, as if conscious of their weak and defenseless condition. The young were generally born in May or June. They were carefully concealed, and were visited by their mother by day only occasionally, as at morning, noon and night. These fawns were easily domesticated, but they were troublesome pets, and were seldom kept any great length of time. The mother was much attached to her young and the imitation of their cry was often practiced by the Indians to bring the mother within reach of their weapons. The young, until about the age of four months, were bright reddish brown, with irregular white spots; after that age the spots disappeared and they resembled the old ones. Preferring to roam at night in search of food, they frequented the banks of lakes and water courses and salt licks, where they were easily destroyed. In walking, the deer carried his head low, the largest animal usually leading the herd, which went in single file. When alarmed it gave two or three high and exceedingly graceful springs, and if he saw any danger, he rushed off with the speed of a race horse, running low with the head in line with the body. They took to water readily, and could swim with their bodies deeply submerged, and so rapidly that nothing but an Indian canoe could easily overtake them.

There were expert hunters and fishermen in those days, those who knew where the runways of the deer were, who knew all about their peculiarities and habits, and those who were familiar with the best fishing holes in the

lake and river, and what sort of fishing tackle was the best to use to capture the various kinds of fish that were the most numerous at that time.

The guns used then in hunting deer and other wild animals were rifles loaded with a single ball, instead of the double barrelled shot gun now in almost universal use, so that the hunter, if he missed his aim, or failed to hit his game the first time, before he could load and fire again the fleet footed skipper would be a mile or so away in the woods and underbrush. If the shot happened to strike the deer and wound him, not so severely, however, as to prevent him from running, sometimes a long chase would ensue before he was finally tired out and exhausted by the "hounds" that were sent after him. If it happened to be a big buck with horns like an elk, after his fright was over he would occasionally turn and fight his pursuers. The barking of the dogs would frequently hold him at bay until the hunter could overtake him and fire another shot which would almost always bring him to his knees and finally result in his capture.

The animal was usually skinned, and only the hide and saddles and tallow carried home, unless it was a small animal and there was more than one hunter, in that case the legs of the deer would be tied together, a pole passed between them, and it would be carried home on the men's shoulders.

There were pretty good marksmen among the old pioneer hunters, those who could pick a squirrel out of the tops of the highest trees, and had no trouble in hitting wild turkeys and other wild fowl, that couldn't hit a deer one time in a dozen. The sight of a deer within shooting distance would invariably give him what was called the "buck ager," that is, his nerves would become unstrung and he would shake and tremble like an aspen leaf, making it impossible for him to hold his gun steady enough to get a focus on the animal, and so, if he fired and happened to hit him it was by accident. Those who were afflicted with this annoying disease seldom overcame it. It was a chronic ailment from which there seemed to be no relief.

Deer were very plenty in the region of Maxinkuckee lake. They went in families, or droves, and had regular runways from their feeding grounds to the lake and river where they went to drink. Near these watering places salt would sometimes be scattered, and these cunning animals soon cultivated a taste for this saline substance, and could be frequently found at these "licks" if the hunter could secrete himself so as not to be seen.

It was not an unusual sight to see eight or ten deer running through the prairies or woods, and the writer, when a small boy, remembers of having seen a drove of twenty, running tandem through an open stretch of ground about one-half mile from his father's house. They were running in a leisurely lope, with their short white tails erect. It was an exciting and beautiful sight, one that will never be forgotten.

Many hunting stories are still remembered, some of which, although strictly true in every way, will be hard to be believed by the present generation.

Sidney Williams, who settled in the territory now known as Walnut township, in the vicinity of Argos, was an expert rifleman, and if he had half a chance he was sure to bring down his game every time, and in many of his hunting tours he frequently brought in from one to half a dozen deer. On one occasion he saw a large buck feeding on an island in a

marsh not far away. He told the hunter who was with him that he would have that animal, and perhaps three or four others that were grazing in the bushes near by. The buck on the island was a sentinel to give warning to those in the bushes of approaching danger, for, it should be known that these animals have a system of signals to enable them to flee from danger as have other noncombatants. Williams prepared himself for his trip across the marsh by cutting a willow bush and sticking the stem under his coat collar and letting the branches hang over his head while he crept on his hands and knees about forty rods until he got within shooting distance.

The deer looked in astonishment at the moving bush, but before he could make out what it was, Williams had leveled his gun, taken aim, pulled the trigger and the deer fell dead, the ball having passed through its heart. Two other fat sleek fellows came out of the bushes to see what the matter was. One of them was killed, but the gun failing to "go off" the other escaped by running away as fast as his legs could carry him.

At another time he started after a gang of nine deer early in the morning. At first he commenced firing light charges. He followed them up, increasing the charges until they became used to it and did not appear to be disturbed by the sound of the gun. He succeeded in shooting the leader, after which the balance of the gang became confused so that they did not know what to do or where to go. Williams continued to drop one every shot until at four o'clock in the afternoon he had the entire gang of nine deer scattered around so near together that in less than two hours he had secured a wagon and a man to help him, and had them loaded and ready to start for home!

At another time, another hunter of the neighborhood, with a pack of dogs started up five deer which were chased to the bluff on Maxinkuckee lake. It was in the winter season of the year and the lake was frozen over with a coating of smooth ice. The deer went down the bank, struck the ice and fell perfectly helpless. An ax was secured and all five of the deer were knocked in the head and killed.

If the reader has any doubt about the truthfulness of this story, a blank affidavit will be secured, properly filled out and affirmed to, and filed as an evidence of good faith in the archives of the Ananias club.

There were fur traders all through this region at that time, who visited the various settlements periodically and paid good prices for all kinds of hides.

Raccoons were plenty all through the woods, and coon hunting by the light of the moon was a favorite amusement for the boys, and even the old men occasionally enjoyed the exciting sport. A good coon dog was a necessity. Without a dog that could scent the track of a coon, run him down, tree him and hold him there, and bark so you could follow him up and find "where he was at," it would be next to impossible to catch any of these night prowlers.

Sometimes two or three coons would be run up the same tree. They usually went as near the top as possible and hid in the forks. If the moon shone bright enough they could sometimes be brought down by a rifle shot, but this did not often happen. If some of the boys could climb the tree and had courage enough to do so, his coonship might be punched off of his perch with a stick, and if he fell to the ground he was sure to be caught. If

the dog understood his business. Usually, however, to secure the game the tree had to be chopped down. The dog watched which way it was falling and by the time it was down he was at the top, among the limbs, ready to catch his victim if he had not been killed or crippled in the fall of the tree. Then a fight for life would ensue, for these raccoons were warriors from away back. If the dog could hold them until the hunters could get to his assistance the tragedy was ended and the defenseless animal was knocked in the head with an ax and killed. If there was more than one, the others would generally get away and climb the nearest tree, when, if they were captured, the same operation would be gone through with.

Sometimes in the race after coons, the dogs would scare up a polecat, and, pressed too close, he would open his perfume sack and the sickening stench he would emit was enough to knock a strong man down. There is probably no smell on earth so deathly nauseating as that of this spunky little animal, if you happen to be in close proximity to him when he decides to give you an illustration of the manner in which he defends himself. He is provided with a small sack in which the fluid is deposited. When closely pressed the fluid is emitted and "switched" into the face of the enemy from the end of his long bushy tail. It is an efficient weapon, for the odor is so exceedingly strong that even animals turn and run to get away from it. They are of the weazel family, and live mostly on fowls of various kinds. In the early days the woods were full of them, but of late years they have become almost extinct, for which—thanks!

There was another little animal, quite numerous about that time, that also had a peculiar but very effective way of defending himself—the porcupine. He was furnished with quills upon his body covered with sharp prickles, some of which were as much as twelve inches long, and capable of being erected at pleasure. When attacked he rolled his body into a round form, in which position the prickles were presented in every direction to the enemy. The ends of the quills were as hard and sharp as the points of steel darning needles, and no animal could touch him without being severely punished. He would remain rolled up in a round form until the danger had passed, when he would undo himself and go about his business.

At that time there were also panthers and catamounts lurking about through the woods, and an occasional black bear was seen between 1835-40, but these animals being dangerous to the inhabitants were soon killed and driven out by the white hunters and Indians who were still in that region.

XXX. PRIMITIVE SAW MILLS—WIGWAMS AND HOW INDIANS LIVED.

The splendidly cultivated farms, the substantial brick and frame houses with their elegant and comfortable furnishings, the large and well filled bank barns, with sheds and buildings in which all kinds of farm machinery is housed ready for use when wanted, are in striking contrast with the dwellings and general outfit of the pioneers who were here at the beginning of the settlement of the county and for many years afterwards.

Prior to 1850 there was probably not, outside of Plymouth, half a dozen houses built of any other material than logs. Up to that time, at least, there was no steam saw mills, and only two or three water mills where lumber was sawed. There was one of these mills at Wolf creek and one at Plymouth. This latter mill was located on Yellow river about half way between Zehner's flouring mill and the dam a short distance above. Evidences of the old dam and race are still visible. Milburn Coe was the pioneer who had the courage to establish this early enterprise. Each of these mills was operated with a single upright saw, and the amount of lumber manufactured did not begin to supply the demand for doors, window frames, floors, etc., and was too expensive to put into houses.

The water power by which these mills were operated was very uncertain. The dams were constructed of brush, limbs and logs, dirt and stone, and for many years, every time there was a freshet these dams would generally go out with a rush and a roar. In 1850 a heavy rain and sudden rise of water in Wolf creek carried away the dam. Robert C. Bliven, who happened to be out about the center of the dam, was caught in the break, carried off in the great rush of water and drowned. It took a long time to repair broken dams, and in the meantime the mills stood idle, often for many months, and so the supply of lumber was at no time for many years equal to the demand.

Before these mills were built there was some lumber sawed with what was called "whip saws," and the first sawed boards the writer ever remembers to have seen were manufactured in this way. It was a very slow process, this cutting lumber with a whip saw, but it supplied boards for doors, sash, casings, etc., and therefore was a step in advance of the broad axe. A platform ten or twelve feet high was erected, on to which small poplar logs were "skidded" up poles placed in a slanting position. The saw was about six feet in length, with long handles, and was operated by two men, one on top of the platform, and the other underneath, on the ground. The top man pulled the saw up and the man on the ground, with a bandanna tied over his eyes to keep the sawdust out pulled it down. It was very slow and very hard work, and beyond the actual wants for the purposes named, no lumber was sawed. The size of the boards was very irregular. If, when the saw started in, the board was an inch and a quarter, or an inch and a half, there was no telling what it would be in the middle, or at the end when it came out. When the saw got a start in one direction it was hard to get it turned back, and then it was likely to go as far the other way before it could be checked and brought into the line marked out for it to follow. If any of these boards are still in existence they ought to be preserved as relics of the beginning of our civilization. They would be a great curiosity to the present generation.

There being no lumber, brick, or other materials out of which houses could be built, the next best thing was to construct them out of logs. But before attempting a description of these early cabins, it will be interesting to many to give a brief pen picture of the Indians found here, their wigwams, and the mode of living at the time the first white settlement was made.

The Indians that were here then, estimated to be about 1,500 in the entire county, lived in what is generally known as "wigwams." They were

made out of poles set in the ground some distance apart, and coming together five or six feet at the top where they were securely tied together with strings made of rawhide, hickory or other bark. They were enclosed with limbs and brush, outside of which was a covering of hides of deer, fox, and other animals to shed the rain and snow, and to keep out the cold in winter. In front of the wigwam was an opening for passage in and out, which had for a door skins of animals fastened together, and tied to the poles at the top, from which it hung loose to the bottom.

The furnishings of these primitive dwellings were very few, plain, and simple. They had no chairs, stands, bedsteads, tables, cupboards or bureaus. The beds were of grass, leaves and mosses spread out on the ground and covered with the skins of animals dressed with the hair on. These hides were also sometimes used for covering, but the principal article of covering, however, was coarse woolen, or partly woolen colored blankets, furnished by the government, or purchased of traders who early found their way among the Indians in this part of the country.

These wigwams were generally located near the lakes and water courses, so that those who lived in them could easily supply themselves with water for drinking and cooking purposes, and fish, frogs and water fowl for food. They were supplied with very few cooking utensils, and, as a consequence, the provisions on which they lived were mostly eaten without cooking. Venison, fowl and fish were broiled over fires made of logs and limbs. They were cut into convenient pieces and held over the fire on the end of short sticks. They had no salt or pepper and their food was prepared without seasoning.

During the spring and summer the squaws cultivated small patches of ground with sharp sticks, stone shovels, and small iron hoes and picks, on which they raised Indian corn, potatoes, and other vegetables in small quantities. The male Indians supplied the wigwams with wild meats and fish, and this constituted the food supply of these early inhabitants.

Except in the winter season, when the weather was very cold, they wore a very scanty supply of clothing. Their footgear was moccasins made of soft tanned deer skin, and some of them were ornamented with a variety of colored beads worked into them in fantastic shapes, and they were otherwise adorned with colored ribbons, etc. Their shirts and trousers, as we call them, were made of tanned buckskin sewed together with strings made of hides, and were ornamented in various ways with fringes, beads, shells and other things to attract the eye of the beholder. All were provided with blankets which they wore over their shoulders, folded in their arms tightly around their bodies.

Very few of them wore any sort of head dress. They had no use for hats and caps. Their heads were covered with a heavy mass of coarse black hair, which, as they never had it cut, was all the protection they needed. The big Indians, the chiefs, and High-muck-a-mucks, of course, wore feathered headgear to distinguish themselves from the common everyday Indian. It is somewhat remarkable that the oldest inhabitant does not remember ever having seen an Indian with a bald head, or one with a full beard. As a race, they seem to have had an aversion to the beard, and occupied their leisure time, of which they had more than they knew what to do with, pulling out by the roots the thinly scattered hairs that showed themselves on their copper colored physiognomies.

XXXI. PRIMITIVE BRICK MAKING.

But there were other things than those which imply the drudgery of farming connected with farm life. Those who tell of the pioneer days are too apt to present the dark side of the picture—the toils and privations and sufferings that all the early settlers were compelled, by force of circumstances, to endure.

As years went by, other industries than chopping down trees and plowing up and planting the ground, and cultivating and harvesting the crops occupied the time of the people, and so it came to pass in the course of time that many diversified occupations sprang up that furnished less laborious and more congenial employment to many who were unable to do the work required in clearing and preparing the thick timbered lands for cultivation.

Brick making was a necessary industry that was early established in two or three places in the county. The first one that is remembered was located on what is now the Berlin farm, a short distance north of the present village of Rutland. All that region was settled as far back as 1836, and among the first inhabitants were Platt B. Dickson, and his sons, John, Bayless, Elias and Hugh; William Thompson, and his sons, Lewis, John, Eleazer and Ed; Thomas and Samuel McDonald; Daniel Hults and his sons, Joseph and Uriah; Tivis Porter, Vincent Brownlee, David Voreis, Hiram Lish and several others. The brick yard referred to was on the farm of Platt Dickson, to the west, in front of and across the road from the present residence of Thomas Berlin. A clay bank had been opened a mile west on the farm of John Dickson, out of which it was found fairly good bricks could be made. In excavating in this clay bank, when at a depth of ten or twelve feet from the surface, in breaking off a large lump of firmly cemented clay, a tree toad was found solidly embedded therein. It was removed from its imprisonment and placed on a board in the warm sun. In less than half an hour it came to life and hopped off as lively as if nothing had happened. How it came to be there and how it could retain the life principle, possibly for ages, and then again come to active life, is a conundrum which is respectfully referred to those who know more about it than the writer.

The writer has a very vivid recollection of that primitive brick yard. He was quite young, only having just entered into his teens, and his employment there—off-bearing bricks—was the first labor, other than doing "chores" around the house, he had ever performed. About an eighth of an acre of ground was scraped off until the soil was removed, and leveled down to the smoothness of a floor, when it was given a light coating of fine dry sand. The hollow trunk of a large size beech tree, about ten feet in length, sawed square off at each end, was procured. A shaft was placed in the center, fastened at the top in a hole made in two cross-bars, and at the bottom in a wooden socket. At the bottom of this shaft were four iron paddles shaped something like the screw paddles of a steam propeller, for the purpose of grinding the clay into mortar. On the top was fastened a crooked beam, which projected out and down a sufficient distance so that a horse could be handily hitched to the lower end. Into this beech gum hopper the dry clay was thrown until it was partly full when water was thrown upon it to give it the proper consistency, when the horse was

started to grinding. A square hole and a pit was made at the bottom, into which the mud was forced, and from here it was taken on wheelbarrows up a gang plank, and dumped on a large square table, where it was worked up by the molder into bricks and carried off in molds by the "off-bearer" and laid down on the yard in rows to dry.

It was considerable of a trick to fill the molds properly and expeditiously. An expert could usually fill up the molds as rapidly as three or four men or boys could carry them away and deposit them on the yard. Each mold was made to hold three bricks, the weight of which would probably be six or eight pounds. The molder stood at the table, mud before him, and a pile of sand near by. Before laying his mold on the table the off-bearer sanded it by dipping it into water and then into a box containing dry sand, so that the mud would not stick to the molds. The molder cut off with his right hand a chunk of mud which he supposed was sufficiently large to fill one apartment of the mold, rolled it in the sand to the shape of an old-fashioned "corn dodger," and slammed it into the mold with sufficient force to fill the apartment and make a perfect brick. The other apartments were filled in the same way. The surplus mud on top was cut off with a sharp, smooth wooden knife, and the mold was ready to be carried off by the off-bearer. The first were carried to the farthest part of the yard, the mold laid down on the lower edge and, with a quick motion, turned over and the mold removed, leaving the bricks to their fate. And so the process was continued until the yard was full of green bricks laid out in the sun to dry.

It was a very easy thing for one who couldn't get the hang of off-bearing to spoil more bricks in a day than his wages would come to. If he laid his mold down too close, he was sure to spoil the bricks in front by turning his mold over on them, and mashing them out of shape. In that event they had to be removed, and that took time in addition to spoiling them.

If the weather was warm and dry, a yard full of bricks could be made and taken care of in two or three days. After drying the first day, all hands had to help turn them bottomside up to the sun to dry. Sometimes a gathering cloud would indicate a sudden rain and then every one went to work carrying in the dry or partly dry bricks and piling them up in ricks under sheds built for that purpose. Frequently the rain would come up so suddenly that a whole yard full of green bricks would be drenched and entirely spoiled. Then the mud would have to be shoveled up and carted away to the dump, the yard scraped off and resanded, and work commenced again as before.

The most difficult task in connection with brickmaking in the olden times, and even yet, was placing them in a kiln in such a way as to permit the heat to penetrate all parts of the structure so that the bricks would be burned evenly throughout. Arches every three or four feet, extending through the kiln from one side to the other, into which it was necessary that fire should be kept constantly burning, had to be carefully constructed, and after the whole was completed it was tightly incased with bricks, and plastered over with soft mud all around. Air holes, and smoke holes were made in the top to regulate the smoke and heat, and when all was ready, fire was started in the arches, and the burning process was

begun. The heating was gradual at first, until the bricks were sufficiently hot to prevent breaking or cracking. Then the poplar rails and kindlings of various kinds were shoved into the arches the full length and everything was kept red hot for a fortnight when the fires were allowed to go gradually out, and the burning process was at an end.

It was necessary to keep the fires up night and day, and so the brick yard hands were divided off into two gangs, one to work in the day time, and the other to worry through the night. If the fires were allowed to go down, the effect was to injure the quality of the bricks; or, if they were made too hot, it was liable to result in making clinkers of those near the arches, twist them out of shape, and thus render them unfit for use.

The writer was left in charge of the red hot kiln one night, and directed to keep the fires going steadily. Between two and three o'clock in the morning, overcome by exhaustion and many nights of broken rest, he sat down by a post near one of the arches, and in spite of every effort to keep awake he dropped over, sound asleep. As good luck would have it, one of the proprietors, living near by, happening to awaken earlier than usual, came on the scene in time to prevent the fires from going out. When the sleeper awoke about seven o'clock in the morning, he found himself lying flat on the ground, his trousers legs full of straw, and a bouquet of dogfennel adorning his manly bosom. To say that he was frightened on account of the probability that, by his failure to keep awake, he had more than likely ruined the whole summer's work, and that he was ashamed of the sorry plight in which he found himself, would not half express the utter ridiculousness of the situation. After ascertaining, however, that no serious damage had been done, he gradually regained his equilibrium and all went well thereafter.

Those who composed the night forces during the burning of kilns were generally reinforced during the evenings by some of the neighboring boys, and a detail was usually designated to forage the chicken roosts, apple and peach orchards, corn fields and melon patches in the neighborhood, for provender for the night's meal. If the family dog did not make too much noise and arouse the lord of the household, but little trouble was ever encountered in securing everything necessary to provide a banquet fit for a king.

It sometimes happened, however, that old bowser, a little more wakeful than usual, kept up such a yelping as to arouse the man of the house, and in that event the foragers took to their heels and ran away as fast as ever they could go. They didn't always get away without the discovery being made as to who they were, and in that event it didn't require much of an effort to effect a compromise, it being generally understood in all the country round about that the brick burners were privileged characters. On one occasion the dog caught the forager by the coat tail just as he was climbing the fence. The struggle was sharp, short and decisive. The forager tore himself loose and made his escape, but left a large section of his coat tail on the other side of the fence.

The chickens were killed, dressed and roasted by holding them on sharp sticks before the red hot arches, and those who were detailed to do the cooking soon learned the art of roasting them to perfection, and, with the other articles which went to make up the bill of fare, a supper was spread

such as is seldom provided in these days of advanced civilization. One that is remembered consisted of roast chicken, roast squirrel, baked sweet and Irish potatoes, old-fashioned corn pone, baked green apples, "roastin' ears," new cucumbers and onions, sweet milk, new sweet cider, hot coffee, cherry pie and fried cakes. After that came the soothing corncob pipe and the delicious chew of pigtail tobacco. More relishable banquets at $50 a plate may have been partaken of at Delmonico's, but it wouldn't be believed by any of those who sat down to that midnight banquet nearly fifty years ago.

It was while here that the typhoid fever prostrated the writer to such an extent as to come near sending him to the sweet by and by. The summer was hot, the surface water full of malaria, and medicines and medical aid was almost impossible to be had. Dr. White, a long, lean, lank, cadaverous looking specimen of the genus homo, who had but recently located in Plymouth, was sent for. Of course he felt the pulse, looked at the tongue, and the first thing he did was to administer a dose of "calomel and jollup," strong enough to have killed an elephant. He said it was intended to do divers and sundry mysterious and marvelous things. It was to act as a purgative, and by producing salivation, would break up the disease and cure the patient. It did pretty much everything he said it would do, and a good many more, except cure him. It salivated him beautifully. His gums became a canker sore; his teeth loosened, and some of them fell out; he was parched and burning up with fever, but not a drop of water would they give him to drink. For several days his life hung on a very slender thread, and the doctor, looking wise and dignified, said he didn't believe he would ever recover. One night, however, after he had gained a little strength in spite of the doctor, when the watcher had dropped to sleep from exhaustion, he managed, in some way, to get out of bed and crawl to the water pail where he drank three or four tin cup fulls of water as fast as he could pour them down. When the watcher awoke and found what had happened, he aroused the household and immediately sent for the man of the saddle-bags, supposing, of course, that the patient would die within a short time. But he didn't. From that very minute the fever was broken, and in less than a week he was up and around, and in a short time had fully recovered.

XXXII. FISH AND FISHING STORIES.

The old time disciples of Izaak Walton were not provided with silver and nickle-plated reels, silk lines and silver jointed poles as the fishermen are in these flubdub days of fine things. Those who fished with hook and line had to put up with a hickory pole, a line half as big as your little finger, and hooks—if big fish were to be caught, large enough to pull in a small raft.

On Maxinkuckee lake, boats or canoes made of sawed boards were not known. The water craft in use then were made out of medium sized poplar trees. They were made much the shape of the modern fancy canoes so numerous on that beautiful lake at the present time. They were rounded off at the ends to a sharp point, dressed at the sides and bottom, and

dug out with an ax and adz so as to leave the sides and bottom the proper thickness. We have seen many of these "dug outs" that were, really, "a thing of beauty and a joy forever." Oar locks and oars were not known here then. A long pole was used to propel the boat, especially in the rivers, and also in the lakes until deep water was reached, when a single paddle was substituted.

Spearing, or "gigging," as everybody then called it, was the favorite mode of fishing for many years. This kind of fishing had to be mostly done at night with a light made of shell bark from hickory trees carried in an iron holder on the front of the boat, or in hand by an assistant. The glare of the light seemed to blind the fish, and also enable the fishermen to see large fish at a considerable distance. It required a good deal of practice and excellent judgment as to how far away he was to hit a fish, even if he happened to be only a short distance from the boat. An inexperienced "gigger" was a good deal more apt to strike under or over, than to hit where he intended. An expert with the spear, however, seldom missed his aim, and before morning generally went to shore with as many fish as could be carried safely in the boat.

Among the most expert "giggers" was Charley Logan. If he got sight of a fish he seldom ever failed to take him in out of the wet. It was a common saying among the people in those days that, when he took his boat and "gig," and started out on the river or lake, the fish were so sure their last days had come that they actually jumped into the boat and gave up.

The lake and river was, at that period, as the saying was, full and running over with all kinds of the finest fish imaginable, such as grass pike, black, yellow and rock bass, river salmon, cat fish, besides all the different varieties still making these waters their home.

Seining was followed to considerable extent for many years. A company was formed and a seine over one hundred feet long was made, for use, mostly, in Maxinkuckee. It was a good deal of work to draw the seine, but the labor was generally rewarded with a barrel or two of fish at each drawing. It was more difficult to catch fish with a seine in the rivers than in the lakes, on account of the roots, logs and limbs. But fish were very plentiful in the deep holes, and it required but a short time to catch all that were needed for food, and that was all they were caught for, there being no sale for them. A great many fished with hook and line, generally using frogs for bait.

Another way of catching fish in the rivers was by building a fish trap from one bank to the other. One that is remembered was built across Yellow river below what was then called the "Shirley Ford." Several fishermen went up stream half or three-quarters of a mile, and with sticks and clubs drove the fish down into the trap. Among the lot caught the first drive were about forty pike, not one of which weighed less than five pounds, many of them would weigh as much as ten pounds, and a few of them even more than that.

Among the numerous varieties of fish that were caught at that time were fresh water eels. They were all the way from one to two and a half feet in length, and resembled a very large black snake. They had no fins or scales and propelled themselves through the water by a "wiggling"

motion, something like the movement of tadpoles. In dressing them the skin was peeled off, and they have been known to show signs of life for some time after that operation was performed, and it has been declared by those who professed to know, that pieces of eels placed in a frying pan to cook have been known to jump out into the fire, and this, it is believed, is how originated the expression, "out of the frying pan into the fire." The writer does not vouch for the truth of this statement, but if old Bill Jones was alive he would swear to it. This species of fish has become almost extinct. Only now and then one is caught, and a few years more and all will be gone.

The gar was another fish quite numerous then. There are still some left, but they have greatly decreased in numbers during the past half century. They are said to be the oldest species of fish now in existence, having come on down through the ages from the earliest times to the present. They are from one to five feet in length, and the body is covered with smooth enameled scales, arranged in oblique rows, and they are so hard that it is impossible to pierce them with a spear. This enamel is like that of teeth, and the scales contain the ordinary properties of bone structure. It has a long mouth or snout, the upper and lower jaw being provided with numerous fine teeth. They are beautiful fish, but are not fit to eat. They frequent shallow, reedy places, basking in the sun like the pike and devouring living prey with great voracity. They are often seen apparently sleeping on the surface of the water, and some have been picked up with dip nets and other fishing tackle on Maxinkuckee lake by fishermen passing near by in boats. In this way the writer caught one with a troll line a number of years ago that measured exactly four feet. A string was tied around his gills and fastened to the boat, and while still fishing without being anchored, the fish began to pull, and having succeeded in getting the boat in motion actually pulled it more than half a mile to the shore, as "witness my hand and seal this ..... day of ..... 189..."

XXXIII. HUNTING BEE TREES.

Wild honey was one of the table comforts in the early days. Bee trees were numerous everywhere through the thick woods, and it was no trick at all for an expert bee hunter to find enough bee trees to keep the neighborhood in honey the year round.

Wild bees made their home in the hollow limbs of trees, or in the hollow places in the trunks of trees, if they were not too large and were properly protected from the sun and the inclemency of the weather.

By watching the direction of the working bee, after he had secured his load of honey extracted from the flowers, it was not much trouble to find the tree, as the bee, after arising from the flower beds a short distance in the air, circled around a time or two as if to find his bearing, when he would fly away in a straight direction as if he had been shot out of a gun. After starting he never varied in the least from his course, and this is how originated the saying, "as straight as a bee line." If the bee hunter could follow a straight line he could usually find the tree. If he lost his course

all he had to do was to go back and try it over again. If he was careful he could keep in the direction by getting two or three trees some distance apart in line and continuing in this way until the tree was found, or until he had given up the hunt.

Often bee trees could be found by walking through the woods on bright sunny days and looking into the tops of the trees and watching for the bees coming and going.

When a bee tree was found it was marked and the way to it blazed so that it might be found when the time came to cut it down. When the tree was felled it wasn't quite safe to go near where the bees were until they recovered from their fright and settled down to business again.

Securing the honey was, so far as the innocent, industrious bees were concerned, a cruel piece of business. About sunset, after the bees had all returned from their daily labor, the entrance to the hive, generally a small knot hole, was fastened securely except a small space into which the stem of a common clay or cob pipe was inserted. The bowl of the pipe was generally filled with pulverized home-grown tobacco leaves and lighted. A thin piece of cloth was fastened over the bowl and the "robber" blew the smoke in among the bees, which, within a short time, had the effect of making them deathly sick, so that they were unable to offer resistance. The limb was then chopped into and the honey comb removed, deposited in wooden buckets and carried home.

Sometimes most of the bees would die from the effects of the smoke, but many of them, after the effects passed off, would recover, and if there was a sufficient number with the necessary officers, a king, queen, etc., they would congregate, hold a consultation, and generally fly away in search of another home to begin life over again.

Sometimes the bees would get after the robbers with their "business end" and sting them severely. To some the sting of a bee was rank poison, and if inflicted on the face, frequently the eyes would be swollen shut in a few minutes. It was also, in most cases, the death of the bee.

The sting which is found at the end of the abdomen, is a very formidable weapon. It consists of a sheath enclosing two needle shaped darts of exceeding fineness, placed side by side. Toward the end they are armed with minute teeth like those of a saw, whence it happens that it is frequently unable to withdraw the sting from the enemy it has pierced, causing its own death. When the sting enters the flesh the poison is squeezed into the wound from a bag near its base by a powerful muscular action. It is of so active a character that, it is said by those who profess to know, a single sting will kill a bee or other insect within a very short time. Animals have been known to be killed, and men nearly so by enraged swarms of bees whose hives had been accidentally knocked over.

With the possible exception of the ant, no other insect shows such wonderful knowledge and skill in the orderly manner in which they prepare their hives with honeycomb cells, fill them with honey extracted from flowers, and hermetically seal them for use when wanted.

The bee has been a prolific subject for poets and authors time out of mind, and has been pointed to as an example of industry for the young to follow. You remember, of course, when you first began going to school "in yander," when you didn't get your lessons, how the teacher told you that

you were lazy and good for nothing, like the drone in the bee hive that couldn't be made to work, and how he complimented the busy bees by repeating for your edification these well remembered lines:

How doth the little busy bee,
Improve each shining hour,
Gathering honey all the day,
From every fragrant flower!

Shakespeare, who seems to have had knowledge of almost everything, has this to say on the subject:

"Bees, by a law of nature, teach the art of order to a peopled kingdom. They have a king and officers of sorts; where some, like magistrates correct at home; others, like merchants, venture trade abroad; others, like soldiers, armed in their stings, make boot upon the summer's velvet buds; which pillage they, with merry march, bring home to the tent royal of their superior; who, buried in his majesty, surveys the singing masons building roofs of gold; the civil citizens kneading up the honey; the poor mechanic porters crowding in their heavy burdens at his narrow gate; the sad-eyed justice with his surly hum, delivering o'er to executor's pale the lazy yawning drone."

Those who have made a study of the habits of bees have ascertained that a hive consists of three kinds, females, males and workers. The females are called queens, not more than one of which can live in the same hive, the presence of one being necessary for its establishment and maintenance. The males are called drones and may exist by hundreds in a hive. The workers, or neuters, as they have been called, from the supposition that they belonged to neither sex, are the most numerous. The queen lays the eggs from which the bees are perpetuated. After impregnation takes place, she is capable of laying eggs within thirty-six hours. Before depositing an egg she examines whether the cell is prepared to receive it and adapted for its future condition, for queens, males and workers have cells specially constructed for them. When the cells are ready, the queen goes from one to another, with scarcely any repose, laying about 200 eggs daily. The eggs first laid are said to be workers for ten or twelve days, then follows the laying of male eggs from ten to twenty days, less numerous than the workers in the proportion of about one to thirty. When the cells for queens are constructed she deposits a single egg in each, and her work is done. When the bees are hatched the queen departs with a swarm, and a new queen is liberated to take her place. The males do not work and are of no use except in the performance of their duties in procreation, after which they soon die, or are killed. The workers collect the honey, secrete the wax, build the cells, and feed and protect the young.

XXXIV. PIGEONS AND PIGEON ROOSTS.

As long ago in the mystic mazes of the past as the writer can remember there was what was called a pigeon roost in a tamarac swamp not far from Wolf creek mills. There were thousands of pigeons then where there are only dozens now.

The history of the bird now called pigeon is very interesting, and in many of its details is quite wonderful. The pigeon is very gentle and peaceable, entirely harmless and even timid by nature.

Accurate and experienced "birdologists" who have made the history of the pigeon usually found on this continent a careful study, give accounts of vast flocks covering many square miles of territory in various places in the United States which occurred about this time. During the mating season they describe vast breeding places in western and southern forests, many miles in extent, where as many as ninety nests were counted on one tree. In these breeding places, which were different from the roosting places, thousands and hundreds of thousands of nests were built on the limbs of the trees wherever one could be fastened. The nests were carelessly made of sticks and grass and twigs; sometimes some of them were so porous that, when empty, one could see through them from the bottom.

Only one egg is usually hatched at a time, never more than two, but they make up any deficiency in that respect by repeating the operation several times during the season. The male and female take turns in covering the eggs until they are hatched. At first, and until they are ready to leave the nest and take care of themselves, they are fed on a sort of milk from the old birds which they "belch up" and feed to the young by inserting their bills into their open mouths. They grow rapidly and soon fly away, leaving the old birds to raise another and probably several more during the season.

The pigeon roost in question was in a dense growth of tamarac trees, and for some distance away from the swamp, oak and other trees were nightly full of these birds. They moved in immense droves or swarms, and looking in the direction from which they came they had the appearance of a heavy dark cloud coming up. As they flew through the air they made a great noise, reminding one of a hard gale passing through the limbs of the trees.

After the roost had been established, and its location had become generally known, the people for miles around turned out in great numbers to see the almost miraculous wonder and secure what birds they needed for food. They were provided with torches, poles, sticks and guns, and sacks and baskets in which to carry them home, and camp fires were built at different places around the roost which embraced several acres of ground. The birds began to arrive about sundown, and all did not get in until several hours later. As darkness came on many of them flew against the trees and limbs and were knocked down, crippled and killed. As they passed over where our camp was located they produced, with the motion of their wings in their flight, a very strong current of air that was remarkable. The birds came in by thousands and alighted everywhere, side by side, one above another until solid masses were formed on every tree in all directions. Here and there the limbs gave way under the heavy weight with a crash, and falling to the ground, destroyed hundreds of the birds beneath, forcing down the dense groups with which every limb was loaded.

It was a scene of the utmost uproar and confusion. Talking was out of the question, and only the sound of the guns could be heard above the great noise. Men and boys with long poles knocked the birds from the lower limbs and struck and killed many as they came flying in low down in great numbers to the roost.

Our party remained until well on towards morning. After midnight the noise subsided to some extent, but in the early morning long before objects were at all distinguishable, the pigeons began to move off, in a different direction from that in which they had come the evening before. By sunrise all that was able to fly had disappeared. Hundreds were unable to get away, from having been hurt flying against trees, by the falling of trees and limbs, from exhaustion and other causes. A circuit was made by our party around and through this wonderful roost, and everywhere, from the lowest limbs to the highest, the view through the timber presented a perpetual tumult of crowding and fluttering multitudes of pigeons, their wings roaring like thunder, mingled with the frequent crash of falling timber. It was dangerous to walk under these flying and fluttering millions from the frequent fall of large branches broken down by the weight of the multitudes above, and which in their descent often destroyed large numbers of the birds themselves, while the clothes of those who made the excursion were completely covered with the excrement of the pigeons falling like snow flakes upon them.

A week or so after the roost had been established, the pigeons had broken camp and gone, no one knew whither. During the time they remained, where they went for food during the day no one could tell. They may have gone ten or twenty miles away, or even one or two hundred, as it is thought by those who have investigated the matter that they can fly for many hours at the rate of a mile a minute. Their power of flight enables them to survey and pass over an astonishing extent of country in a very short time. An instance is recorded of pigeons having been killed in New York with their crops full of rice which they must have collected in the fields of Georgia or Carolina, these states being the nearest in which they could possibly have procured that kind of food. As their power of digestion is so great that they will decompose food entirely in twelve hours, they must, in this case, have traveled between 300 and 400 miles in six hours.

After they left the roost it presented a scene of desolation and destruction hard to picture. Many of the limbs on all the trees were broken, hundreds of trees had been felled by the weight of the pigeons roosting on them, and the ground was covered completely with the excrement of the birds, as were also the trees and limbs. Vegetation was killed, and even to this day evidences of the destruction of the multitudes of pigeons that roosted there at that time are still visible.

XXXV. COURTING AND MARRYING.

Of course, in order to keep up the population, it was necessary to marry and be given in marriage that the earth might be multiplied and replenished, and therefore there was "courting" among the young folks, and when a wedding was announced, until it finally came off the country for miles around was on the tip-toe of expectation, for everybody of respectability knew that they would be invited to the wedding and "infair."

Before the wedding occurred, to the high contracting parties the most

important feature in connection with the interesting event was—getting ready, or in other words, "courting," or "sparking," as it was generally called in those days. Spelling schools, singing schools, corn huskings, quilting bees and the like through the week furnished opportunities for meetings when the expectant groom would accompany his best girl home through the woods along the Indian trail.

Don't you remember those evening strolls with her who was to be your partner for life leaning gently on your arm, her face upturned, wreathed in smiles of perfect satisfaction, her pouting cherry red lips ready for the osculatory greeting that was sure to be forthcoming? Of course you do. On one of these occasions, after the first part of the night had been nearly spent in arranging the details for the wedding, if our information is correct, about the time the roosters were crowing for the midnight hour, the expectant groom bade his fiancée good night at the gate and started home alone through the woods. After leaving the cabin and getting into the dark forest he was not long in becoming convinced that he had made one of the greatest mistakes of his life. The night was in the darkest hours, and soon the angry, howling wolves were collecting in large numbers. He knew his life was in danger, but he took his chances and went along blundering and stumbling over brush, stumps and logs, until he came in sight of a cabin a half mile or so in the distance, and on arriving there he climbed up on the shed for horses and cattle. The pack of wolves were but a few rods behind him. Finding they were unable to capture the fugitive, they gave up the chase and apparently retreated back into the woods. He climbed down and resumed his journey through the woods with all possible speed. He had not gone far, however, until he heard the wolves coming again. They were a considerable distance away, and he hurried on as fast as his legs would carry him until he reached another cabin. Here a new trouble confronted him. Two or three savage dogs came out of their kennels and seemed to be determined to tear him to pieces, but the wolves coming within hearing distance they started after them, leaving our hero to make the remainder of his way home unmolested.

One Sunday morning he had occasion to visit some friends on the other side of Yellow river. He was the owner of a dugout canoe in which he paddled himself across to the other shore, where he tied it to the limb of a projecting tree. That evening he had an engagement to visit his girl, and having been detained longer than he expected, it was nearly dark when he started back. When he reached the river he found his canoe had been untied and was nowhere to be found. What to do he did not know. The river was pretty well up, and quite deep, and he was not sure whether he could wade across or not. He walked up and down the bank for some distance and finally found a place where the water appeared not to be so deep as at the ford where he had crossed with his boat. Here he made up his mind he would make an attempt to cross. He, therefore, removed his shoes and clothing, and, rolling them up into a convenient bundle, started in to wade across. The further he went the deeper he found the water until he was into it up to his armpits. He held his clothing above his head and felt his way carefully, the water getting deeper every step. Finally, when he was sure he had reached the deepest place, he unfortunately stumbled against a rock and fell headlong over into the water. When he came

to the surface, his bundle of clothing was gently floating off down stream. Being a good swimmer he started after his bundle, and, overtaking it a few rods distant, with it swam to shore. When he landed on the bank he was thoroughly exhausted; his clothes were dripping wet, and what to do he didn't know. Finally he wrung the water out as well as he could, and began the task of putting them on. How he ever succeeded in this undertaking will never be known. It was an hour before the task was ended, and as he started on his way home through the woods two or three miles distant, he was the most miserable, forlorn individual it is possible to imagine. He found his way home all right, but too late to re-dress and fulfill his engagement with his best girl.

He was the owner of a fine young horse which his father had given him as a birthday present on the occasion of his becoming "his own man." He was neatly caparisoned with saddle, bridle and martingales, and the rider provided with spurs and a rawhide whip. One Sunday afternoon he dressed in his best suit of clothes, which included a pair of white linen trousers, and started on his famous charger to see his girl. It was late when he got to his destination, and he unbridled and unsaddled his horse and turned him loose in a convenient clover field. It was after midnight when he bade his girl good night and started to go home. A heavy dew had fallen, and the clover, about two feet high, was thoroughly wet, which meant ruin to his white linen pants. So he concluded to take them off and hang them on the fence until he could go and catch his horse and saddle and bridle him ready for riding home. As he approached, the horse saw him coming. It was in the gray of the morning, and the animal took fright at the ghostly appearance of his master and ran away as fast as his legs could carry him. Our hero took after him and tried to head him off. Round and round the field they went, but he couldn't overtake the thoroughly frightened horse. Daylight was now approaching, and what to do was the all important question uppermost in his mind. There seemed to be no hope of catching him, and so he concluded to let down the bars and permit the horse to escape and go home. The poor horse, worse frightened than ever, jumped over the bars and away he went, head and tail erect, as though the old scratch was after him. The bars were put up, but when our hero went to get his pants he found a calf had got hold of them and chewed them so badly, tearing them into shreds, as to completely spoil them. The horse was gone, his pants were torn to pieces and spoiled. What was to be done under the circumstances? As it was then daylight, after mature deliberation he concluded to take to the woods and await results. The horse arriving home in such a sorry plight naturally alarmed the family, and they immediately started in search of the unfortunate young man. The neighborhood was aroused and on examination of the field they found pieces of his white pants, and supposing he had been foully murdered or eaten up by some ravenous wild beast, armed parties were sent in every direction through the woods to see if any trace of him could be found. The women of the neighborhood, including his heart-broken best girl, followed at a distance and the most intense excitement prevailed. Finally the lost young man was found concealed in a brush heap awaiting the coming of night so he could reach home without exposing his nakedness.

After the courting was done, and the all important "question" had been "popped," and the party of the second part had said "yes" and vowed eternal fidelity to the party of the first part; and the old man and old woman had been consulted in regard to the all important matter, and had willingly given their consent to the union, and the day had been fixed, then arranging the details for the interesting event was begun.

The marriage was generally celebrated at the house of the bride, and she was always accorded the privilege of choosing the officiating clergyman, or preacher, as the case might be. A wedding, however, engaged the attention of the whole neighborhood. It was anticipated with the liveliest interest by both old and young. Everybody, great and small, in the whole neighborhood knew all about it long before it was to come off.

In those days they didn't have any printed invitations to send around. Whenever there was to be any inviting done a small boy would be put on a bareback horse and he would ride all around the neighborhood delivering as loud as he could speak it, a message like this:

"Say, there's to be a weddin' down to the old man's next Tuesday and they want all you'uns to come!"

That was all there was to it, and then he rode off on a canter to the next house. And everybody went, too. There was no holding back for fear of not having been invited the right way.

Marrying wasn't done then as it is now. Everybody had to be married by a preacher. They were generally itinerants, or circuit riders, and they were few and far between; didn't get around sometimes oftener than once in two or three months, and so the boys and girls had to make calculations about popping the question and winding up their courting so as to be ready, as it might be a long time between chances.

On the morning of the wedding day the groom and his intimate friends assembled at the house of his parents and after due preparation departed en masse for the house of his bride. The journey was sometimes made on horseback, sometimes on foot, and sometimes in farm wagons and carts. It was always a merry journey, and to insure merriment the "little brown jug" was occasionally one of the invited guests. On reaching the house of the bride the ceremony took place. The young folks stood up and the preacher required them to join their right hands, and after making them promise to love, honor and obey each other until death parted them they were pronounced duly and truly married, and thus

> Two souls with but a single thought,
> Two hearts that beat as one,

were tied up into a double-bow knot, thus to remain forever and a day. Then came the kissing of the bride by the preacher and invited guests.

The young folks didn't wear the fine clothes they do now, because there were no such fine clothes to be had. But they were as good looking and better than the average young people nowadays. Tall and straight, and healthy and happy they were, and they loved each other and no mistake.

After the ceremony was over they all sat down to dinner, as many as could find places, and the table, which was a big one, just groaned with wild turkey, and venison, and bear meat, roasted and stewed, and honey, and potatoes, and beans, and the Lord knows what all. Those that couldn't

find room at the table sat around out of doors and told jokes and nursed their appetites till the guests at the first table got through, when they had a chance to go and do likewise.

After dinner there were some presents to be given to the newly married couple. There were no stoves in the settlement then, and there was no finery to be bought, and so the people gave of just what they had, and it was generally something good to eat or useful to wear, or that would come handy when they set up housekeeping.

When dinner was over the dancing commenced. There was only one fiddle within a dozen miles, and it was there, and its owner was the biggest man in the house as soon as he began to tune up.

The figures of the dances were three and four-handed reels, "down outside and up the middle," or square sets and jigs. The commencement was always a square four, which was followed by what was called in those days "jigging;" that is, two of the four would single out for a jig and were followed by the remaining couple. The jigs were often accompanied with what was called "cutting out," that is, when either of the parties became tired of the dance, on intimation the place was supplied by someone of the company without interruption of the dance. In this way the reel was often continued until the fiddler was exhausted.

About 9 or 10 o'clock in the evening a bevy of young girls stole off the bride and put her to bed. In doing this they had to ascend a ladder from the kitchen to the upper floor, which was made of loose boards. Here, in this pioneer bridal chamber, the young, simple-hearted girl was put to bed by her enthusiastic friends. This done, a deputation of young men escorted the groom to the same apartment and placed him snugly by the side of his bride. The dance still continued, and if seats were scarce, which was generally conveniently the case, every young man when not engaged in the dance was obliged to offer his lap as a seat for one of the girls.

The "infair," which was held at the home of the groom's parents, took place on the following afternoon and evening, and generally the same program was substantially carried out. The young married folks soon settled down to the stern realities of life in a log cabin in the woods, provided with a few articles of home-made furniture, and many who have grown old since then look back upon those early scenes as the happiest days of their lives.

XXXVI. PIONEER MILL.

Not long ago the writer visited the site of an early saw mill which few of the residents of Marshall county at this time know anything about and fewer still ever heard of. It was what was known as the "Hupp Saw Mill" and was located on Yellow river about three or four miles southwest of Plymouth and about two miles east of the old Menominee Indian village on the north of the middle Twin lake. The mill was built by Jacob K. Hupp, about 1840, for the purpose of sawing lumber for the floors and doors of the settlers who were building log cabins in the country round about at that time. Later a corn-cracker was added and cornmeal ground out from the grists carried there on horseback. The dam across the river

is yet much of it plainly visible, about 100 feet of it on the east side of the river having been washed out, leaving a deep channel through which all the water that flows down the river easily passes. The mill race, which is probably eighty rods in length, is still there, at least the greater portion of it, much as it was when the mill was abandoned just before the beginning of the Civil war, except that the sides and bottom have grown up with vines and weeds and bushes. The mill, which was a very primitive affair, stood at the foot of the race near the river. Not a trace of it is left, the timbers having doubtless been carried away and used in building a bridge across the river not far below, which in turn has given away to a modern iron structure. Jacob K. Hupp, who settled there about the time of the organization of the county and who erected the mill, was an enterprising, dashing, go-ahead man of considerable ability. In politics he was a democrat, always taking an active part in the hotly contested political campaigns that were the rule even in those early days. He was elected sheriff on the democratic ticket in August, 1846, and reëlected in 1848, serving two terms, ending in August, 1850. He died in 1856, and like the old mill, nothing remains of him or his family except old time memories.

Polke's Cemetery.

Col. William Polke was one of the most distinguished men in northern Indiana and was the first to blaze the way to civilization in this part of the state. He was one of the original proprietors of the town of Plymouth, and was appointed by the governor to take charge of the Pottawattomie Indians at Danville, Illinois, when they were removed from Twin Lakes in 1838 by Gen. John Tipton. He was buried three and one-half miles north of the south Marshall county line and one-half mile east of the Michigan road. Before he died he requested that his remains be buried at a place he designated on his farm, and his wishes were carried out by those who had the burial in charge. Other interments occasionally followed, and the place is still in use as a burial ground and is known as "Polke's Cemetery."

Plymouth was undoubtedly given its name by Col. Polke, who seems to have been the moving spirit in securing the location of the county seat. Why the town was called "Plymouth" the writer has never been able to learn.

XXXVII. EARLY AMUSEMENTS.

In the early days, before the completion of the railroads and telegraph lines, when only the primitive stagecoach attracted the attention of the people three times a week, and when merchants and business men generally had but a few hours' work to do each day, games of all kinds suited to the different turns of mind and the physical capacity of the individual were improvised, and many were the amusing scenes and incidents that occurred in all the towns and villages in the county.

When Plymouth was a village of three or four hundred inhabitants, the complicated and entertaining game of marbles was the one mostly indulged in. Ministers, lawyers and doctors, merchants and others, all had their pockets full of "white alleys," and it was not an uncommon occurrence

to see these potent, grave and reverend seniors "knuckling down" as the final performance indicated the end of the game.

The mania for playing any game of chance is generally contagious, and, if it is not too difficult to learn, it is only a question of time as to the whole population becoming infected. Enthusiasts have been known to become so much interested in the game of marbles that lamps and lanterns had to be provided for the accommodation of the players in the street as the shades of evening drew on.

"Town Ball" was also a favorite amusement for those who delighted in violent exercise of that kind. And there were many who became exceedingly expert players. They could throw a ball as straight as a bullet and almost as swift, and there were others who could catch them if they were thrown in catching distance. And woe be to the runner who was found between the "by's" when one of these balls was thrown at him! If he escaped being hit the surgeon might have lost a job setting a broken limb. "Bull Pen" was another favorite game much the same as town ball, and many remember even to this day the hard knocks they received in trying to escape the tortures of that classically named enclosure.

Pitching horseshoes was also one of the favorite outdoor games, and he who could oftenest "ring the peg" was considered the champion pitchist. This was a great Sunday game, and there are some yet living who became experts by practicing on the holy Sabbath day. They have probably forgotten it by this time and have turned their attention to higher and holier things as the day of rest weekly rolls around, and these early indiscretions shall not be laid up against them.

And there were foot races in those days and they sometimes occurred in the middle of the street, and there were occasions when great preparations were made for these feats of rapid pedestrianism. And to vary the monotony there was an occasional horse race, and when these occurred there was generally betting and drinking and an occasional knockdown to wind up with. And there were jumping matches, too. Run and jump, stand and jump, hop, step and jump, and a jump backward and forward. There were wheelbarrow races in which the contestants were blindfolded, and bag races, and every other conceivable kind of races the mind of man could think of. And there was "snipe hunting" with greenies to hold the bag; mock trials, and debating societies, and country dances, and social parties and the like, enough to make one's head swim to relate them all.

And as the years went on and society became more cultured, most of these amusements were abandoned, and then came the more refined games of checkers and backgammon, and euchre, and all sorts of games with cards, and chess, and the like; and all kinds of puzzles and problems and curious contrivances to test the ingenuity and capacity of those who delight to spend their time in working out abstruse and difficult problems.

These things take hold of the people like any other epidemic, and, having spent their fury, the patient recovers much in the same way as do people who have had the smallpox, whooping cough, measles, or any other disease that suddenly takes hold and subsides when the fever "goes down!" Among the most remarkable instances of this kind was what was known as the 13-15-14 craze. Nothing like it was ever known before and probably never will be again. It originated in Boston and within a few weeks spread

like wildfire all over the United States and probably found its way across the sea. The people of Marshall county had a very bad case of it. It was so simple and looked so easy of solution that everyone who looked at it a minute made up his mind that he could do it in a short time without much difficulty. The solution of the puzzle consisted simply in getting the 15 on the place where the 14 stood, and the 14 where the 15 stood, by moving the blocks without taking them from the board so that the numbers would all stand in regular order, the last row reading 13-14-15. The little joker was simply fifteen square blocks made to fit a box holding sixteen blocks, the last a blank, so that the blocks could be moved to suit the fancy of the mover.

Large rewards were offered to anyone who would furnish the correct solution, and as it had the appearance of being so easy of accomplishment, almost everybody went at it—lawyers, doctors, merchants, clerks, laboring men, preachers, women and children, "old men and maidens and them that stooped for age," all joined in the general panic, and so intense became the excitement that for a week or two business was almost entirely suspended. In the course of a short time, however, it was ascertained that the thing "couldn't be did," and one by one the little boards and blocks were laid aside, and the monomaniacs, who had almost gone crazy on the subject, resumed their regular occupations, and the excitement in the community generally disappeared as rapidly as it came.

XXXVIII. RAISING TOBACCO.

In the early days of Marshall county every farmer who used tobacco, and some who did not, raised a small patch every year as regularly as they did lettuce and onions and beets and cabbage and other garden truck. At that time there was very little of what was called "boughten tobacco" to be had, and what there was, was known as "Kentucky pig-tail." It was soaked in licorice, was as black as tar, and was altogether villainous stuff. Some of the tobacco raised here then was of fairly good quality, and after having the habit of using it firmly fixed it answered the purpose, and was as good—or more properly, bad—as much of the imported stuff in use nowadays.

It was a dreadful ordeal one had to go through with to accustom himself to the use of tobacco, and it was equally as hard to rid himself of the habit after it had been acquired.

The writer remembers as vividly as if it were only yesterday his first effort at learning to chew tobacco. It was the home grown weed. Nearly every boy in those days deemed it necessary to use tobacco. The boy who couldn't chew the stuff and squirt the "ambier"—to use a word coined for the purpose—didn't amount to a ——!

It was on a summer day. He was resting from the day's labor in a fence corner in the shade of a tree when the man who was with him asked him to take a chew of tobacco. He concluded that was as good a time as any to begin and bit off a large mouthful and went at it. For a time all went well, but presently a sickly feeling came over him and it was not long until he

heaved up Jonah to beat the band! Sick! Well! Don't talk! A sicker child you never saw! He parted with everything from the top of his head to the soles of his feet! He saw all the stars in the heavens above; the aurora borealis quivering in the northern hemisphere, and felt several distinct shocks of earthquake! Finally he managed to get to the house, where his mother almost went beside herself, being sure he had the cholera! The true state of affairs was divulged, and after sassafras and sage tea had been administered and the proper antidotes applied, life began to return, and by the next morning he had fully recovered.

The reader may think that this experience ended his efforts to learn to use the filthy stuff! Not so! The neighboring boys had mastered the art and were squirting the tobacco juice with as much gusto as the biggest man in the neighborhood! So he determined to learn to chew tobacco or die in the attempt. And he did, and after a while the habit became so firmly fixed on his system that when he wanted to quit it he found it was almost impossible to do so. He determined, however, not to be a slave to tobacco or anything else, and long ago quit it entirely, forever and a day.

XXXIX. THE BLOOMER COSTUME.

The bloomer costume for ladies, which created much excitement throughout America during the year 1851, was just then being introduced in the then backwoods town of Plymouth. On this topic the editor of the Pilot delivered himself as follows:

"*New Dress.*—The bloomer costume is decidedly an improvement upon the dress of the female portion of the community. It is light, graceful and seraphic, well suited to the female figure. It will be welcomed by all the lovers of taste and refinement in the fashionable world. The orientals have long been celebrated for their beauty, polished manners and splendid attire. Our rivers will now be the 'Golden Horn'; our valleys the 'Valley of Sweet Waters,' and our seas the Bosphorus of the Turkish capitol. A voyage to Constantinople will be useless. We may now take our siesta in the gay kiosq, and glide over the moonlit waters in the light caique! Come, ladies, step forth in your gorgeous apparel, decked with rose of gold and leaves of silver, and gladden our hearts with sweet smiles!"

Evidently that was a facetious way the editor had of poking fun at the "costume" and killing it before the fad got a fair start. At any rate, that was the result of it. Only one or two Plymouth ladies had the courage to procure bloomer suits and attempt to introduce them by wearing them as they would other female apparel. When they appeared on the streets they were objects of as much curiosity as if they had been the untamed animal from Borneo. There is no easier way to kill anything the people do not take very kindly to than to make fun of it just as the editor of the Pilot did in his hifalutin' article above quoted. At least that was what happened the bloomer costume. It disappeared from the social horizon like the morning mist before the rays of the rising sun.

Fourth of July Celebration.

A grand celebration of the Fourth of July was indulged in on that day, 1851, and that was probably the first public celebration that had occurred in Plymouth or in the county. Those taking part in the celebration were as follows: Rev. George H. Thayer, chaplain; C. H. Reeve, orator; Thomas Sumner, reader; J. S. Dodridge, standard bearer; Joseph McElrath, marshal; John C. How, assistant marshal.

The citizens were ordered to meet in front of the Dunham House at 10 a. m. and form in the following order of procession:

1, military music; 2, standard bearer; 3, soldiers of the Revolution and last war; 4, military companies; 5, thirty-one ladies in uniform; 6, chaplain, reader and orator; 7, committee of arrangements; 8, Daughters of Temperance; 9, Odd Fellows; 10, Sons of Temperance; 11, Cadets of Temperance; 12, Sundayschools; 13, Washingtonians and citizens generally.

All that took part in that, the first celebration of Independence Day, are long since dead. From the order of procession it seems that there were at that time still some Revolutionary soldiers living, as well as some Mexican war soldiers. Now there are no Revolutionary soldiers living and only one Mexican war soldier still living in Plymouth—Nelson McLaughlin—and probably not more than one or two others in the entire county. The thirty-one ladies in uniform—what kind of uniform is not stated—were to represent the number of states then composing the United States. The Dunham House, where the procession was to start from, was the old Plymouth hotel on the corner of Michigan and La Porte streets, kept at that time by Wm. M. Dunham.

The patriotic editor of the Pilot introduced a lengthy article on the celebration of the Fourth of July in the following grandiloquent style:

"*Fourth of July.*—Glorious day. The bright-winged bird of liberty ushers in the moon with songs of triumph. Shades of our forefathers appear and guide us on the true spirit of love and praise in freedom's cause. What sweet, hallowed associations cluster around the brow of this sacred day! Myriads of joyous hearts are gathering around the altar of liberty to lay their offerings upon her shrine. Clarion note and trumpet blast echo through the vales, greeting the rising sun as he mounts the eastern wave."

That settled the whole matter. The celebration was reported to have been a grand affair, and, from the ability of those having charge of it, there is no doubt that it was. An editorial item in connection with the celebration said: "A melancholy accident occurred at Rochester on the Fourth. A Mr. Perry, while in the act of loading a cannon, had both of his hands blown off by a tender-fingered knight of the touch-hole."

XL. TWO OF THE EARLIEST PIONEERS.

Amzi L. Wheeler was born and spent his early boyhood in New York state, and in the early '30's settled in La Porte county, where he taught a country school two or three winters. In 1835 he came to Marshall county, and determining to locate permanently, purchased lot No. 1 in

Plymouth, upon which he erected a small frame building for a storeroom. Early in the spring of 1836 he brought his family and a small stock of dry goods and groceries and became a permanent resident of Plymouth. Thomas McDonald also came from southern Indiana in the fall of 1835 and bought a piece of land near Maxinkuckee lake, upon which he built a log cabin, and in the spring of 1836 brought his family and began the labor of a pioneer in a new country. These men soon became acquainted and in time became warmly attached to each other. They were both democrats in politics and worked together in making the new county democratic. Not only in politics did they work together, but in furthering the organization of the county on lines that would make it one of the best in the state. Mr. Wheeler was very fond of the game of politics, and as he had in W. G. Pomeroy and others representing the Whig party antagonists worthy of his "steel," the game was more fascinating than it otherwise would have been. In the beginning of the organization of the county Mr. Wheeler was accorded the leadership of the democratic party without a dissenting voice. Naturally he was made the candidate of his party for representative in the state legislature in the early days, was elected several terms, and when a constitutional convention was called in 1850 he was chosen as the democratic delegate to represent Marshall county and was elected. During his services in the constitutional convention frequent correspondence was kept up between these two pioneers, among which the following, found among the papers of Mr. McDonald after his death, is worthy of reproduction here as containing much of historical interest:

Indianapolis, Nov. 13, 1850.

Dear Mac: I have thought it my duty for some time to advise you of the doings of this grave body. You have doubtless kept yourself posted up to the present time by reading the newspapers, but to realize it fully you must be present; for I assure you in all sincerity that some of the speeches you read in the papers are made by the —— in this convention and are then revised and improved by some one having a little more brains.

We are now six weeks in the session, and if we make a calculation by the rule of three, we will not be able to complete the labor for which we were sent here before the Fourth of July, 1851. Indeed, I think that would be too early.

The following section is now under consideration, and, judging from the feeling manifested, it can be carried through without much, if any, alteration:

"The general assembly, at its first session under the amended constitution, shall pass laws prohibiting negroes and mulattos from coming into or settling in this state; and prohibit any negro or mulatto from purchasing, or otherwise acquiring, real estate hereafter."

This section has only been under debate half a day, yet during that short debate we have had a foretaste of what may be expected before it is closed. It may become necessary, and I shall be very much mistaken if it does not become necessary, to read the riot act every morning, instead of calling in a minister of the gospel to pray for us!

The section above I look upon as an outrage, because the negro would never have been here if we had not stolen his father and brought him here, but the words "otherwise acquiring" I regard as the climax of this outrage and unworthy of its distinguished author, Robert Dale Owen. If that is ingrafted in our constitution, you will observe that negro children could not hold the real estate their father died possessed of.

A portion of this convention (respectable in point of numbers as well as talent) do certainly entertain sentiments on this subject that would make a South Carolinian blush. I hope it will be made more acceptable, but I doubt it.

The state bank party are more numerous than I expected to find them; only about twenty-five or thirty who will vote the true democratic doctrine—no bank at all.

The cholera is again in this city, and two deaths have already occurred in one

house, and one of our members—Vanbenthusen, from Shelby—is not expected to live another day. The citizens generally deny that it is cholera, but physicians who are not interested in the prosperity of this wooden-legged city declare that it is.

I am homesick as a dog, and I am not certain but I may take it into my head to leave this mob and go home. From thirty to fifty are gone all the time, and I am not certain that we would not be just as well off if they would stay away until we adjourn. If I could be certain that the vote would not be taken on any very important measure, such as the bank or grand jury, I would certainly go home.

I have had the pleasure of listening to two sermons of the distinguished divine Alexander Campbell. He is certainly a great man and understands his trade, possessing as much vigor but not quite as much fire as I expected. He disappointed a great many, however, because most people in such cases anticipate too much.

Thomas, I would like to pay five cents for a letter from you. Give my compliments to Mrs. Mac and family, and believe me to be

Truly your friend, A. L. WHEELER.

Since the above letter was written, the writer of it and the one to whom it was written, have both died and their bodies have turned to the dust from whence they came. Mr. McDonald was taken with gangrene of the foot in 1875 and after lingering in great pain about six months died in that year. About 1883 Mr. Wheeler was stricken with paralysis of his entire right side, rendering him almost entirely helpless and affecting his vocal organs so he was unable to speak. After lying in this condition three years he suffered another stroke of paralysis, from which he died almost instantly.

XLI. PLYMOUTH'S FIRST BUSINESS FAILURE.

The first business failure of consequence that occurred in Plymouth was in 1852-53. The firm of Pomeroy, Houghton & Barber were extensively engaged in the dry goods, grocery and general mercantile business, and also conducted for a time a slaughterhouse at the bend of the river opposite where the Novelty Works are now located. They did an extensive business, but the country was new at that time, and the collapse of the free banks so numerous in Indiana in that day carried them down with many others, and they were forced to make an assignment. They carried the largest stock of any firm doing business here then and their failure had the effect of unsettling local trade for some time.

The firm of Barber, Hutchinson & Co., hardware merchants, being composed of two members of the firm of Pomeroy, Houghton & Barber, was also compelled to suspend, and it also went into the hands of a receiver. An incident in connection with this last assignment, personal to the writer of this history, has never been told, and it is known to but few, if any, of those living here now, and as it is of general application it may not be considered out of place to speak of it in this connection.

The Plymouth Banner of December 21, 1854, in speaking of the new advertisers in that issue of the paper, among other things said: "Daniel McDonald, in this county known from childhood, has commenced business. Encourage him."

The advertisement to which this referred was partly as follows: "Sevastopol is in Russia, but here are cook stoves, tinware, sheet iron and

copper ware of every variety, parlor stoves, a good assortment, etc., for sale cheap."

While the advertisement was signed by the writer and the business conducted in his name, as a matter of fact he had nothing to do with it. It happened in this way: When the firm of Barber, Hutchinson & Co. failed the writer was appointed assignee to wind up the affairs of the firm. Eugene Hutchinson, of the firm, was a young man, a personal friend of the assignee, and a tinner by trade. In the final settlement of the affairs of the company the assignee managed to save the tinner's tools for his friend Hutchinson, but as he was badly involved and could not do business in his own name, he was permitted to open a tin and stove store in the writer's name. A letter from A. L. Wheeler, a well known capitalist, recommending the writer to a hardware firm in Chicago as honest and trustworthy, enabled Mr. Hutchinson to purchase on credit all the goods he needed and they were accordingly charged to the account of the writer. Having opened up his shop and commenced business, the advertisement appeared in the writer's name as above quoted. After a year or two Mr. Hutchinson's wife became an invalid and finally died. Mr. Hutchinson's health began to fail and he passed away not long afterwards. When the writer came to settle his estate and the business which had been transacted by Hutchinson in his name, he found the indebtedness charged to his account to be about $350 more than the assets. The writer was an inexperienced boy then, without any available means of his own, or without any employment by which he could earn anything. What to do he did not know, but as his financial reputation was at stake he resolved to pay it if such a thing were possible. He therefore entered into correspondence with the firm to whom he was indebted, explaining fully the situation, and proposing that whatever he earned above a bare living he would remit from time to time; that he would pay it if he lived, and that he did not wish the firm to call on Mr. Wheeler, who had recommended him for credit. The firm therefore agreed to hold the account open until the writer could pay it, no matter how long it might be. In 1856 he was appointed deputy recorder under Johnson Brownlee at $1 per day. On this salary he supported himself and in two years saved enough to pay off the indebtedness, although at the end of that time he did not have a cent left out of his two years' work after paying the account in full. The following letter acknowledging the receipt of the last payment is self-explanatory:

VINCENT, HIMROD & CO.,
Wholesale Dealers in Hardware, Stoves, Etc.
Chicago, Ill., March 12, 1858.

Daniel McDonald, Esq., Plymouth, Indiana.

Dear Sir: Your favor of the 9th inst., inclosing a check for $50 to be credited to your account and asking that a statement of the balance due with interest be sent to you, is received.

We have placed the amount you sent ($50) to your credit in full of principal and interest of your indebtedness to us, and the account is finally closed.

Allow us to thank you for the honorable and upright manner in which your dealings with us have been conducted, and to assure you that at no time during the pendency of this matter has our confidence in your honesty and integrity wavered in the least. Your credit with us is fully established for any amount you may hereafter wish to purchase in our line.

Wishing you health, peace and prosperity, we are,

Sincerely yours, VINCENT, HIMROD & CO.

It is nearly half a century since the foregoing occurred, and being the first business experience the writer ever had, he looks upon the course he pursued under adverse circumstances as being one of the brightest pages in his life's history. To Rockefeller or Morgan, or any of the numerous multi-millionaires it would have been but as a drop of mist in the ocean, but to a boy just starting in the world with nothing and without occupation it seemed like as great a task to cancel the indebtedness as to attempt to remove the rock of Gibraltar!

XLII. COURTS OF MARSHALL COUNTY.

Courts of law and equity are a public necessity in every well regulated community. A brief sketch of the courts of Marshall county and those who have presided over them will therefore be of historical interest. The first term of court held in the county was at Plymouth in October, 1836. It was known as the circuit court, and under the law as it then existed there were three judges, one called the president judge, who sat on the bench in the center, and two associate judges, who sat on each side of the president judge. The associate judges did not have much to do. They occupied their seats on the bench, looked solemn and dignified, and when the president judge had decided a point or a case he would turn to one of the associates and ask him if he agreed with him in that opinion; he would nod his head in assent, when he would turn to the other associate, who would also give his consent, and that was all the duties they had to perform. The associate judge part of the system was so nearly a farce that the constitutional convention of 1850 abolished it entirely.

The following in regard to the first term of court is taken from the first record book of the court:

"At the October term of the Marshall circuit court for the year 1836, there were present the Hon. Samuel C. Sample, president judge of the eighth judicial circuit of the state of Indiana, who produced in open court his commission as such, by his Excellency, Noah Noble, governor of the state of Indiana; also Peter Schroeder, one of the associate judges of the county of Marshall; also Jeremiah Muncy, clerk of said court, and Abner Caldwell, sheriff of said county, and also Joseph L. Jernegan, the attorney prosecuting the pleas of the state of Indiana for the eighth judicial circuit, and court was opened in due form of law. The sheriff returned into court the venire heretofore issued with the following panel of grand jurors to serve during the present term, to-wit: John Houghton, who was sworn as foreman; Grove O. Pomeroy, Samuel B. Patterson, John Benson, John Moore, William Johnson, Jacob Crisman, Abel C. Hickman, George Owens, William Bishop, Enos Ward, William Blakeley, Milborn Coe, John Kilgore, John Johnson—in all fifteen in number, who retired to discharge their duty, under the charge of Joseph Griffith, a sworn bailiff of the court."

The grand jury, composed of fifteen members, proved to be bunglesome and expensive, and it was not many years until it was reduced to twelve, and in the last score or two years has been reduced to six. Of late years prosecuting attorneys have been given so much power in drafting

informations that there is little use for the grand jury except in case of murder.

The first term of the Marshall circuit court was held in a frame building erected for that purpose by the proprietors of the town as a part of the contract for fixing the seat of justice at Plymouth, October 25, 1836, with Samuel C. Sample, judge of the eighth judicial circuit of said state, presiding. Gustavus A. Everts, William O. Ross, John H. Bradley, Joseph L. Jernegan and Jonathan A. Liston were the first attorneys admitted to practice law in the court. Mr. Sample served as judge until October 19, 1843. He was an excellent penman, and his signature to the last court record on Order Book A, page 673, is equal to the famous signature of John Hancock to the Declaration of Independence, and more enduring to commemorate his name than a tablet cut in marble.

At the October term, 1843, there were present the Hon. John B. Niles of La Porte, president judge of the ninth judicial circuit, and David Steel and Samuel D. Taber of Marshall county, associate judges.

At the April term, 1844, Ebenezer M. Chamberlain, of Goshen, appeared as president judge. Mr. Taber was succeeded as associate judge by Elias Jacoby. At the November term, 1851, owing to the taking effect of the new constitution, the associate judges were abolished and do not appear after that time. Mr. Chamberlain closed his official career during the May term, 1852, and at the same term Thomas S. Stanfield took his seat as judge of the court. Mr. Stanfield continued to preside as judge until February 8, 1858, when he was succeeded by Andrew L. Osborne, of La Porte, who served as judge until the close of the February term, 1871. Thomas S. Stanfield was elected and again became judge, and served as such until the beginning of the April term, 1873, when the act redistricting the state for judicial purposes took effect, and Elisha V. Long was appointed judge of the new district, composed of the counties of Marshall, Kosciusko and Fulton. Judge Long served from April 28, 1873, to January, 1875, when the district having again been divided and a new district having been created composed of the counties of Marshall and Fulton, Horace Corbin was appointed and served until the election in 1876, when he was succeeded by Sydney Keith, of Rochester. Judge Keith served one term of six years, when he was succeeded by Jacob Slick, of Rochester, December, 1882. He served until March 5, 1883, when he resigned to accept the appointment as railroad attorney for one of the great trunk lines. The vacancy was filled by the appointment of William B. Hess, who served until the November election, 1884, when he was succeeded by Isaiah Conner, who served one term of six years, when he was succeeded by Albertus C. Capron, who served two terms, twelve years in all, ending November, 1902, when he was succeeded by Harry Bernetha, the present judge.

No person was sent from Marshall county to the penitentiary until 1840. In September of that year Noah H. Simmons was tried and convicted for passing counterfeit money, and sent to Jeffersonville for the period of five years.

Probate Court.

In the early history of the state, Indiana had a probate system of transacting the business pertaining to estates and guardianships. Grove Pomeroy

was the first judge who presided in that capacity in Marshall county. The first term at which Mr. Pomeroy was present and presented his commission from Gov. Noah Noble with his oath of office attached was held November 14, 1836. After adopting a seal for the use of the court an adjournment was taken until February 13, 1837, when the court was again opened, as the record states, "in due form of law, by the sheriff, at the house formerly occupied by Grove Pomeroy, in Plymouth." No business was transacted, and court adjourned until court in course to meet at the courthouse in Plymouth. Court assembled again in May in "the new courthouse," then completed, but there being no business, court adjourned until court in course. No business was transacted at the August term. At the November term, 1837, a seal was adopted by the court as follows: "A circular scrawl, which may be seen standing on the left margin, with the words, 'Indiana, Marshall County Probate Court,' written within the said scrawl." The scrawl is an artistic piece of goose quill penmanship, and may be seen by reference to Order Book A, page 4, in the clerk's office. Thomas B. Ward was the first one admitted as an attorney. Thomas Robb was the first guardian appointed by the court and Nancy Robb the first ward. The first administrator was Adam Vinnedge, to whom letters were issued on the personal estate of Daniel Pattingale. Samuel D. Taber and Charles Ousterhaute were accepted as bondsmen. The same term of court Daniel Roberts was appointed special guardian of Nancy M. Catney, a minor and foreigner, who was charged with the protection of her person and property. Grove Pomeroy served as judge until November, 1843, when Austin Fuller was elected and qualified. On the thirteenth day of the November term, 1843, the following entry appears:

"The court now devise and adopt a seal for this court, a description of which is as follows, to-wit: In the center of the seal is engraved a square and compasses (in the center of which is the letter G). The words in the margin of the seal are 'Marshall County Probate Court,' an impression of which seal is made on the margin of the record (Probate Order Book A, page 158) opposite this order."

How this Masonic symbol came to be adopted is a mystery that cannot be solved. There was no Masonic lodge in the north part of the state at that time, and none of the officers of the court, so far as can be learned, were members of the fraternity. The seal continued to be used until November, 1850, when James A. Corse was elected and served until October 6, 1852, when the probate court was abolished.

The Common Pleas Court

Was established in 1852. Elisha Egbert was elected judge of this court, composed of the counties of Marshall, St. Joseph and Starke, and presided at the first term held in October, 1852, and retained the position uninterruptedly until the fourth of November, 1870, the date of his death. Edward J. Wood was then appointed and served until the election in October, 1872, when he was defeated for reëlection by Daniel Noyes, of La Porte, who served until the act abolishing the court was passed, March 6, 1873, and the business transferred to the circuit court.

Commissioners' Court.

The commissioners' court was the first court organized in the county. This occurred in May, 1836. Robert Blair, the first commissioner, was one of the original proprietors of Plymouth. He served but one year. He and Abraham Johnson and Charles Ousterhaute, who composed the first board, are all long since dead.

Brief Sketches of Prominent Judges.

Samuel C. Sample, the first circuit judge, was a resident of South Bend, having settled there in 1833. He became president judge of his circuit, which embraced Logansport and Fort Wayne, and all the territory in the state north, in 1835, and continued on the bench until 1843, when he was elected to congress. He was a very exemplary man, and in all his business transactions, whether in public or private capacity, he ever exhibited the most sterling integrity, totally uninfluenced by the least unworthy or selfish motive. He died December 2, 1855.

Ebenezer M. Chamberlain was a resident of Goshen and came to Indiana from Maine in 1832. He was a man of more than ordinary intelligence, of sterling integrity, and firm and decided in character. In personal appearance he was tall and slender, with a solemn cast of countenance. On the bench he was quite dignified and rendered his decisions very deliberately. After his retirement from the bench he was elected to congress one term, and died in 1859.

John B. Niles resided in La Porte and was, until his death in 1879, considered one of the ablest lawyers in the state. He was born in Vermont in 1808, and settled in La Porte in 1832. He was a member of the constitutional convention in 1850, and was later a member of the state senate. He was quite slender and had been in feeble health for a number of years prior to his death. He was very precise in his speech, always clothing his language in the most elegant terms; for instance, in speaking of a dirty little building, he would say, "it is an exceedingly untidy little edifice." He was a bad penman and there were few who could readily read his hieroglyphics. Notwithstanding this defect he was an excellent business man and left a reputation that anyone might envy.

Thomas S. Stanfield is perhaps better and more favorably known to the people of Marshall county than any of the other judges that have presided in our courts. He was born in Logan county, Ohio, in 1814, and settled in South Bend in 1831, where he continued to reside until he died several years ago. He served several years in the legislature and was a candidate for lieutenant governor on the whig ticket in 1849, but failed of election. He had a Websterian appearance, made an excellent judge, and was a gentleman against whom the breath of scandal had never been blown.

Andrew L. Osborn, of La Porte, was another judge who will be long remembered. He was born in Connecticut in 1814 and settled in Michigan City in 1836. He was a diligent student, a man of remarkable memory, quick in his perceptions, and an excellent judge. He served a term as one of the supreme judges of the state, and at the time of his death several years ago was principal attorney of the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern Railroad Company.

Elisha V. Long resided at Warsaw, and some time after his term as judge expired he was appointed United States district judge of New Mexico, in which position he served several years. He still resides in Las Vegas, New Mexico.

Horace Corbin, William B. Hess and Albertus C. Capron were the only judges residing in Plymouth who presided as judge of the Marshall circuit court. Judges Corbin and Capron are both dead. Judge Hess is still a resident here, engaged in the active practice of law. He has been prosecuting attorney and consul general to Constantinople.

Sidney Keith, Isaiah Conner, Jacob Slick and Harry Bernetha, the present incumbent, resided at Rochester. Of these Judges Keith and Slick are dead.

Common Pleas Judges.

Elisha Egbert was our judge of the common pleas court for a period of about twenty years. He was born in New Jersey in 1806 and died at his home in South Bend, November 4, 1870. He discharged all his duties as an impartial and upright judge.

Edward J. Wood, of Goshen, succeeded Judge Egbert, by appointment. He had no special fitness for the position, never having made the legal profession a study. He was a bright, genial, convivial gentleman. In a fit of despondency he killed himself with a pistol, somewhere in Michigan, in 1872.

Daniel Noyes succeeded Judge Wood, but served but one term of court, at the end of which time the court was abolished. He resides in La Porte, and for a number of years afterwards was the judge of the circuit court of South Bend and La Porte. He was considered the most prompt and efficient judge in the state. He was never a minute late, and required the same promptness on the part of all others with whom he was associated in business.

Attorneys at Law.

Lawyers are officers of the court, and without them the machinery of justice would hardly be able to move. The first term of the Marshall circuit court was held in Plymouth in the new courthouse erected by the proprietors of the town on the northwest corner of Michigan and Adams streets, and the first business after the court was declared opened was the admission of the following named persons to practice law at the bar of the court: Gustavus A. Evarts, William O. Ross, John H. Bradley, Joseph L. Jernegan and Jonathan A. Liston. None of these old-time lawyers resided in Plymouth or afterwards for any length of time. They all lived either at La Porte or South Bend, but for several years were the principal lawyers here. For a good while there was not much law business to do, and the first three or four years about all the court had to do was to meet, listen to a few stories by the lawyers, and adjourn.

The First Permanent Lawyer.

Hon. Charles H. Reeve was probably the first real lawyer to locate permanently in the county for the purpose of practicing law. In a copy of the Indiana Tocsin, published at La Porte, dated February 5, 1847,

the law card of Mr. Reeve appears as follows: "Charles H. Reeve, Attorney and Counsellor at Law, and Solicitor in Chancery. Plymouth, Marshall County, Indiana, December 1, 1846." But Mr. Reeve had located in Plymouth two years prior to that time and was deputy for County Clerk Isaac How during most of his term—1844 to 1848. It was while acting in this capacity that he became acquainted with Mr. How's oldest daughter, Miss Abby Jane How, whom he afterwards married. He entered the law office of James Bradley, of La Porte, when eighteen years old, read law under him, and later under Judge Samuel C. Sample and Jonathan A. Liston, of South Bend, and was admitted to the bar in 1842, just before he became of age. Coming to Plymouth when everything was in a crude and unorganized condition, he had ample opportunity to develop his ability to assist in building up everything looking to a systematic form of government. In his early days he was the life of the young society of the town. He was a splendid violinist, could play the guitar, and sing negro melodies equal to the best minstrels traveling; understood the flute and clarinet, and could play the piano; could call all the figures, and when it came to dancing himself, he was a perfect French dancing master in his movements. He was pretty near the whole thing at singing and spelling schools, corn huskings and barn raisings. He could make an offhand speech or tell a story better than any of them, and sing a comic song to "beat the band!" As he grew older and the cares of a busy life pressed harder and harder upon him, he drifted away from what might be called "frivolities of life" and turned his attention, outside the practice of law, to writing on various subjects for the newspapers and magazines, and later to book and pamphlet work on the subject of prison reform. His most pretentious work on this subject was a book of 200 pages, in 1890, entitled, "The Prison Question—A Philosophical Review." Another important work was "Dependent Children—A Report Before the International Penitentiary Congress at St. Petersburg, Russia, 1890." For this report he was awarded an international medal, which was sent to him by the Czar of Russia through the United States government. Since the death of Mr. Reeve the medal has been in the possession of his son, Mr. C. A. Reeve. Mr. Reeve had unusual command of language, and as a fluent and rapid talker he had few equals. As the leading attorney, for many years he easily commanded the first place at the bar of the court. He was rapid and methodical in his work and went into the trial of every case thoroughly prepared to meet every point of his opposing counsel. He was not a politician as that word has come to be understood, but served his county as prosecuting attorney, and was elected as a democrat and served four years as state senator. In both of these positions he discharged the duties with zeal, industry and fidelity, according to his best judgment. He died at his home in Plymouth about the first of the year 1905.

James O. Parks was a resident of Bourbon, twelve miles east of the county seat, where he had lived since his settlement here, in 1835, to the time of his death several years ago. His early life was engaged in farming and civil engineering and surveying. He served a term as justice of the peace in 1844-47, and in 1852 was admitted to practice law in the courts of Marshall county, which he continued until the time of his death. Mr.

Parks' practice was mostly devoted to matters originating in the locality where he lived. He was associated with his two sons, Sinclair D. and John W., both of whom had taken a course of study in the law department of Michigan University, and for many years the three made a strong team in the management of their business.

John G. Osborn came to Plymouth in 1852 as minister for the Methodist church. In 1854 he abandoned the ministry and engaged in the practice of the law in the courts of Marshall county, in which he continued until the time of his death in the '70's. He was for two or three years, during the war, editor of the Plymouth Democrat, and later left the Methodist denomination and united with the Episcopalians. For many years prior to his death he was a great sufferer from inflammatory rheumatism, which finally resulted in his death. He was a pleasant talker and his addresses before the jury were logical and generally convincing.

Charles Hugus located in Plymouth in the practice of law about 1855, having formed a partnership with Judge James S. Frazier, of Warsaw. Mr. Hugus was a sprightly young man and was quite a prominent figure in the local affairs of the town during his stay here. In 1856 he united with the new republican party just then forming, and was the first to call a "ratification meeting" as soon as the news came that Fremont had been nominated as the republican candidate for president. The meeting was held at the courthouse, and Mr. Hugus was pretty much the whole thing. He called the meeting to order, announced the object of it, proposed three cheers for "the next President of the United States," the "Path Finder," John Charles Fremont; but there were not very many people there, and what there were did not know much about Fremont or the republican party at that time, and so the cheering was a failure. Mr. Hugus addressed the meeting, giving a brief outline of the principles of the republican party, and a sketch of the life of Mr. Fremont, which pleased the audience, as none of them knew anything about him. Within a year from that time Mr. Hugus was taken sick with typhoid fever and died at the Dodridge hotel, which stood on the northeast corner of Michigan and Washington streets.

Albertus C. Capron came from New York state in 1852 and located in Plymouth, forming a partnership with C. H. Reeve in the practice of the law, and continued in the practice either as a lawyer or judge of the court until his death, May 13, 1905. During his career he was considered one of the best lawyers at the bar of the court. As a pleader he was not considered equal to many other members of the bar, but in his addresses before the court and jury he was deliberate, conversational and persuasive. In 1890 he was elected as a democratic judge of the district composed of Marshall and Fulton counties, and reëlected in 1896, and served in all twelve years as judge of the circuit court. It was as judge of the court, more than as a lawyer, that his judicial mind shone with peculiar splendor. As judge on the bench he was always calm and deliberate, treating the members of the bar, litigants and witnesses with a courtesy and affability that made him friends with all with whom he came in contact. Both as a lawyer and a judge he was incorruptible. He was no "grafter," as that word is now understood, and no taint rests upon his memory in connection with his dealings with the public. He was well educated, a studious

reader, and a profound thinker. During the later years of his life he occupied his leisure time in the preparation of many papers on abstruse subjects that were of a high order of literary merit and were worthy of being preserved in book form, but his modesty would not permit him to consent to give them to the public. He was peculiar in this respect, doing all this laborious work apparently for his own satisfaction and those of the few friends who were privileged to read them. He never sought public notoriety and was always averse to having his name appear in the newspapers except where some public end was to be subserved. He was a well matured, intellectual, manly man, who under all circumstances never allowed himself to forget to be a gentleman. He had a pleasant word for all with whom he came in contact, and went in and out among the people for more than half a century scattering sunshine in his path wherever he went.

Horace Corbin came to Marshall county about 1852, and settled in Plymouth and began the practice of law. He was born and reared in New York state and was a schoolmate of United States Senator Thomas C. Platt, of New York. When he came here he was a young man without money or friends, but he had ability and plenty of energy, and determined to succeed in his chosen profession if such a thing was possible. It was not long until he built up a living practice, and, having happily married into a wealthy family, the remainder of his life was one of ease and comfort. In politics he was a democrat, and in 1862, at the beginning of the war of the Rebellion, he secured the democratic nomination for state senator from the counties of St. Joseph and Marshall, and although it was naturally and largely a republican locality, he surprised everyone by carrying the district by a considerable majority. He served in the state senate from 1863 to 1867, and was regarded as one of the strongest men in that body. The circuit court district was changed in 1875, creating a vacancy in the new district of Marshall and Fulton, and Mr. Corbin was appointed judge to fill the vacancy, serving as such until December 18, 1876, having been defeated for reëlection by Sidney Keith, of Rochester, republican.

William J. Burns settled in Plymouth about 1852, having removed here from LaFayette, Indiana, where he had studied and practiced law, and had also while there been engaged in the newspaper business. When he located in Plymouth he "hung out his shingle" as attorney and counsellor at law. It was not long, however, until he was induced to purchase the old Plymouth Banner, and become its editor and publisher. His experience in that line of business will be found under the head of "Newspapers." He was a man more than ordinarily bright and was a much better editor than he was a lawyer. He went from here during war times to Knox, where he started the Starke County Democrat, which he conducted for a few years, when it passed into other hands, and he finally died in that place many years ago.

William G. Pomeroy was one of the earliest residents of Marshall county, having come here with his parents in 1834, and took an active part from the first in helping to build up the organization of the county and the business interests of the county seat. Prior to 1850 he had served as auditor and clerk of the county, a member of the state senate and a member of the house of representatives. He engaged largely in mercantile

business, and in the buying and slaughtering of cattle. During the panic of 1857 he failed and went into the hands of a receiver. He engaged in the practice of the law for some time, but he could not secure business to justify him in continuing it, and finally removed to Rolla, Missouri, where he died many years ago. During his residence here he was one of the brightest men that took an active part in public affairs, and left his impress for good in the matters with which he had to do to a greater extent than the people of his time were inclined to give him credit for.

John S. Dodridge came to Plymouth between 1850 and 1855. Just what in particular he came for he hardly knew himself, but he rented an office and hung up his sign as a lawyer. There was not much law business in the county at that time and the business mostly went to those lawyers who had located here before him. But he was not lazy and while waiting for court cases he engaged in other business. He purchased the lot on the northeast corner of Michigan and Washington streets, on which he erected the Dodridge hotel, afterwards known as the Edwards House, and later the Parker House. He was a man of good character, pleasant and affable. He never made any particular reputation as a lawyer and left here many years ago to find a home elsewhere.

Among many others who resided here and became somewhat prominent as attorneys, and have either died or gone elsewhere, may be mentioned D. Rench Sample, Judge R. D. Logan, A. B. Capron, John Darnell, D. T. Phillips, G. R. Chaney, B. D. Crawford, V. P. Kirk and R. B. Oglesbee.

Among those who practiced law here for many years, and have long since retired or gone into business here or elsewhere, may be mentioned M. A. O. Packard, Amasa Johnson, J. D. McLaren, Samuel Parker, C. P. Drummond, O. M. Packard, C. B. Tibbitts and John S. Bender.

Among those who still reside here and constitute the active attorneys are Wm. B. Hess, John W. Parks, Charles Kellison, Leo M. Lauer, E. C. Martindale, S. N. Stevens, H. A. Logan, Adam E. Wise, J. S. Reeve, H. L. Unger, J. A. Molter, W. H. Mathew and Perry O. Jones.

Those who have practiced law here, but reside in towns outside of the county seat, may be mentioned Joseph W. Davis, Z. D. Boulton, S. D. Parks, Jesse Chaplain, James L. Cook, John D. Thomas, Bourbon; R. C. O'Blenis, W. J. Benner, George W. Paul, M. L. Smith, Argos; Samuel J. Hayes, Bremen.

A large number of the names of persons admitted to practice law at the bar of the courts of the county appear on the records of the court, many of whom never had any business to transact in the court—in fact, about two-thirds of the 160 names which appear as lawyers were admitted and sworn as attorneys because all they had to do to be admitted was to prove that they were men of good moral character. The names of all the lawyers from the surrounding counties, when having business in the court, were also sworn and admitted to practice, although many never had more than one case in the court. From the long list are given the following names of some of the lawyers residing here, whose names do not appear in the sketch above made:

Beadaker Adolph, John C. Blue, K. F. Brooke, F. W. Boss, Gideon W. Blain, John C. Capron, Edwin H. Corbin, Wm. H. Conger, John G. Davis,

William Everly, Ed Fish, Herbert E. Hess, John R. Jones, James A. Marshall, Daniel McDonald, David McDuffie, Iden S. Romig, David E. Snyder, D. A. Snyder, Otto H. Weber, Charles M. Walker and Mrs. Elizabeth Christian. This lady was the wife of Mr. R. D. Christian, who was associated with John S. Bender in the law practice for a short time. She has the distinction of being the only woman ever admitted to the bar of the court as a lawyer. She never appeared in court in that capacity, and after a few months' stay here she and her husband removed elsewhere.

Early Jury System.

The grand and petit jury system existing under the law in force at the time of the organization of the county was exceedingly cumbersome. At the special session of the board of commissioners' court, September, 1836, the following grand and petit jury were drawn, as follows:

"Ordered, that the persons whose names are entered in the panels below serve as grand and petit jurors:

GRAND JURORS.

Eli Morris.
John Benson.
Samuel Patterson.
Chester Rose.
John Moore.
William Johnson.
John A. Boots.
John Kilgore.
Jacob Cressena.
Abel C. Hickman.
George Owens.
Grove O. Pomeroy.
William Bishop.
John Houghton.
John Johnson.
Enos Ward.
William Blakely.
Wm. Coe.
John Gibson.
David VanVactor.
Oliver Rose. (21)

PETIT JURORS.

Abner Caldwell.
John Woodward.
John Compton.
Ephraim Goble.
Daniel Roberts.
George Dixon.
Fielding Bowles.
Robert Johnson.
Benjamin Cruzan.
Thomas Packard, Sr.
Grove Pomeroy.
James Murphy, Sr.
Uri Metcalf.
Jesse Roberts.
David Cummins.
Joseph Evans.
Vincent Brownlee.
David Hill.
James Jones.
Silas Morgan.
Adam Snider.
Geo. Murphy.
Chas. Henderson.
George Vinnedge.
J. B. Tedraw.
Alf. Vinnedge (26).

The first commissioners who drew this jury were Robert Blair, Abraham Johnson and Charles Osterhaute.

Since that time the jury system has been greatly changed. The grand jury has been reduced from twenty-one to six, and the petit jury from twenty-six to twelve. At the time these juries were drawn it required a large proportion of the male residents of the county who possessed the necessary qualifications to fill up the number for each jury. At that time, too, there was practically nothing for either of the juries to do, and for a long time the jurors were empaneled, sworn, paid off and discharged for the term.

XLIII. JUDGES AND OTHER OFFICERS.

Samuel C. Sample, October 25, 1836, to October 16, 1843.
John B. Niles, October 16, 1843, to April, 1844.
Ebenezer M. Chamberlain, April, 1844, to May 15, 1852.
Thomas S. Stanfield, May 15, 1852, to February 8, 1858.
Andrew L. Osborn, February 8, 1858, to February 6, 1871.

Thomas S. Stanfield, February 6, 1871, to April 23, 1873.
Elisha V. Long, April 28, 1873, to January 28, 1875.
Horace Corbin, January 28, 1875, to December 18, 1876.
Sidney Keith, December 18, 1876, to December, 1882.
Jacob Slick, December, 1882, to March 5, 1883.
Wm. B. Hess (appointed by governor), March 5, 1883, to November, 1884.
Isaiah Conner, November, 1884, to November, 1890.
Albertus C. Capron (two terms), November, 1890, to November, 1902.
Harry Bernetha, November, 1902, to November 1908.

Judges of Common Pleas Court.

Elisha Egbert, October 26, 1852, to (died) November, 1871.
Edward J. Wood (appointed), November 13, 1871, to November 4, 1872.
Daniel Noyes, November 4, 1872, to March 6, 1873. (Court abolished.)

Associate Judges.

Peter Schroeder, October 25, 1836, to October 16, 1843.
Sidney Williams, October 25, 1836, to October 16, 1843.
Samuel D. Taber, October 16, 1843, to October 28, 1851.
David Steele, October 16, 1843, to April 19, 1851.
Elias Jacoby, April 19, 1850, to October 28, 1851.
The new state constitution of 1850 abolished the associate judge system.

Probate Judges.

Grove Pomeroy, November 14, 1836, to November 13, 1843.
Austin Fuller, November 13, 1843, to November 18, 1850.
James A. Corse, November 18, 1850, to October 26, 1852.
This court was abolished by the new state constitution of 1850.

Prosecuting Attorneys in Marshall County.

Those who have acted as prosecuting attorneys for Marshall county were in the earlier history of the county residents of other counties in the judicial district. They qualified in the county in which they resided, and so their names do not appear on the register of officers in this county. The following are the names of those prosecuting attorneys who were elected from and resided in this county:

Amasa Johnson, November, 1858, to November, 1860.
David T. Phillips, November, 1860, to November, 1864.
William B. Hess, common pleas, October, 1870, to 1872.
P. O. Jones, November, 1874, to 1878.
B. D. Crawford, November, 1878, to 1882.
Elijah C. Martindale, November, 1882, to November, 1886.
C. P. Drummond, November, 1886, to 1890.
S. N. Stevens, November, 1890, to November, 1894.
James K. Houghton, November, 1894, to 1896.
Samuel J. Hayes, November, 1896, to 1898.
Andrew J. Molter, November, 1896, to December 31, 1908.

State Senators From 1835 to 1908.

1835—David H. Colerick, from the counties of Allen, Wabash, Huntington, Elkhart, La Grange, St. Joseph, and the territory thereto attached.
1836—Jonathan A. Liston, St. Joseph, Marshall, Kosciusko and Stark.
1837-39—Thomas D. Baird, St. Joseph, Marshall, Kosciusko and Stark.
1842-44—John D. Defrees, St. Joseph, Marshall and Fulton.
1845-49—Wm. G. Pomeroy, St. Joseph, Marshall and Fulton.
1849-50—Norman Eddy, St. Joseph, Marshall and Fulton.
1853—A. P. Richardson, St. Joseph, Marshall and Fulton.
1855—A. P. Richardson, St. Joseph, Marshall and Fulton.
1857—Hugh Miller, St. Joseph, Marshall and Fulton.
1858—Rufus Brown, St. Joseph, Marshall and Fulton.
1861—John F. Miller, St. Joseph, Marshall and Fulton.
1863-67—Horace Corbin, St. Joseph, Marshall and Fulton.
1867-69—John Reynolds, St. Joseph, Marshall and Fulton.
1869-72—Lucius Hubbard, St. Joseph, Marshall and Fulton.
1873-75—Milo R. Smith, St. Joseph, Marshall and Fulton.
1876-80—Charles H. Reeve, St. Joseph, Marshall and Fulton.
1880-84—W. H. Davidson, St. Joseph, Marshall and Fulton.
1884-88—Valentine Zimmerman, St. Joseph, Marshall and Fulton.
1888-92—Perry O. Jones, Marshall and Fulton.
1892-96—Samuel Parker, Marshall and Fulton.
1896-1900—C. P. Drummond, Marshall and Fulton.
1901-09—John W. Parks, Marshall and Kosciusko.

Representatives in the Indiana Legislature From Marshall County.

1836-37—Joel Long, Marshall and Kosciusko.
1839—Amzi L. Wheeler, Marshall, Kosciusko and Stark.
1840—Peter L. Runyan, Marshall, Kosciusko and Stark.
1841—William Rannels, Marshall and Fulton.
1842—Amzi L. Wheeler, Marshall and Fulton.
1843—Joseph Robbins, Marshall and Fulton.
1844—William G. Pomeroy, Marshall and Fulton.
1845—Anthony F. Smith, Marshall and Fulton.
1846—James O. Parks, Marshall and Fulton.
1847—John R. Shryock, Marshall and Fulton.
1848—Enos S. Tuttle, Marshall and Fulton.
1849—Hugh Miller, Marshall and Fulton.
1850—Wm. M. Patterson, Marshall and Fulton.
1852—Thomas Sumner, Marshall and Stark.
1853—Eli Brown, Marshall and Stark.
1855—Amzi L. Wheeler, Marshall and Stark.
1857—Eli Brown, Marshall and Stark.
1859—James O. Parks, Marshall and Stark.
1861—M. A. O. Packard, Marshall and Stark.
1863—M. A. O. Packard, Marshall and Stark.
1865—Lloyd Glazebrook, Marshall and Stark.
1867—D. E. Van Valkenburgh, Marshall and Stark.
1869—Amasa Johnson, joint, St. Joseph and Marshall.

1869—Daniel McDonald, Marshall.
1869—Daniel McDonald, Marshall, special election.
1871—Milton M. Galentine, Marshall.
1873—Reason B. Eaton, Marshall.
1875—Designy A. Snyder, Marshall.
1877—Joseph W. Davis, Marshall.
1877—John W. Houghton, joint, Marshall and St. Joseph.
1879—James M. Confer, Marshall.
1881—Thomas Sumner, Marshall.
1883—William Shaw, Marshall.
1885—Charles Kellison, Marshall.
1887—Charles Kellison, Marshall.
1889—Jacob W. Eidson, Marshall.
1891—Arthur L. Thomson, Marshall.
1893—John W. Baugher, Marshall.
1895—Millard W. Simons, Marshall.
1897—Adam E. Wise, Marshall.
1899—Adam E. Wise, Marshall.
1901—Clay W. Metsker, Marshall.
1903—H. W. Lemert, Marshall.
1905—Daniel McDonald, Marshall.
1907—Daniel McDonald, Marshall.

Clerks of Marshall County.

Jeremiah Muncy, May 22, 1836, to February 23, 1839.
William G. Pomeroy, February 23, 1839, to April 17, 1843.
Oscar F. Norton, April 17, 1843, to February 10, 1844.
William G. Pomeroy, February 10, 1844, to March, 1844.
Isaac How, March 14, 1844, to January 7, 1848.
Rufus Hewett, January 8, 1848, to March 29, 1849.
James Buffum, March 29, 1849, to September 4, 1849.
Richard Corbaley, September 4, 1849, to April 30, 1855.
Richard Corbaley, appointed April 30, 1850, to September 24, 1850.
Richard Corbaley, elected September 24, 1850, to November 1, 1855. (This was occasioned by the adoption of the new state constitution of 1850.)
Newton R. Packard, November 1, 1855, to November 1, 1859.
Hezekiah R. Pershing, November 1, 1859, to November 1, 1863.
John C. Cushman, November 1, 1863, to April 3, 1871. (Resigned on account of being a member of the building committee of the new courthouse.)
Daniel McDonald, appointed April 3, 1871, to November 1, 1871.
Daniel McDonald, elected November 1, 1871, to November 1, 1875.
Daniel McDonald, elected November 1, 1875, to November 1, 1879.
Oliver P. Klinger, November 1, 1879, to November 1, 1883.
Oliver P. Klinger, November 1, 1883, to November 1, 1887.
Designy A. Snyder, November 1, 1887, to November 1, 1891.
Designy A. Snyder, November 1, 1891, to 1895.
John W. Wiltfong, November 1, 1895, to November 1, 1899.
Keim Franklin Brooke, November 1, 1899, to December 31, 1903.

John R. Jones, January 1, 1904, to December 31, 1907.
Joseph E. Whitesell, January 1, 1908, to ——.

Auditors of Marshall County.

Jeremiah Muncy, May 2, 1836, to February, 1839.
William G. Pomeroy, February 23, 1839, to June 29, 1844.
William M. Dunham, June 29, 1844, to March 4, 1859.
Thomas McDonald, March 4, 1850, to March 7, 1859.
Austin Fuller, March 7, 1859, to March 14, 1863.
Alexander C. Thompson, March 14, 1863, to March 14, 1871.
Hiram C. Burlingame, March 14, 1871, to March 14, 1875.
Alexander C. Thompson, March 14, 1875, to March 14, 1879.
Keim K. Brooke, March 14, 1879, to March 14, 1883.
Morgan Johnson, March 14, 1883, to March 14, 1887.
Charles H. Lehr, March 14, 1887, to March 14, 1891.
Peter Hahn, March 14, 1891, to March 14, 1895.
Oscar R. Porter, March 14, 1895, to March 14, 1899.
Henry H. Miller, March 14, 1899, to December 31, 1903.
H. L. Singery, January 1, 1904, to December 31, 1907.
Charles M. Walker, January 1, 1908, to December 31, 1911.

Treasurers of Marshall County.

John Houghton, May, 1836, to August 5, 1850.
Joseph Evans, August 5, 1850, to December 6, 1854.
David Vinnedge, December 5, 1854, to December 6, 1858.
Nathan H. Oglesbee, December 6, 1858, to December 6, 1862.
Daniel O. Quivey, December 6, 1862, to August 12, 1867.
Michael W. Downey, August 12, 1867, to August 10, 1871.
John Soice, August 10, 1871, to August 10, 1875.
Arthur L. Thomson, August 10, 1875, to August 10, 1879.
Frederick Tescher, August 10, 1879, to August 10, 1883.
John K. Lawrence, August 10, 1883, to August 10, 1887.
Oliver G. Soice, August 10, 1887, to August 10, 1891.
A. D. Senour, August 10, 1891, to (died) ——.
Chas. C. Vink, appointed to fill vacancy to August 10, 1895.
William J. Rankin, August 10, 1895, to August 10, 1897.
Chas. C. Vink, August 10, 1897, to December 31, 1901.
William O'Keefe, January 1, 1902, to December 31, 1905.
Jones Grant, January 1, 1906, to December 31, 1907.
Fred Myers, January 1, 1908, to ——.

Sheriffs of Marshall County.

Adam Vinnedge, March 16, 1836, to August 31, 1836.
Abner Caldwell, August 31, 1836, to August 17, 1838.
Patrick Logan, August 17, 1838, to August 17, 1842.
Joseph Evans, August 20, 1842, to August 26, 1846.
Jacob K. Hupp, August 26, 1846, to August 26, 1850.
Seth Hussey, August 30, 1850, to February 25, 1852.
William C. Edwards, February 28, 1852, to November 10, 1852.
John L. Thompson, November 10, 1852, to May 5, 1856.

J. F. Van Valkenburgh, May 25, 1856, to November 10, 1858.
Obed M. Barnard, November 12, 1858, to November 12, 1862.
Henry M. Logan, November 19, 1862, to November 12, 1866.
David How, November 21, 1866, to November 19, 1870.
Daniel K. Harris, November, 1870, to November 19, 1874.
L. C. Fink, November 19, 1874, to November 19, 1878.
John V. Astley, November 19, 1878, to November 19, 1882.
William B. Kyle, November 19, 1882, to November 19, 1886.
John N. Wilson, November 19, 1886, to November 19, 1890.
Henry L. Jerrell, November 19, 1890, to November 19, 1894.
David C. Smith, November 19, 1894, to November, 1896.
Joseph E. Marshall, November 19, 1896, to November 19, 1900.
Clinton A. Bondurant, November 19, 1900, to December 31, 1904.
Monroe Steiner, January 1, 1905, to December 31, 1906.
Daniel C. Voreis, January 1, 1907, to December 31, 1908.

Recorders of Marshall County.

Silas Morgan, April 29, 1836, to May 1, 1837.
Evan B. Hobson, August 15, 1837, to September 13, 1838.
Isaac Crocker, September 13, 1838, to November 14, 1839.
Gilson S. Cleveland, November 14, 1839, to August 21, 1854.
Johnson Brownlee, August 21, 1854, to August 21, 1858.
Thomas K. Houghton, August 21, 1858, to August 21, 1866.
John W. Houghton, August 21, 1866, to October 26, 1874.
J. B. N. Klinger, October 26, 1874, to October 26, 1878.
John L. Place, October 26, 1878, to December 4, 1882.
Theodore Cressner, December 4, 1882, to November 11, 1892.
Thomas M. Walker, November 11, 1892, to February 15, 1900.
Frank M. Walker, February 15, 1900, to April, 1900 (to fill vacancy; died in office).
L. G. Harley, appointed April 9, to November 14, 1900.
L. G. Harley, elected November, 1904, to November 19, 1904.
Alvin L. Porter, November, 1904, to December 31, 1908.

Surveyors of Marshall County.

Daniel Roberts, November 9, 1836, to ——, 1840.
Grove Pomeroy, appointed 1840, to ——, 1841.
Henry B. Pershing, November 9, 1841, to January 3, 1848.
A. W. Reed, January 3, 1848, to December, 1850.
Jacob B. N. Klinger, December, 1850, to November 29, 1854.
Oliver W. Morris, November 29, 1854, to November 16, 1856.
Jacob B. N. Klinger, November 29, 1856, to November 29, 1858.
Oliver W. Morris, November 29, 1858, to November 12, 1860.
J. S. Crampton, November 13, 1860, to June, 1861 (died).
Fred H. Hall, June 6, 1861, to November 12, 1863.
Jerry M. Klinger, November 12, 1863, to November 12, 1867.
Martin H. Rice, November 12, 1867, to November 12, 1871.
Morgan Johnson, April 17, 1872, to November 12, 1872.
Jerry M. Klinger, November 12, 1872, to November 12, 1876.
Achilles North, November 12, 1876, to November 12, 1880.

E. O. Boyce, ——, 1880, to November 12, 1880.
Achilles North, October 21, 1881, to November 11, 1884.
J. M. Klinger, October 21, 1884, to November 11, 1886.
John C. Buttler, November 11, 1886, to November 11, 1890.
Achilles North, November 11, 1890, to 1894.
William Warnes, November 21, 1894, to November 21, 1896.
William H. English, November 21, 1896, to November 21, 1900.
Harry E. Grube, November, 1900, to December 31, 1904.
David E. Van Vactor, January 1, 1905, to December 31, 1906.
Percy J. Troyer, January 1, 1907, to December 31, 1908.

Coroners of Marshall County.

The early records of the coroners of this county were so imperfectly kept that only the names have been procured. They are as follows:
John Johnson, 1836.
James Bannon.
Lyman H. Andrews.
John K. Brooke.
William Bailey.
James Logan.
Isaac Shadel.
Robert McFarlin.
Lorenzo Matteson.
Keim K. Brooke.
Adam Vinnedge.
Henry M. Logan.
Eli R. Shook.
John Bauer, Jr.
A. C. Holtzendorff, November, 1878, to November, 1886.
John H. Johnson, November, 1886, to (died) 1887.
Jacob W. Eidson, appointed 1887, to November, 1888.
J. J. Hamilton, November, 1888, to November, 1894.
Jacob Kaiser, November, 1894, to December, 1896.
W. C. Sarber, November, 1896, to November, 1900.
J. H. Kiser, November, 1900, to November, 1905.
R. C. Stephens, December, 1905, to December, 1907.
J. H. Kiser, January 1, 1907, to December 31, 1908.

Marshall County Commissioners.

Robert Blair, May, 1836, to May, 1837.
Abraham Johnson, May, 1836, to September, 1840.
Charles Osterhaut, May, 1836, to July, 1836.
John Gibson, September, 1836, to September, 1839.
Andrew Roberts, May, 1837, to August, 1837.
Ewell Kendall, August, 1837, to March, 1838.
Abel C. Hickman, May, 1838, to September, 1838.
Thomas McDonald, November, 1838, to September, 1840.
James Nash, September, 1839, to September, 1842.
Joseph Evans, September, 1840, to June, 1842.
John B. Dickson, September, 1840, to August, 1841.

Ira Allen, August, 1841, to December, 1844.
Abraham Johnson, June, 1842, to September, 1842.
Ransom Barber, September, 1842, to September, 1851.
George Metcalf, September, 1842, to September, 1843.
Charles Palmer, September, 1843, to December, 1845.
Enos S. Tuttle, December, 1844, to September, 1847.
Hiram A. Ranck, December, 1845, to March, 1847.
Designey S. Conger, March, 1847, to September, 1847.
Hiram A. Ranck, September, 1847, to December, 1849.
Tyra Jones, September, 1847, to March, 1851.
Robert Schroeder, December, 1849, to December, 1851.
Sanford Gordon, March, 1851, to June, 1857.
David Van Vactor, September, 1851, to December, 1857.
H. A. Ranck, December, 1851, to March, 1853.
Robert Johnson, March, 1853, to March, 1855.
Jacob Knoblock, March, 1855, to March, 1856.
S. N. Champlin, March, 1856, to December, 1856.
William Hughes, June, 1857, to December, 1859.
Robert S. Piper, December, 1857, to December, 1859.
Moses Keyser, December, 1858, to December, 1861.
Isaac N. Morris, December, 1859, to December, 1862.
J. L. Westervelt, December, 1859, to September, 1860.
Elijah Boley, September, 1860, to September, 1863.
Thomas Tyner, December, 1861, to March, 1865.
John H. Voreis, December, 1862, to June, 1863.
Leonard Alleman, June, 1863, to December, 1868.
William Garrison, September, 1863, to December, 1868.
Hiram A. Ranck, March, 1865, to December, 1867.
Jonas Miller, December, 1867, to September, 1877.
Henry Krause, December, 1868, to December, 1874.
James Abrams, December, 1874, to December, 1883.
H. Barnaby, September, 1875, to June, 1880.
William Sear, June, 1880, to September, 1881.
H. A. Ranck, June, 1877, to December, 1879.
Philip Dumph, December, 1879, to December, 1882.
Peter Holem, September, 1881, to September, 1887.
Ferdinand Sparr, December, 1882, to December, 1885.
Pulaski Wickizer, December, 1883, to December, 1889.
John P. Huff, December term, 1885.
G. M. Richardson, appointee, 1886; same short term, December, 1886, to December, 1888.
Milton Kleckner, September, 1887, to October, 1889.
Marion A. Bland, October, 1889, to September, 1890.
Benjamin Snyder, December, 1889, to 1894.
Marion A. Bland, October, 1889, to December, 1896.
Daniel W. Marks, December, 1889, to December, 1892.
William Voreis, December, 1892, to December, 1895.
A. W. Dolph, December, 1894, to December, 1897.
William Shunk, December, 1895, to December, 1898.
Fred Seider, December, 1896, to 1899.

Henry L. Jarrell, December, 1897, to 1903.
Henry Snyder, December, 1902, to December, 1905.
Joel Anglin, December, 1903, to December, 1908.
Wm. H. Troup, 1904, to December, 1910.
Wm. L. Yantiss, December, 1905, to December, 1907.
James B. Severns, December, 1907, to December, 1910.

XLIV. SKETCHES OF COUNTY OFFICERS.

Since the organization of the county in 1836, Marshall county has had eight representatives in the state senate, viz: Wm. G. Pomeroy, Dr. Rufus Brown, Horace Corbin, Charles H. Reeve, Perry O. Jones, Samuel Parker, C. P. Drummond and John W. Parks. The first four are dead, the remainder are living. Of these, Pomeroy and Brown were whigs, and Parks republican; Corbin, Reeve, Jones, Parker and Drummond were democrats.

David Colerick, who represented the greater portion of northern Indiana in the senate in 1835—a territory sufficiently large to make a good sized state,—was a resident of Fort Wayne, and was an intelligent man, an enterprising citizen, and respected by all who knew him.

Jonathan A. Liston was a resident of South Bend, a lawyer by profession, and was looked upon as being one of the foremost men of his time. He practiced law in the courts of this county for many years and was well known to most of the early settlers here.

John D. Defreese was one of the early pioneers of northern Indiana, and from the beginning took an active part in politics in opposition to the democrats. He was a resident of Goshen.

Norman Eddy was a resident of South Bend, and was perhaps as well and favorably known as any man in the state. His career as a citizen, a politician and a soldier in the war of the Rebellion is without blemish. At the time of his death in 1871 he was holding the office of secretary of state.

John F. Miller also resided in South Bend. He was elected to fill the vacancy occasioned by the death of Rufus Brown. The Rebellion coming on, he went into the army and was promoted to the rank of general. After the close of the war he received an appointment from the government and removed to California. In 1881 he was elected United States senator from the state of California, and died while holding that office a few years afterward.

A. P. Richardson resided in St. Joseph county, and served one term in the senate, after which he removed to McGregor, Iowa, where he established the McGregor Times, which was, under his editorial management, one of the spiciest local papers in the west. He was of Irish descent, and was familiarly known as "Pat Richardson." He died at his home in McGregor several years ago, lamented by all who knew him.

Of Pomeroy, Brown, Corbin and Reeve, all of whom served with distinction in the senate, historical reference will be found in various places in this work, and it is therefore unnecessary to repeat it here. Of those that are living, Senators Jones and Parks reside in Plymouth, and Senators Parker and Drummond are residents of South Bend. All of these public

officials served with distinction in the upper branch of the general assembly, and are all so well and favorably known that special mention of them is unnecessary.

House of Representatives.

Although prior to 1869 Marshall county had been attached to other counties for representative purposes, it has had its full share of members of the lower branch of the legislature. Of the personal history of those who have represented Marshall county, residents of other counties, it is not necessary to speak at length.

Joel Long, the first representative after the county was organized, was a resident of Kosciusko county. He is said to have owned a large farm on a beautiful prairie about midway between Warsaw and Milford. He passed off the stage of action many years ago, and sleeps with the innumerable throng who passed on before him.

Peter L. Runyan was also a resident of Kosciusko county, but little of his history is known.

Enos S. Tuttle was born near New Haven, Connecticut, in 1796, removed to the southwestern part of Indiana in 1817, and settled in Marshall county in 1841. He was elected and served one term as county commissioner in 1845-46. In 1848 he was elected representative from the counties of Marshall and Fulton, and served during the session of that year. He died in Marshall county in 1850, aged 54 years.

James O. Parks was a native of Kentucky, born March 20, 1813. He came to Marshall county in 1836, and settled in what is now the town of Bourbon. He was twice elected to the legislature, in 1846 from Marshall and Fulton, and in 1859 from Marshall and Starke. He made an efficient member. He died at his home in Bourbon several years ago.

William M. Patterson was born in Cincinnati, February 10, 1807. From there he moved with his parents in an early day to Lexington, Indiana, where he was married in 1824. He took a liking to politics in his youth, and was an active participant in all the campaigns that followed until the day of his death. He was a democrat of the Jeffersonian school, and any one who disputed his democracy was sure to hear from him in the most emphatic language. He was elected and served as sheriff of Scott county, Indiana, in 1832, and moved with his family and settled in La Porte in 1836, where he resided until the fall of 1847, when he became a resident of Plymouth. In 1850 he was elected a member of the legislature from the counties of Marshall, Fulton and Starke, served one term, was defeated for reëlection by Thomas Sumner in 1851, and as a slight recompense he was elected doorkeeper of the state senate in 1851, and the same year was appointed appraiser of canal lands; in 1856 he was appointed receiver of the land office in Winamac; was appointed deputy United States marshal in 1860, and died at his home in Plymouth, August 9, 1871.

Since 1869 Marshall county has been entitled to a representative alone. Of the seventeen who have been elected since that time the following are dead: Reason B. Eaton, Joseph W. Davis, James M. Confer, Thomas Sumner, William Shaw, Arthur L. Thomson, Millard W. Simons. Of those still living it is unnecessary here to speak.

The Clerk's Office.

The clerk's office is, if one office may be said to be of more importance than another, the most important office in the county. Here the judge of the court sits as arbiter of the disputes between man and man, and here the jury sits and determines the law and the evidence and the facts in matters of great import to the people, even the life or death of the individual; and all these decisions are recorded on the records of the clerk's office, and are binding on all the people for all time to come. Therefore a brief sketch of a few of the earliest clerks who opened the books and without any plans of procedure to guide them did their work so well that it has stood the test of three-quarters of a century without any errors of consequence having happened, is in place here.

Jeremiah Muncy, the first clerk, held the office by appointment from the board of county commissioners. They were in session July 20, 1836, at the time the commissioners designated to organize the county were assembled, and as soon as they had made their report that the county had been legally organized, the board of county commissioners immediately appointed Mr. Muncy clerk of the court, it being the first business transacted by them after the county was organized. Those who knew Mr. Muncy then will remember him to have been a sprightly business man about forty years old, not very tall and somewhat heavy built, and somewhat handsome in appearance. His court records are clean and perfectly legible, and show plainly the traces of the now almost forgotten goose quill pen. The office at that time was more honorable than profitable, and having extracted all the honor there was in it, he went off with the Indians about February, 1839, locating in Clay county, Missouri, where he undoubtedly passed away many years ago.

William G. Pomeroy followed Mr. Muncy by appointment of the associate judges of the circuit court, as appears from the following entry on the order book of the court:

"At a meeting held at the house of David Steel in Plymouth, Marshall county, Indiana, on the twenty-third day of February, 1839, there were present Peter Schroeder and David Steel, the associate judges of the Marshall county circuit court. As Jeremiah Muncy, clerk of the same, had vacated said office by removing from said county, thereupon said judges, according to the statute in such case made and provided, proceeded to fill said vacancy, and thereupon appointed William G. Pomeroy clerk of the Marshall circuit court *pro tempore.*"

Mr. Pomeroy resigned the office April 17, 1843, and was succeeded by Oscar F. Norton, who held the office until he died, and Mr. Pomeroy was again appointed February 10, 1844, to fill the vacancy. He held the office until March 14th, of the same year, when he resigned. Mr. Pomeroy was a man of more than ordinary capabilities, being competent to conduct the clerk's office, act as justice of the peace, practice law, keep a hotel, run a slaughter house, keep a dry goods store, a hardware store, and do anything else that happened to come in his way all at the same time. He removed to Rolla, Missouri, where he died many years ago. He was succeeded as clerk by the appointment of Isaac How, March 14, 1844. He served under the appointment until he was elected at the August election following. He died

in January, 1848, and, being one of the early pioneers, was well known to the people of the county at the time of his death.

Charles Palmer was appointed to fill the vacancy occasioned by the death of Mr. How. He very quickly determined that he would not serve as clerk, for the next day the following entry appears on the records:

Plymouth, Ind., January 7, 1848.

To The Honorable Associate Judges of the Marshall Circuit Court:

I hereby resign the office of clerk of said circuit court into your hands from whence it came. Respectfully,

CHARLES PALMER.

At that time Mr. Palmer was a dry goods merchant. In conversation with him as to the reason he declined the appointment he said on the day of the appointment he went to the clerk's office to look over the condition of things, and finding it locked, returned to his place of business. The next day he went to the office, and made an examination of the work the clerk was required to do, and the pay he was to receive for it, and at once decided that there was nothing in it for him, and within a few minutes after he had entered the office he took up a pen and wrote the above declination. Mr. Palmer was one of the early business men of Plymouth, and was one of the most substantial and reliable citizens of his time. He died many years ago.

Rufus Hewett was then appointed and served until March 26, 1849, when he died. Mr. Hewett was engaged in merchandising with Norman Woodward, in the firm name of Hewett & Woodward. He was in every way a splendid man.

James Buffum was appointed to fill the vacancy and served until September, when he went to California. He was followed by Richard Corbaley, by election, who served six years in all, ending November 1, 1855. He died in the state of Washington about 1895.

Since the organization of the county there have been eighteen clerks, all of whom but seven are dead.

The Early Auditors.

The auditor's office is one of the most important parts of the machinery of the county government. Here is made out the tax duplicate from which the taxes are collected to keep the machinery moving. Here are recorded the transactions of the board of county commissioners and here are made out the orders on the treasurer for the allowances made by the board; here the accounts of the township trustees are audited; here all the roads, public buildings, bridges, and many other matters too numerous to mention are authorized and provided for; and as the auditor has charge of all the records, and is supposed to be fully conversant with the details of everything connected with the office, the men who had charge of the office for the first quarter of a century are entitled to mention here as being important factors in starting the machinery of that part of the county government in such a manner as to reflect honor and credit upon them and the county as well.

Jeremiah Muney served as auditor and clerk, the two offices being combined in one, or rather under one management, until June, 1844. He left the auditor's office in the same unceremonious manner that he vacated the clerk's office. The county was in its infancy at that time, and the

emoluments accruing by virtue of his two official positions were hardly sufficient to support himself and family. Nevertheless the records now in the auditor's office made by him seem to have been thoroughly made and well kept during his stay in the office. He is represented to have been a man of the world, and kept himself up to if not a little ahead of the age in which he lived. He left in 1839, and is probably dead long ago.

William G. Pomeroy was appointed auditor in 1839, and discharged the duties of the office until June 29, 1844. At that date the offices of auditor and clerk were separated and the business of each office since that time has been performed by one officer appointed or elected for each. Mr. Pomeroy was an excellent business man, wrote a fine hand and left the office in good shape when his term expired.

William M. Dunham was appointed first auditor after the two offices were separated, June 29, 1844. Mr. Dunham had served as justice of the peace, and was one of the leading men of the county at that time. He was small in stature, but was "wide enough out" to make up for the deficiency in height. He delighted in smoking a white clay pipe, and if there was any comfort he did not derive from it it was not because he did not make an honest effort to patiently distil it out. He wrote a peculiar up and down hand, and his records are uniform, clean and perfectly legible. He died in Plymouth, February 25, 1855.

Thomas McDonald succeeded Mr. Dunham March 4, 1850, and owing to the change made in the commencement of the term of that office by the adoption of the new constitution of Indiana, and a reëlection when his first term expired, he served in all nine years. He was one of the pioneers of the county, having arrived here six days after the county had been organized. He was attentive to business, and prided himself on the facility and correctness with which he could add up a row of figures, his knowledge of the description of lands, and the number of people he was personally acquainted with. During his life he served as justice of the peace; assessed the property of the county for taxable purposes; was elected county commissioner; appointed county school examiner; and was the first county superintendent of schools after the law was passed creating that office, which office he was holding at the time of his death, March 26, 1875. He also established the Plymouth Democrat November 15, 1855.

Rev. Austin Fuller was elected in 1859 and served four years. He came here in an early day, and managed the Plymouth water mills, which were then known as "Fuller's Mills." He was a preacher of the gospel according to the Wesleyan view of Methodism for many years, and on several occasions had taken an active part in politics—always in opposition to the democracy. He died in Plymouth in the later eighties.

Of those who have had charge of the office since Mr. Fuller's term it is not necessary to speak in detail. All discharged the duties of the office with credit to themselves and satisfaction to all concerned.

Treasurer's Office.

This office, like all the other offices, since its existence has been exceptionally well managed. John Houghton was the first treasurer. He was appointed by the board of commissioners May 3, 1836. He was elected in August, 1836, qualified September 5th, and held the office under the election

until August, 1839, when he was again reëlected, and, having served out the term, was again reëlected and held the office until 1850. His first report as county treasurer is inserted here as a matter of historical interest:

FIRST TREASURER'S REPORT.

John Houghton, treasurer, in account with Marshall county from April 1, 1836, to May 1, 1837:

Received for license to this date	$ 98.98¼
Received of Peter Schroeder, county agent, as part donation to county seat	300.00
Received of A. Vinnedge, collector for 1836	466.40½
Total	$865.38¾

CONTRA.

By amount orders redeemed April 1, 1836, to May 1, 1837, as appears by vouchers	$802.03½
To balance in treasury as per contra, $63.35¼; deduct the treasurer's commission on $502.03½ since April 1, 1836, to May 1, 1837, at 3 per cent, making $15.07; commission on $300, 2 per cent, $6, making	21.07
Balance in treasury up to this date	42.28¼
Total	$865.38¾

All of which is respectfully submitted.

JOHN HOUGHTON, County Treasurer.

Mr. Houghton was an Englishman, having been born near Southampton, England, in 1790. He learned the shipwright carpenter trade and worked in the King's navy yard during the reign of George IV. at Portsmouth. He came to America in 1820, and to Marshall county in 1835, and remained here continuously until his death in 1877.

Joseph Evans, the second treasurer, was one of the early settlers in Marshall county. He was an affable, pleasant gentleman, and a straightforward citizen, of whom nothing but good could be said. In addition to his services as treasurer, during his life he had served two terms as sheriff and one term as county commissioner, and other official positions of less importance. He died in the eighties.

David Vinnedge was the third treasurer. He came from Butler county, Ohio, where he was born, to Marshall county in 1846, settling in North township, where he resided until he was elected treasurer, when he removed to Plymouth, where he remained until his death, October 14, 1859. He made an excellent treasurer; was kind-hearted, liberal to a fault and peculiarly jovial and social.

Nathan H. Oglesbee was twice elected treasurer, coming in on the tidal wave of the newly organized Republican party, which was assisted by the American party, commonly known as the Know Nothings. He was a gentleman of good business qualifications, pleasant manners, attended strictly to business, and performed the duties of his office with honor to himself and satisfaction to the people. He died several years ago.

Daniel O. Quivey was a young man of more than ordinary experience in business matters, and, being honorable and upright in all his dealings with mankind, he was well liked and very popular with all who knew him. His peculiar fitness for political positions attracted the attention of the voters of the county holding to the Democratic faith, and he was elevated to the office of county treasurer from among a large number of aspirants. He held the office two terms and transacted the business in a satisfactory manner to the people. His health began to fail during his term of office, and finally culminated in a paralytic stroke, from the effects of which he died at his home in this place July 11, 1869.

Of those who have served in that office since that time it is unnecessary to speak. The office from the beginning has been well kept, no shortages or scandals of any kind ever having occurred. Nathan H. Oglesbee, Frederick Tescher, William J. Rankin and Jones Grant were republicans; all the others were democrats.

The Sheriff's Office.

Adam Vinnedge, the first sheriff, held the office by appointment of the board of commissioners immediately after the county was organized. An election was held in August following 1836, at which a successor was elected, and he seems to have dropped out of politics entirely, as his name does not appear as an official after that time.

Abner Caldwell was the first sheriff elected after the organization of the county. He was a resident of what is now Walnut township,—then Green township. He resided with Sidney Williams or near his farm, which is now the town of Argos. When his first term expired the political elements began to work and the race for reëlection was spirited and hotly contested. He was defeated by seven majority out of between three and four hundred votes in the county.

Patrick Logan was elected in August, 1838, over Abner Caldwell by a bare majority of seven votes. The race for sheriff was an exciting one and was conducted more on personal considerations than on political principles, although the candidates were members and representatives of their respective parties, Mr. Caldwell being a Whig and Mr. Logan a Democrat. Mr. Logan served two years and was reëlected. His second election was contested by Silas Morgan, as appears by the records in the auditor's office. The office, however, was awarded to Mr. Logan and he served out his full term. In 1852 he removed with his family to Montgomery county, Indiana, where he died about 1860.

Jacob K. Hupp was one of the pioneers of the county and built and operated a sawmill on Yellow river, four or five miles southwest of Plymouth. He was twice elected and served four years as sheriff. From an accident which happened to him in his sawmill he died March 7, 1856.

Seth Hussey was elected in August, 1850, and served until February 25, 1852, when he resigned. He was a shoemaker by trade, and some time before his election to the office of sheriff he accidentally cut one of his arms with a shoe knife, producing a severe wound. He suffered great pain for a long time, and finally amputation became necessary. He died shortly after he vacated the office.

William C. Edwards, a half brother of Seth Hussey's, was appointed

to fill the vacancy and served until November of the same year. He made a good officer. A few years before he died his mind failed him and he became demented, so much so that he was unable to take care of himself.

John L. Thompson, a Republican in politics, was one of the early settlers and resided on a farm near Wolf Creek mills until he was elected sheriff, when he took up his residence in Plymouth, where he remained until his death, which occurred in May, 1856, five months before his second term expired. He was a kind-hearted social man and made an acceptable officer.

James F. Van Valkenburg was appointed to fill the vacancy of Mr. Thompson, and was elected at the election following. He served as postmaster a short time under Pierce's administration and also under a portion of Buchanan's. He died at Walnut station, this county, December 15, 1880.

The others who have filled the office since that time have all performed their duties well, nothing having occurred worthy of special historical note.

Recorders of Marshall County.

Silas Morgan, first recorder, served one year and then resigned. He was a dignified-appearing gentleman, about six feet tall and of slender build. He was a carpenter by trade and built the first bridge across Yellow river at Plymouth. He was also architect and builder of the first seminary building on the grounds where the Washington school building now stands. His health declined rapidly during the last year of his life and he died December 19, 1863.

Evan B. Hobson served less than one year. Outside his services as recorder, nothing of importance concerning him is known. He seems to have been a fair business man and kept the books in good shape. He died before his term expired in 1838.

Gilson S. Cleaveland held the office about fifteen years. His wife, who was Caroline Rose, daughter of Oliver Rose, one of the first merchants in Plymouth, was an excellent penman and a bright, intelligent business woman. She assisted him in the discharge of his duties, in fact had charge of the office most of the time, thus giving Mr. Cleaveland an opportunity to attend to his mercantile business. Both Mr. and Mrs. Cleaveland are now dead.

Johnson Brownlee came to Plymouth in 1840 and engaged in the mercantile business. He was a working Democrat and endeared himself to his party to such an extent that without his asking for it they gave him the nomination for recorder, and he was elected. He did not attend to the office in person, but employed deputies to do the work. Samuel B. Corbaley took charge of the office the first two years, and Daniel McDonald the remainder of his term of four years. He was a very industrious man. He had not a lazy bone in his body, and during his business career had done as much or more to advance the general prosperity of Plymouth as any other man in it. He died of heart failure sitting in a chair at his home in Plymouth, January 12, 1898.

Thomas K. Houghton and John W. Houghton were brothers, one a Republican and the other a Democrat. They were the sons of John Houghton, the first treasurer of the county. They came to the county in 1835 and had resided here to the time of their deaths a few years ago. They

both made good officers, and were highly esteemed in the community in which they lived.

Jacob B. N. Klinger served one term as recorder after having served six years as county surveyor. He left Preble county, Ohio, where he resided in 1841 and settled in Bourbon township a short distance north of the town of Bourbon. He came west in 1835 and footed it from La Porte to Plymouth on his return home. The country from Lemon's bridge across the Kankakee to Plymouth was "one vast wilderness," with only a few houses to mark the commencement of civilization; prairie wolves were numerous; Indians were still prowling around seeking whom they might devour, and a journey on foot and alone through the swamps and marshes, brush and tree tops under such circumstances was not calculated to inspire him with the most agreeable assurances of safety. Nevertheless he reached home without meeting with any serious mishaps and returned five years later to Marshall county, where he resided until the date of his death. Mr. Klinger was an excellent citizen in all the walks of life, and all his work as a public official was performed conscientiously, faithfully and well.

From the time the office was opened for business in 1836 to the present time the records have been well and correctly kept, few mistakes ever having been made that were discovered and had to be corrected through the courts.

The Surveyor's Office.

The county surveyor is, in a way, one of the most important officers in the county. He fixes the corners and subdivisions of all the lands in the county, lays out the roads, fixes the abutments to all the bridges, surveys and superintends the construction of ditches, etc., a record of which is made on the books of his office.

Daniel Roberts, the first surveyor, served as such four years. The records are somewhat imperfect, owing probably to the lack of proper books and materials. He left the county many years ago and died in or near Indianapolis.

Grove Pomeroy, who was appointed in 1840 and served until 1841, was among the first settlers in Marshall county, and was well known to the people up to the time of his death. He was the first resident of Plymouth, and built the first "tavern" in the then village, which he named "The Yellow River House," but which was afterward changed to the "Plymouth Hotel." It stood on the northeast corner of Michigan and La Porte streets. For many years this tavern was the stopping place for the stage lines passing between Logansport, Indiana, and Niles, Michigan, and to and from La Porte. There were no sawmills in those days, and the lumber for the "tavern" was made with a "whip-saw." Roll your log up on a frame six feet high, with one man on top and one below, and push and pull your "whip-saw" alternately, and you will have a practical illustration of the *modus operandi* of making lumber hereway three score years ago. Mr. Pomeroy was judge of the probate court, being the first who held that office, from 1836 to 1843, and took an active part in the organization of the county, and in everything looking to its prosperity. He died in Plymouth in 1854.

Henry B. Pershing was also one of the earliest pioneers, and when he first settled here was engaged in the tailoring business. Later he engaged

in the drug business for a long time, and while so engaged discovered "Dr. Leibig's Ague Cure," which was warranted to take the chill out of everything animate and inanimate. He also discovered what he called "The Philosopher's Stone." He claimed to manufacture stone by a chemical process by which it was made so hard that a "nigger's head" could not break it. He made a good surveyor; at least that was the verdict of those who professed to know, and there in no reason to doubt it. He died in South Bend about 1899.

Jacob B. N. Klinger served as surveyor six years in all, and was said by those who were informed on the subject to understand the intricacies of county surveying better than any other of the distinguished gentlemen who carried the tripod before or since his time. (See under Recorder.)

Achilles North served as surveyor eleven years; Jerry M. Klinger served ten years.

XLV. BENEVOLENT AND FRATERNAL SOCIETIES.

With the advancement of civilization and the increase of population came the necessity for the organization of societies for mutual benefit and social enjoyment. The oldest of all the numerous secret organizations, of which there are scores now in existence, is that known as "Free and Accepted Masons." It being the oldest, and from which all other secret orders have sprung, it is proper to speak of it first in this historical review. The traditions in regard to the history of Masonry are numerous, and, so far as is now known, its origin was in the builders' associations of ancient times, which attained their greatest perfection at the building of King Solomon's temple. Since that time, perhaps about 200 years ago, it was changed into a speculative science, still retaining the working tools of operative masonry, and giving them a symbolic meaning, illustrating the erection of a human temple, complete in all its parts.

The first lodge of any kind after the county was organized was a lodge of Odd Fellows in Plymouth, March 4, 1851, but it continued to work only until July 22, 1855, when it ceased to exist by the surrender of its charter.

Plymouth Lodge No. 149, F. & A. M., was organized under dispensation April 2, 1853, and chartered May 23, 1853. Freemasonry was introduced into Plymouth mainly through the efforts of Rev. John G. Osborn, who died in this place thirty odd years ago. He was a preacher of the gospel, and came to Plymouth as the pastor of the Methodist congregation, occupying the little frame church building which stood on Center street, on the lot second door south of the Lutheran church. This was the second church building in Plymouth, the Presbyterian house of worship having been erected some time previous. At the time the dispensation was asked for there were but seven Masons in the jurisdiction, just enough to form a lodge, and two of these resided in Bremen, fourteen miles away, namely, George Pomeroy and Jacob Knoblock. The other five petitioners were John G. Osborn, Henry B. Pershing, Y. T. Moore, Greenville P. Cherry and David Steel. The dispensation was granted and the lodge organized on the afternoon and evening of April 15, 1853. The first business transacted after the lodge was organ-

ized was the election to membership of the following Masons who had settled in Plymouth after the petition had been forwarded: John Coleman, William J. Burns, John Hall and Wm. D. Moore. The lodge then elected the following officers for the ensuing year: Master, John G. Osborn; senior warden, G. P. Cherry; junior warden, H. B. Pershing; treasurer, George Pomeroy; secretary, Wm. J. Burns; senior deacon, Jacob Knoblock; junior deacon, Y. T. Moore; tyler, Wm. K. Logan. All these ancient workmen on the spiritual temple have laid down their working tools and gone to their eternal rest.

June 26, 1860, the lodge had a public installation of officers in a grove near town. After the ceremonies were concluded, Mr. Osborn, master elect, delivered a masonic address, after which the members of the lodge and visiting brethren from Warsaw, La Porte, Valparaiso and Columbia City were marched to the Edwards House, where a banquet was served; at the conclusion of which the lodge returned to the lodge room. The lodge was chartered May 23, 1853, as Plymouth Lodge No. 149, F. & A. M.

In 1871 another lodge was organized called Kilwinning Lodge No. 435, F. & A. M., Daniel McDonald being first master. This lodge continued until 1888 when, by mutual agreement, the two lodges were consolidated in the name of Plymouth-Kilwinning Lodge No. 149, and has continued as such to the present time. In 1902 the masonic lodges of the city erected a masonic temple at a cost of about $6,000, which they now occupy, on the corner of Michigan and Garro streets.

Each of the lodges above named furnished a grand master, grand high priest and illustrious grand master, viz.: Martin H. Rice and Daniel McDonald. Henry G. Thayer served as grand commander Knights Templar of Indiana, and all three were honored by being elected grand patrons of the Order of the Eastern Star.

The most noted event of a local nature the masonic fraternity of Plymouth took part in was the laying of the corner stone of the present courthouse, August 25, 1870, a full description of which will be found under the article headed "Public Buildings."

The appendant order of Masonry are all represented in Plymouth.

Plymouth Chapter, Royal Arch Masons No. 49, was organized February 15, 1864, Abraham Reeves first high priest.

Plymouth Council No. 18, Royal and Select Masters, was organized May 22, 1864, Martin H. Rice, first illustrious master.

Plymouth Commandery No. 26, Knights Templar, was organized under dispensation April 8, 1875, and under charter May 13, 1875, H. G. Thayer, eminent commander; Horace Corbin, generalissimo, and Daniel McDonald, captain general. The commandery now has a membership of 100, and is considered one among the best in the state.

Plymouth Chapter No. 26, Order Eastern Star, whose membership is made up of Master Masons, their wives, widows, mothers, sisters and daughters, was organized October 4, 1875, and under charter May 12, 1876. It now has over 200 members, and is the fifth largest chapter in the state.

Bremen Lodge No. 414, F. & A. M., was organized under the dispensation issued by the grand master of Masons in Indiana, March 2, 1869, with the following as the first officers: Lewis Theobold, master; Jacob Schilt, senior warden; Moses Keyser, junior warden. A charter was granted at

the May session of the masonic grand lodge, the number attached to it being 414. Under this charter it was regularly organized June 16, 1870, by Eli R. Shook of Plymouth lodge, acting as deputy grand master. Since then it has continued to work without interruption; it has a splendid lodge room of its own and a membership of sixty, composed of among the best men in the community.

Argos Lodge No. 399, F. & A. M., was organized at Argos with ten charter members in October, 1869, and was given a charter at the May session of the grand lodge, 1870. It has gone along steadily and now has a splendid membership of about sixty. Within the last few years it has erected a lodge hall of its own, which is furnished with all the necessary comforts and conveniences for masonic work. It is one of the prominent organizations in that place, and of which the membership are justly proud.

Bourbon Lodge No. 227, F. & A. M., was organized under a dispensation January 9, 1866. John W. Hagan, who had been master of Goshen lodge and had then recently located in Bourbon in the boot and shoe trade, was the moving spirit in the organization, and was selected to be the first master. Others who assisted were Rev. George H. Thayer, Lucius Caul, Milton M. Galentine, A. C. Matchett, Daniel McDonald and N. E. Manville. At the May meeting of the grand lodge in 1866 a charter was granted and the lodge given the number 227, the number of a lodge whose charter had been surrendered. Since then the grand lodge has ceased to assign the vacant numbers to new lodges. If this rule had been observed when the charter was granted its number would have been about 375. Mr. Hagan, the master during the first year under charter, failed in business, and removed from the town, leaving the lodge without a master. The members, however, went to work with a will, and the lodge moved along satisfactorily.

In the earlier years of the organization of this lodge several fine entertainments were given. On one occasion, the Rev. A. Merine, then of Warsaw, delivered an address which was spoken of in the highest terms of praise. On another occasion Rev. Wm. Lusk, of Plymouth, performed the oratorical part of the program. A glee club furnished the music and the Bourbon band the instrumental music. Two banquets were spread at the American House, then kept by M. C. Henshaw, and one in the masonic hall. These enjoyable occasions are recollected by all who participated in them with a great deal of pleasure.

Several years ago the masonic hall was destroyed by fire, in which the lodge lost most of its furniture and fixtures, which cast a gloom over the members, and for a few years the lodge did but little work. New life and new blood has been infused into the lodge, and during the past few years it has regained its former vigor, and the rapid increase in membership has placed it as one among the most substantial lodges in this section of the state.

Henry H. Culver Lodge No. 617, F. & A. M.—A dispensation for the formation of this lodge was issued by the grand master November 10, 1897, in the name of Culver lodge. It worked under that name until the meeting of the grand lodge May 24, 1898, when a charter was granted and the name changed to Henry H. Culver lodge, and as such it was given number 617. The first officers named in the dispensation and also in the charter

were as follows: Samuel C. Loring, master; John F. Behmer, senior warden, and Foster Groves, junior warden. The lodge was instituted under charter, by Daniel McDonald, past grand master, June 8, 1898. The name was given to the lodge in honor of Henry H. Culver, the founder of Culver Military Academy, on the northeast shore of the lake, and for whom the town of Culver had been named, and for the further reason he was a member of the Masonic fraternity. Since its organization the following have served as worshipful masters: Samuel C. Loring, under dispensation, 1897; under charter, 1898 and 1899; Monroe C. McCormick, 1900; Al N. Bogardus, 1901-1904; Foster Groves, 1902; O. A. Rhea, 1903; George W. Voreis, 1905, 1906, 1907. The lodge has a total membership of fifty, and is in every way in a prosperous condition.

Independent Order of Odd Fellows.

There is quite a similarity in the work and teachings of this order to that of the masonic organization. It differs mainly in the ceremonial ritual, the qualification of candidates for membership, and the manner of dispensing its charities. Each member disabled by sickness or bodily injury receives a stipulated amount per week, and in case of death a specific amount is appropriated for funeral expenses. Thomas Wildy, whose mortal remains lie buried in the city of Baltimore, was the founder of the order in America, about 1817. Within the past half century it has grown quite rapidly, its regulation for the admission of candidates being more liberal than that of some other orders. In Indiana it has about 700 subordinate lodges, and a membership in the state of over 50,000. Its motto is F. L. & T., signifying friendship, love and truth, and its badge is three links, linked together, and worn on the breast or on the left lapel of the coat or vest.

Americus Lodge No. 91 was the first Odd Fellows' lodge organized in Plymouth, and also the first lodge of any kind in the county. It was instituted March 4, 1851. The petitioners were Wesley Gregg, W. G. Pomeroy, Gilson S. Cleaveland, William C. Edwards, Grove O. Pomeroy and Joshua W. Bennett. These were all prominent men in their day. They are now all dead. As the lodge worked along, discordant elements crept in and on July 22, 1855, the charter was surrendered and it ceased to exist. In the meantime a masonic lodge having been organized, naturally enough it absorbed much of the material that would otherwise have gone to the Odd Fellows' lodge. The lodge was again resuscitated July 14, 1859, but the trouble that had formerly existed soon showed itself again, and after continuing three years with indifferent success the charter was again surrendered July 18, 1862. After remaining dormant six years, on April 16, 1868, the charter was again restored. In the meantime those that had caused the disturbance had either died or removed, and peace and harmony has since prevailed within the walls of the lodge room, and the lodge has continued uninterruptedly to the present time.

A branch of the order is represented in what is called an "Encampment." It is composed of fifth degree members, and occupies the same position toward the Odd Fellows that the Knights Templar does to the masonic lodges. Plymouth Encampment No. 113 was organized under charter May 24, 1872. Robert McCance, John C. Kuhn, John A. Palmer, Simon Becker, Sigmund Meyer, Henry Speyer, A. L. Reeves, and others,

eighteen in all, were the charter members. The encampment prospered and continued for several years, when for various reasons the interest flagged and the charter was surrendered.

Attached to the Order of Odd Fellows is a woman's department called "The Daughters of Rebecca." This degree was originated by the Hon. Schuyler Colfax many years ago, and has become quite popular among the wives, mothers, sisters and daughters of Odd Fellows, and the Odd Fellows themselves, who alone are entitled to receive it. Plymouth has a branch of this order, also Bourbon and Argos, all of which are in a healthy condition.

Bourbon Lodge No. 203, Order of Odd Fellows, was organized December 13, 1858, with six charter members as follows: R. S. Gordon, D. O. Beeman, B. G. Cosgrove, W. M. Cosgrove, R. Richard and J. R. Dodge. All these are long since dead. The organization, being the only secret benevolent order in that place for several years, was prosperous from the beginning, among the best citizens of the town uniting with it. No discordant elements crept into it, and so friendship, love and truth have prevailed to the present time. In 1867 the lodge purchased a building for its use, for which $882 was paid. In 1877 ground was purchased for an Odd Fellows' cemetery at a cost of over $1,000. The lodge has, during its existence, had a number of festivals and social entertainments, and the large amount paid for benevolent purposes shows that it has accomplished great good within the circle of its work.

Bremen Lodge No. 427, Odd Fellows, was organized November 20, 1873, with the following charter members: A. C. Holtzendorff, Andrew Berger, John Bauer, Gotlieb Rosenbaum and Jacob Walter. This organization continued its existence until about 1888, when it surrendered its charter and has not since reorganized.

Argos Lodge No. 263, I. O. O. F.—The dispensation to organize this lodge was issued August 2, 1866, and on the twenty-first of November, 1866, a charter was granted to the following members: Hugh Bowman, Henry Krause, Gideon Wolf, James M. Wickizer, Thompson Cannon, W. H. Tuttle and Finley Stevens. This lodge has pursued the even tenor of its way for forty odd years, and during that time has contributed aid to many in need of assistance, and in the sphere of its work has been a controlling influence for good.

Maxinkuckee Lodge No. 373, I. O. O. F., was organized at the village of Maxinkuckee, on the east of Maxinkuckee lake, in the '70s, and has kept up its organization with regularity ever since. Mr. Eli Parker, the principal business man in the village for many years, was one of the petitioners and charter members, and it was mainly through his influence during his life that the lodge grew and prospered to the present time. The lodge owned the building adjoining Mr. Parker's business building where the meetings were held for several years, when it caught fire and was destroyed. It then was moved across the street, where rooms for the meetings were procured, and later the lodge erected a hall and furnished it with all the necessary paraphernalia necessary to do the work, and for comfort and convenience, in which their meetings are now held.

Ilion Lodge No. 715, I. O. O. F., was instituted at Tippecanoe June 15, 1895, by Henry G. Thayer, of Plymouth, district deputy, assisted by brethren from the surrounding lodges. After the lodge was instituted

the following officers were elected and installed: Noble grand, M. A. Dilley; vice grand, Joseph H. Taylor; recording secretary, John Weber; financial secretary, George W. Taylor; treasurer, W. H. Taylor. In the evening twenty members were initiated into the order, Rochester lodge doing the work.

Foster Rebecca Lodge No. 546, I. O. O. F., Ilion, was instituted July 12, 1897, by E. J. Pascal, of Bourbon. The following officers were elected: Noble grand, Delilah Taylor; vice grand, Catharine Taylor; secretary, M. A. Dilley; treasurer, Amanda Taylor.

Knights of Pythias.

Lucullus Lodge No. 233, Knights of Pythias, was organized at Bourbon, December 18, 1889, with the first officers and charter members as follows: Past chancellor, W. J. Van Vactor; chancellor commander, J. W. Eidson; vice chancellor, J. H. Matchett; prelate, Wm. H. Biggs; master of exchequer, George D. Ettinger; master of finance, Edward Brillhart; keeper of records and seal, H. D. Thayer; master at arms, A. G. Fouts; inner guard, J. F. Martin; outer guard, H. T. Steinbach. Other charter members: S. E. O'Brien, L. A. Minard, J. E. Erwin, B. S. Hamler, Wm. Bristol, H. F. Bowman, F. E. Bristol, J. W. Foster, Grant Beltz, M. W. Zerkle, C. W. Shakes, O. M. Unger, twenty-two in all.

The officers for 1907 are as follows: R. E. Cox, chancellor commander; Norman McKinzie, vice commander; C. E. Rivers, master of works; Wm. Biggs, master at arms; W. D. Parks, prelate; E. C. Shaffer, keeper of records and seal; S. C. Ferguson, master of finance; Wm. Bristol, master of exchequer; T. C. Dilley, inner guard; Bert Ames, outer guard.

The total membership at the close of 1907 is eighty-seven. The lodge does not own a hall, but has interest in some valuable real estate and a balance of nearly $700 belonging to the lodge. The lodge is especially proud of its membership, being from among Bourbon's best citizens. The death rate is very low, only three deaths having occurred in eighteen years.

Hyperion Lodge No. 117, Knights of Pythias, was organized in Plymouth May 13, 1884, by Grand Chancellor E. G. Herr, of Goshen, assisted by Knights from Warsaw, Columbia City, Fort Wayne, La Porte and Michigan City, the total number of visiting knights present being about one hundred. In the afternoon the visiting knights, together with the new brethren of Plymouth, gave a parade headed by the Warsaw band, with the Plymouth band at the head of the new lodge. The work of initiation commenced at half past five, and was kept up continuously the greater part of the night, with the exception of an interval of one hour, which was devoted to the refreshment of the inner man, speeches, songs, etc. The lodge started out with twenty-nine charter members, all being first class, energetic young men. After the work of instituting the lodge was finished, the following, being the first officers of the lodge, were installed by the grand chancellor: Past chancellor, Ira D. Buck; chancellor commander, Will A. Bray; vice-chancellor, O. S. Covert; prelate, Jas. Vangilder; keeper of records and seal, David McDuffie; master of finance, Calvin P. Klinger; master of exchequer, Burt J. Gilmore; master at arms, Fred H. Kuhn; inside guard, Samuel Rosenfeld; outer guard, Ed H. Soice. Since its organization nearly a quarter of a century ago the lodge has prospered in

membership and financially. During this time it has built and paid for an elegant hall of its own in the main part of town.

Marmont Lodge No. 231, Knights of Pythias. This lodge was organized November 29, 1889, with twenty-two charter members. The first officers were as follows: O. A. Rea, chancellor commander; F. L. Carl, vice-chancellor; Ed Morris, prelate; W. H. Porter, master of exchequer; M. F. Mosher, master of finance; J. H. Koontz, keeper of records and seal; G. A. Williams, master at arms; A. J. Kimball, inner guard; William Swigart, outer guard; trustees, L. C. Dillon, H. M. Speyer and D. G. Walter. The lodge has a present membership of fifty-eight.

The lodge some years ago erected a two-story brick and stone building in the center of the town for its own use, the lower story being used for commercial purposes. The money was raised by a stock company composed of members of the lodge, the lodge itself subscribing for a large share of the stock.

Improved Order of Red Men.

This organization gained a foothold in Indiana about the time of the breaking out of the war of the Rebellion. The ceremonial ritual of the order is founded on the old Indian customs of adoption and aims to bring the novitiate from a supposed low and degraded state to an improved and perfect condition of manhood. Its system of fees, dues and benefits is similar to the Odd Fellows, Knights of Pythias, etc. It has a system of dates peculiar to itself. The months beginning with January are called Cold, Snow, Worm, Plant, Flower, Hot, Buck, Sturgeon, Corn, Traveling, Beaver and Hunting moons. A day is called a Sun; a year a Great Sun; a night a Sleep. Money is called Wampum, and is divided into fathoms, feet and inches. The officers are designated sachem, senior and junior sagamore; chief of records, keeper of wampum, prophet and sanaps.

The first tribe organized in the county was *Pottawattomie Tribe No. 16*, at Bourbon, May 22, 1870, with twenty charter members, by P. S. Hoffman, of Richmond. It has continued to the present time, and has a membership of about fifty.

Shawnee Tribe No. 19 was shortly after organized at Argos, but was afterward removed to Walnut, where it flourished for a time, but finally ceased to exist.

Aubbeenaubbee Tribe, under dispensation, was organized at Plymouth October 30, 1871. Daniel McDonald, who was great sachem of the state at that time, in his report to the great council in 1872 made the following mention of its condition:

"The gentlemen who procured the names of the petitioners for this tribe selected for the most part members of the Order of Odd Fellows and Masons who were actively engaged as officers of those bodies. Before the tribe was organized the prime mover in getting it up left for the west and has not since returned. The tribe lingered along for some time, but, notwithstanding the efforts put forth by myself and a few others, it finally ceased to work at all and in the early part of January I arrested its charter, and took possession of its books and papers, which I have placed in the hands of the great chief of records subject to the order of the great council."

There is a ladies' degree belonging to the Red Men called the Pocahontas degree. Bourbon has the distinction of having organized the first Pocahontas council in Indiana, No. 1. There are now in this state about 150 councils, and a total membership of over 10,000.

Massasoit Tribe No. 206, Improved Order of Red Men, was instituted at Tippecanoe, May 27, 1895, with the following officers for the first term: Sachem, L. D. Eley; senior sagamore, J. H. Patch; junior sagamore, C. A. Smith; prophet, Charles M. Walker; chief of records, C. E. Shoemaker; keeper of wampum, Benjamin Harmon.

Allatah Council No. 75, Degree of Pocahontas, was instituted in Tippecanoe, January 25, 1896, with the following chiefs: Pocahontas, Mrs. C. E. Shoemaker; weona, Mrs. J. H. Patch; prophetess, Mrs. L. D. Eley; powhatan, Mrs. C. E. Shoemaker; keeper of records, Miss Grace Eley; keeper of wampum, Mrs. C. M. Walker.

The Sons of Malta.

This was the name of a secret order organized in Plymouth in the summer of 1858. The mission of the order was to "sell" all who applied for membership, and in doing so those who had previously been initiated into this ancient and honorable order invariably had a good time at the expense of the candidate. The order sprang up suddenly prior to 1860, and spread like wild fire until there was not a city or town of any considerable size in the United States where there was not a lodge, or at least a number of members to be found. It was simply a burlesque on the initiatory ceremonies of the secret societies then in existence, particularly the Masons and Odd Fellows, and the candidate was initiated into the several degrees in the most solemn manner possible, and invariably before the ceremonies were concluded he was most egregiously "sold." It was full of fun from beginning to end, and that was all there was of it. Plymouth had a large and prosperous lodge of near one hundred members, in fact about all the prominent men in town at that time were "sold." It was made a part of the duty of every candidate after he was initiated, whenever he found a friend desirous of becoming a member, to "take him in," and as a matter of course the membership increased very rapidly. Plymouth lodge was organized by John W. Dawson, editor of the Fort Wayne Times, and for many years territorial governor of Utah, and about twenty other "sons" of Fort Wayne who came along to see the fun, and George Moon, of Warsaw, as grand chancellor. Col. O. H. P. Bailey, Alf Morrison, and Seth Edwards, of Plymouth, were the charter members, having previously taken the degrees at Fort Wayne. The party came with fife and drums and maltese banners flying, and a more dignified and solemn looking set of men it would be hard to find. They preserved their dignity exceedingly well under the circumstances, and left the impression on the people who thronged the streets as they marched from the railroad station to the lodge room (in the second story of the building on the east side of Michigan street, on the corner across the street opposite the then Edwards House) that they belonged to one of the most ancient and honorable orders the world had ever seen! The charter members had been busy several days getting the lodge room prepared for the reception of candidates, and when the grand conclave arrived everything was in readiness, even to "the wet

sponge" and "the grand tank!" Twelve candidates were "taken in" that evening, and the visiting brethren, being "of sound mind and in good condition" made a night of it and had more fun than they knew what to do with.

A year or so after Plymouth lodge was organized, Frank Leslie's New York Illustrated Weekly published the ritual in full, illustrating the scenes through which the candidate seeking to penetrate the arcana of mysteries, or "powers of numbers," had to pass, giving all the signs, grips and passwords and everything else connected with its secret workings. This was the death knell of the order, and the members of Plymouth lodge decided to surrender the "charter," and close up the affairs of the lodge. There was in the treasury about $150, and it was decided to invest it in provisions and other useful articles and distribute them to the needy of the town. The money was so invested and the membership was ordered by the lodge to appear at midnight on a certain evening named, and go in solemn procession to the houses of the different families where provisions, etc., were to be left. The matter was kept a profound secret from all in town except the members. At midnight the members quietly assembled at the lodge room and clothed themselves in the regulation uniform—black cambric gowns, with a cap of the same material that covered the face, holes being cut for the mouth and eyes. The officers wore shields and helmets of extensive dimensions and elaborate workmanship, with swords and bucklers and other claptrap to give them a military appearance. The profession was led by Dr. T. A. Lemon (long since deceased), mounted on a white steed. He wore a long, flowing white beard and wig of long white hair, and carried a huge torch. Then followed the martial music—fifes and drums. Then came the members in single file, to the number of about fifty, each carrying some of the articles to be distributed. No member was allowed to open his mouth and not a word was spoken, except by the commander, who gave directions as to the movement of the procession. The time of night, the dress, and the "awful mystery" surrounding the procession gave it a solemnity never to be forgotten by those who witnessed it. The procession had not gone far until the whole town was aroused, and such an exciting time was never seen in Plymouth before or since. The goods were all finally distributed and about three o'clock in the morning "The Ancient and Honorable Order of the Sons of Malta" in Plymouth was disbanded, and the members, after securing such pieces of furniture and fixtures as they could lay their hands on to be kept as relics, in solemn reverence bowed their heads and "departed."

XLVI. MISCELLANEOUS ORGANIZATIONS.

Marshall County Watchmen.

Organizations for various purposes, as occasion seemed to require, have been effected in Plymouth and at various places throughout the county from time to time. Of course it is impossible to remember all or to give the particulars in all cases of those that are now remembered.

From the early settlement of the county up to about 1860 the people

were very much annoyed with horse thieves. When a horse was put in a stable at night it was barely possible that it would be there in the morning. This condition of affairs led to the formation of a society for the detection of horse thieves. The Plymouth Banner of December 8, 1853, contained the following:

"In accordance with previous notice, a number of the citizens of this county have organized themselves into a society for the detection of horse thieves and others committing similar depredations under the title of 'The Marshall County Watchmen.' The officers are: Amzi L. Wheeler, president; Thomas Sumner, vice-president; Rufus Brown, secretary, and John G. Osborne, treasurer."

How long this organization continued to do business is not known. However, before it ceased to exist it succeeded in accomplishing one good thing—the arrest and conviction of a horse thief by the name of Richard Eno. Eno was a desperado of the worst type, and, although he had many times been behind the bolts and bars, somehow he always succeeded in making good his escape. At one time he was confined in the jail of Fulton county. The sheriff went into the cell to take him his meal, when Eno shoved him into one corner, took the key away from him, locked him in the jail and leisurely walked out. Subsequently he was tried in Berrien county, Michigan, for horse stealing, convicted and sent to the state prison for a period of ten years. On the way to prison he jumped from the train, which was running at a rapid rate, and although he was strongly handcuffed he succeeded in making good his escape. Some time after this occurrence, in passing through this county he stole three horses from the stable of Benoni Jordan, who then resided on the farm now owned by David E. Snyder, president of the Plymouth State bank, on the Michigan road, six miles south of Plymouth. Mr. Jordan was a member of the "Marshall County Watchmen" and started at once in pursuit of the thief. It was some time before he overtook the thief, but finally succeeded in capturing him and the horses, when the thief turned out to be none other than Richard Eno. At the August term, 1854, of the circuit court an indictment was found against Eno for the commission of the theft, of which the following is a copy:

State of Indiana, Marshall County, ss.

The grand jury of the county of Marshall charge that Richard Eno on the sixteenth day of November, 1853, at the county of Marshall aforesaid, did feloniously steal, take, drive and lead away one bay mare seven years old of the value of $75, one iron-gray mare of the value of $100, one colt of the value of $30, the personal goods of Benoni Jordan. D. J. WOODWARD, Prosecuting Attorney.

The indictment is remarkable for its brevity, and is in pleasing contrast with the lengthy documents of a similar nature generally returned into court nowadays. Eno was taken back to Michigan and probably served out the remainder of the sentence pronounced against him. He was never returned here, and the indictment still stands against him untried.

Marshall County Library.

Early in the history of the county steps were taken by some of the enterprising citizens of the county seat and county looking to the education and enlightenment of the people. The first of these efforts was the organi-

zation of the Marshall County Library Association, October 7, 1837, by the election of the following trustees: Oliver Rose, Grove Pomeroy, W. N. Bailey, Evan B. Hobson, James Murphy, W. G. Pomeroy and Stephen Marsters. Subsequently Oliver Rose was elected president; William Bishop, treasurer; E. B. Hobson, secretary, and William G. Pomeroy, librarian. The regulations adopted required persons drawing books to give bonds for the proper return of the books, each volume to be returned as follows: 100-page book in one week, 200-page book in two weeks, and same ratio for larger books. The Library fund amounted to $601. In 1845 the county commissioners took charge of its management. In 1846 330 volumes were purchased, for which $275 was paid. Some years later, by operation of law, the clerk, auditor and recorder were made to constitute a board of managers. The recorder was made the librarian, and he kept it in his office, where any citizen of the county who cared to avail himself of the privilege could have access to the books, etc., free of charge, subject to the regulations adopted by the board. It was conducted in this way from year to year until about 1900, when, the books having disappeared by having been taken out and never returned until there were less than fifty volumes left and no funds to replenish them with, and the cost of taking care of these being $50 per year, the board of commissioners ordered the library to be discontinued, and the few books on hand sold for whatever they would bring. In the later '50's the writer for four years, as deputy recorder, had charge of this library. The books were mostly of a historical and scientific nature, such as the "old timers" cared to read. Except "Gulliver's Travels," "Æsop's Fables," or the "Arabian Knights," the younger portion of the community never called for a book.

The Young Men's Library Association.

During the year 1851 an effort was made by a few enterprising citizens to organize a Young Men's Library Association in Plymouth, as is learned from the issues of the Pilot newspapers of that period. The editor gave the proposition his hearty support, and in one issue of his paper grew eloquent, as witness the following:

"Come, fathers, mothers and guardians! Rouse up! Pull down the dark curtain of ignorance and you will see the bright and beautiful Temple of Knowledge, fading and sparkling with crowns, wreaths and jewels in the groves of science! See you not upon the marble terraces the distinguished scholars of all ages, crowned with triumphal wreaths? Does not the sight fill your breast with elysian joys? Intelligent fathers and mothers, we hear your quick response! 'I will lead my son with tender care to the portals of the temple to receive an immortal crown.' We bless thee, mother; you also shall receive a crown."

Diligent search through the subsequent files of his paper fails to discover any notice where the sons and the mothers received the promised crowns. The writer was here at that time and he has personal knowledge that the "Young Men's Library Association" never came to maturity.

The McClure Library Association.

What was known as a McClure Working Men's Library Association was organized in Plymouth some time in 1858. A man by the name of

McClure died in southern Indiana some time previous, leaving a large estate and providing in his will for the donation of $500 to each county where an association should be formed and the incorporators would start it with 100 volumes and procure a seal. Where this library was located, who had charge of it and what became of it no one now living seems to know.

The Township Library.

During war times, or shortly after the close of the war of the Rebellion, a system of township libraries was created by act of the legislature, by which the township trustees were authorized to purchase books and provide for their keeping and distribution. The books were selected more for the benefit of the school children than for the general reading public. At first these libraries gave promise of being quite popular, but as time went on interest in them ceased, and one by one they were moved around and boxed up, and finally disappeared from public view, and now none of them are in existence so far as is known.

Public School Library.

The Public School Library of the city of Plymouth, which was organized about twenty-five years ago by Prof. R. A. Chase, superintendent of the city public schools, is the only library of a public nature in the county at the present time. It is under the management of the superintendent and the board of education, who employ a librarian to wait on those desiring to obtain books. A small tax is levied on the taxable property within the city limits, which is used to purchase new books, magazines, maps, etc., and in this way a library of choice books has been obtained, numbering in all probably from three to five thousand volumes. These books are open free of charge, not only to the pupils of the public schools, but to the citizens of Plymouth as well.

The collection of funds for the beginning of this library was begun in April, 1880, by the efforts of several ladies and gentlemen who presented the comic opera of "H. M. S. Pinafore." The amount thus raised was increased by two concerts given by the teachers and pupils of the primary rooms, the total amount thus raised being $170.95. The intention in the first inception of the scheme was to make it purely a school library which should not be open to the public, but a law having been passed about that time authorizing towns and cities to levy and collect a small amount of tax each year which should be applied to the purchase of books and the building up of libraries which should be open to the public, the plan was changed to make it not only a school library but a library which should be open to the public as well, and in this way the tax collected from year to year could be secured for the benefit of this library. The plan has worked well, and the library is a credit to the school and the people of Plymouth who have assisted in the way of taxation in building it up.

Agricultural Fairs.

Not long after the organization of the county the question of the organization of agricultural fairs began to be agitated, and in less than twenty years thereafter the Marshall County Agricultural Fair was organ-

ized. This occurred in 1855, with James A. Corse, president; Grove O. Pomeroy, treasurer, and Samuel B. Corbaley, secretary. It was organized under the law authorizing voluntary associations, and its permanent members were those who paid $3 or more. The organization was also entitled under the law to the show licenses which yearly generally amounted to about $50. The first fair was held in the old courthouse, the live stock being corraled in the courthouse yard. It was not much of a fair, to be sure, but then it was creditable as a beginning, taking into consideration that the society owned no property and had no money of consequence to pay premiums, and its officers were totally inexperienced in the business. The condition of the society for the following year, 1856, was shown to be as follows:

Cash on hand last year		$ 33.00
Received for membership		70.00
Received from county treasurer		30.00
Received for interest		2.60
Total		$135.60
Paid fixtures	$ 16.47	
Paid premiums	128.50	
Total paid	$144.97	
Deficit		$ 9.37

This amount was made up by donations, as follows: A. L. Wheeler, $3; D. S. Conger, $5; Joel Parker, $3; D. L. Gibson, $2; John Cleaveland, $1; A. G. Armstrong, $1; Johnson Brownlee, $1; Rufus Hewett, $1; I. B. Halsey, 50 cents; Wm. J. Hand, 36 cents; Grove O. Pomeroy, $5; total, $26.36, leaving a balance of $13.49 in the treasury.

The officers for 1857 were then elected as follows: D. S. Conger, president; I. B. Halsey, vice-president; David Vinnedge, treasurer; Samuel B. Corbaley, secretary. I. Mattingly and Thomas McDonald, editors of the Republican and Democrat, presumably for free printing and free advertising in their respective papers, were voted honorary members of the society.

Some time afterwards the society purchased from David Vinnedge what is known as the fair grounds, adjoining Plymouth on the north. Lack of money prevented the improvement of the grounds to any great extent. A few temporary exhibition buildings were erected, a few stalls for horses and some pig pens, and a quarter-mile track grubbed out and leveled down to show horses and cattle and other animals, but beyond this for a long time nothing was done.

The society labored faithfully for fifteen years to build up first-class exhibitions, but met with indifferent success for various reasons. About 1873 it was concluded by the management that as the fair exhibitions during its existence had never paid out, that it would be financial wisdom to change the plan of organization as an experiment and see what would come of it—at least, they reasoned, it could not be much worse than it had been. So it was organized on the joint stock plan; additional grounds were purchased; a new half-mile track made and the organization established on a strictly business basis. There was some opposition to the plan of organi-

zation, but notwithstanding this the second year the fair proved the most successful, financially, of any previously held, and the society closed the year with the floating debt and premium list fully paid and some money in the treasury. A change of officers the next year brought a change of management, and the people failing to give it that support it deserved, the officers were unable to pay the mortgage held on the grounds for purchase money, buildings, track, etc., and it was foreclosed and sold at sheriff's sale to William Scofield and John Seltenright, who held fairs on their own account in October, 1879 and 1880. The exhibitions were about up to the average of those before held, but the receipts fell a few dollars short of the expenditures on the first and a few dollars more on the last. The proprietors became discouraged and decided not to attempt to hold any more fairs. They leased the grounds and race track to some Plymouth men fond of trotting races, who kept the track in good condition and held a race meet for a few years, after which a stock company was formed which purchased the grounds and race track and provided trotting races for a few years, when, not proving a success, they were abandoned, since which time nothing has been done with the grounds and buildings, and owing to the lack of interest which has always been manifest in supporting agricultural fairs at the county seat during a period of half a century, it is not likely that another fair will be held at the county seat.

Bremen Agricultural Society.

The Bremen Agricultural Society was organized June 28, 1889. Its objects are the promotion of the agricultural and mechanical interests of Bremen and German township and the surrounding country. The first officers elected were as follows: Morgan D. Fink, president; John Huff, vice-president; Henry H. Miller, secretary; John R. Deitrich, treasurer; directors: Jacob Carbiener, Jacob Volmer, Jacob C. Kaufmann, E. J. Thompson, P. E. Deitrich, A. H. Fries and Samuel Leeper.

Under the above management a fair was held during the fall of 1889, which was an entire success, the receipts, entries and attendance being much greater than was anticipated by the most sanguine members and friends of the organization. The society owns real estate with improvements thereon, and race track, amounting to an estimated value of from six to eight thousand dollars.

The officers and directors elected for the second year were very nearly the same as for the first year, and those elected from year to year since that time have so managed the financial affairs of the society that its yearly exhibitions have uniformly been a success, the trotting races attracting the most noted trotters and pacers in the circuit of which the society is a member. The people of Bremen and German township and the surrounding country patronize it liberally, and it has now come to be one of the permanent enterprises of that locality.

The Bourbon Fair.

This fair has been a great success from the beginning. The initial organization dates back to 1872, when under the name of the "Pioneer Farmers' Club," with Harrison Sparrow president and Washington Iden secretary, the first fair was held at the schoolhouse, one and one-half miles

east of Bourbon, in October. No entry fee was charged and no premiums paid, ribbons serving to designate the animal or article. All the records are not available, but Jahu Iden, Jeptha Disher and others served in various capacities, and William E. Gay was secretary for thirteen years. The fair grew in popular favor, and for want of room was moved from place to place to accommodate the increasing attendance. As a result eight acres of land was bought and buildings erected and a small fee charged for admittance. This proved to be too small, and on August 16, 1891, an association was formed under the law of the state, with a paid-up capital of $5,000. Thirty-five acres of suitable ground was purchased, and by October 1, 1891, a fine half-mile track was completed and a grandstand, an art hall, a fruit house, grain and vegetable buildings, stables, pens and fences were erected, involving a debt of $2,000, all of which has been paid, and the association is still making permanent improvements for the accommodation of increasing exhibits. No intoxicants are sold, no gambling allowed and no immoral show tolerated. The aim is to please and entertain the best element of society, and the attendance of over 12,000 on Thursday of last year proves that that policy is correct. A clean fair is a specialty.

The officers for 1907-08 are: G. D. Ettinger, president; C. W. Shakes, vice-president; H. F. Bowman, treasurer; B. W. Parks, secretary.

Plymouth Commandery Drum Corps.

A drum corps attached to Plymouth Commandery, Knights Templar, was organized in 1876 and continued for a year or two. It was composed of the following then young men: George H. Thayer, tenor drum; C. S. Sutphen, tenor drum; Frank Smith, tenor drum; Fred W. Hill, tenor drum; Will W. Davenport, bass drum. This drum corps was organized through the efforts of Henry G. Thayer, who was then eminent commander of the commandery.

Plymouth String Band.

Was organized in 1876 and was composed of the following members: George H. Thayer, flute; Charles S. Sutphen, first violin; Will W. Davenport, second violin; Charles Haslanger, cornet; James M. Confer, baritone; Fred W. Hill, violoncello; Charles S. Sutphen, leader. The life of this organization was of short duration, several of the young men having gone elsewhere.

Boating and Fishing Club.

This club was organized by several Plymouth people at Maxinkuckee lake, June 15, 1875, the following being the names of the members: Joseph Westervelt, president; John R. Losey, treasurer; Charles H. Reeve, secretary; Jerry Blain, W. N. Bailey, C. R. Cooper, H. G. Thayer, William M. Kendall, William W. Hill, C. C. Buck, C. E. Toan, Horace Corbin, U. S. Dodge, T. A. Borton, Daniel McDonald, Hiram V. Reed, M. W. Simons, Platt McDonald, A. C. Capron, N. H. Oglesbee. The club leased a piece of lake front on the east shore from L. T. Van Schoiack, on which a clubhouse was erected which was occupied for five years. It is now owned by Mrs. McUat, of Indianapolis, and was the first place of summer resort on the lake.

Fishing and Game Club

was organized in 1875 for the purpose of the propagation of game fish and the enforcement of the game laws. The club had quite a number of boats on three of the nicest lakes in the county and also owned three acres of land, including a beautiful grove, on the banks of Pretty lake. After a few years the grounds were sold to various persons in small lots and the club disbanded. It was composed of David How, John Seltenright, Lewis C. Fink, David Berkey, Ed R. Edwards, Noah Lauderman and S. A. Hoglan, most of whom are dead, and the remainder removed from the county.

The Plymouth Glee Club.

This was a musical society which came into existence in 1873, mainly for the purpose of giving entertainments for the benefits of the needy poor of Plymouth and vicinity. It was composed of five gentlemen of some musical talent, residents of Plymouth. The first entertainment under its management was given in Balcony hall, Plymouth, January 1, 1873. The program embraced an opening address by the late Charles H. Reeve, twelve vocal and instrumental selections, a charade, "Wayward," and two recitations, "Shamus O'Brien, the Brave Boy of Glingall," and "Over the Hills to the Poorhouse." The opening quartet by the Glee Club took the large audience by storm. The music was an arrangement of "Maryland, My Maryland," and the words by Mr. Reeve. They were so highly spoken of at the time and were so appropriate to the objects of the entertainment that they are worthy of being perpetuated by being inserted here. The words are as follows:

Dread Winter spreads his icy pall,
  Chilling blasts around us roar,
Before him Autumn's beauties fall—
  Earth's green face is seen no more.
While frosts congeal the rolling tide,
Disease and want move side by side;
And desolation far and wide
  Face the weak and helpless poor.

Health, strength and plenty on us wait,
  Peacefully our days go by;
Shall those crushed down by hapless Fate,
  Vainly raise to us their cry?
Shall thirst and hunger ceaseless crave,
Shall death come near—beyond the grave—
Shall we stand by with power to save,
  While the sick and needy die?

No, no! The Lord has given us Love
  And Faith and Hope! It must not be,
Our Faith and Hope by works will prove
  Daily works of Charity.
Haste then—bring forth from out your store
Wherewith to clothe and feed the poor;
Bring consolation to the door
  Of destitute humanity.

Two entertainments were given during that winter, the net proceeds of which were $142.32. This was distributed to the deserving needy by a committee of one selected from each of the church organizations then existing in the city.

The 13 Club.

The 13 Club, the most noted organization Plymouth or Marshall county ever had, came into existence on Christmas eve, December 24, 1897, the gentlemen composing the club assembling at the office of Dr. G. R. Reynolds in response to the following invitation written by the doctor:

Mister:—Yu ar herby specialy—(an owin to views peculer to yurself) perticularly invited to be present at a meetin to be assembled at the ofis of doctor Reynolds on the evenin of dec. 24th 1897, betwixt the hours of 8 an 11 p. m. Yu air further notifyed that this is to be no soshal swel duins, wher dandyfide close with nice smellin bokase an things on 'em (for cos) cut a grate figer; as no wimin will be present at this meetin, which is sumwhat for organisashun; an wimin ain't much on organisashun, cept in their peculyer way. Won of the numerus objex of this meetin is for the purpus uv findin out why things ar as tha bee, an how cum tha so; an as on this thar wil be readin from riters as think tha have a sinch, all present air xpected to hav there thinkin caps with them; further this meetin may bee called upon to xpres whether it wil meet agin, an if so in this world or the necks. In number this meetin will be a baker's duzen, by axual kount celected on the darwin idee, owin to kinder like trates, uv not spekin unles tha sa sumthin.

Therby it is hoped this meetin may evoloot into sumthin' worthy of crisenin (tho uv corse that kud be later). Lite consumptives wil be fre as water, consistin uv meller sider, shel barks, appels, donuts, an sich. As to order, the darwin idee wil prevale, to the end that all reedin an listenin an absorbin an digestin uv the orthers idees, shuld be dun quietly, thotfuly, an farely; as the orthers wil not bee present fisicaly to fite for therselves. This order wil last til all ar wilin to call from laber to refreshment when the lite consumptives may be diskussed at which time the hylarites that may evoloot will be in order. An it may be aded here that this line uv doin may bare repeatin etc etc.

After al the reedin an speekin an evolootin is exausted the burnin uv terbacker wil be indulged in which may pervoke further diskussion uv the survivul uv the fittest.

p. s. now be shure an kum an if yu kan't kum send yur argyments as regrets ain't sientifick.

by order uv the inventers.

(Dr. G. R. Reynolds.)

The "baker's dozen" (13) invited responded to the call. The evening was spent in reading and commenting on the writings of Huxley, Darwin, Spencer and others, which proved to be a most enjoyable "evolution" from the conventional conversation that usually makes up the program on such occasions. The refreshments were sweet cider, doughnuts, Northern Spy apples, hickory nuts and cigars. During this part of the program some laughable stories were told, and at the hour of midnight the assembly disbanded to meet a week later for permanent organization.

When the next meeting was held two of those who had been present at the first meeting concluded not to continue in the organization, whether on account of the "unlucky number 13" or for other good and sufficient reasons, and so the organization was continued as the 13 Club with eleven members, whose names follow: Charles H. Reeve, A. C. Capron, Samuel Parker, Harry Swindell, Daniel McDonald, George R. Reynolds, Leopold M. Lauer, Charles P. Drummond, Rosco A. Chase, M. W. Simons, Rollo B. Oglesbee.

Ex-Senator C. H. Reeve was unanimously elected president of the

club as long as he and it lived. It was decided that the meetings of the club should be held on Saturday nights at the offices or houses of the members in rotation, if convenient, the entertainer to provide the refreshments to be served on the occasion. The president was authorized to notify the members from time to time to be prepared to present papers or topics to the club for discussion. It was also decided that no further rules or regulations or by-laws be adopted—that anyone wishing to discuss or cuss a question should have the privilege of doing so to his heart's content. Meetings were held during the fall, winter and spring months for a period of five years, at the end of which time, owing to the removal from town of several members, the club was disbanded. No deaths or other mishaps took place to the members of the club until after it formally disbanded in 1902. Dr. Reynolds, who had organized the club and had taken a lively interest in its welfare from the beginning, was the first to go. Driving home from visiting a patient one Sunday evening in 1903, in attempting to drive his horse across the track of the Pennsylvania railroad a mile east of town he was caught by a fast passenger train and instantly killed. The next year Mr. Reeve passed away suddenly from heart failure, and in May, 1905, Judge Capron died suddenly at his cottage at Maxinkuckee lake, and the next year Mr. Simons became insane at his home in Denver, Colorado, and died not long afterwards. Of the remaining members Mr. Chase is publishing a newspaper at St. Charles, Missouri; Mr. Oglesbee is deputy auditor of state at Indianapolis; Mr. Drummond and Mr. Parker are practicing law at South Bend; Harry Swindell is in the butter and egg business at Kalamazoo, Michigan; and the remaining three, Mr. Stevens, Mr. McDonald and Mr. Lauer, still reside in Plymouth. Notwithstanding no accident happened to any member of the club during their connection with it, yet there are those who firmly believe that the horrible deaths of Dr. Reynolds and Mr. Simons were occasioned by belonging to an organization having for its name the unlucky number "13."

Old Settlers' Society.

In a work of this kind it must be apparent to all that nothing could be more appropriate than a paper devoted to the old folks generally. Anything that tends to perpetuate the early history and the scenes and incidents of the early days is not only interesting to those who participated in them, but will be to those who shall take their places in the future.

The formation of an Old Settlers' Society had been talked of for many years, but for one cause or another no active steps were taken until 1878. Prior to July 4 of that year a circular was issued requesting the attendance on that day at the fair grounds near Plymouth of all interested in the movement. In obedience to the call a large number were present. Robert Schroeder, the oldest settler at that time in the county, was selected chairman of the meeting; John W. Houghton, secretary, and Rev. Austin Fuller, chaplain. A lengthy constitution and by-laws were adopted; speeches and songs indulged in, and an old-fashioned picnic dinner partaken of under the shade of the trees. The following resolution was adopted:

"Resolved, That the annual meetings of this society shall, after the current year, be held on the 20th day of July in each year, that being the day of the month on which the county seat was located and the county

organized, except when the said 20th day of July occurs on Sunday; in that case the annual meeting shall be held on the 19th day of July in each year."

The following officers were then elected for the year ending July 20, 1879: President, Robert Schroeder; first vice-president, David L. Gibson; second vice-president, Joseph Evans; chaplain, Rev. George H. Thayer; treasurer; Ahijah Hawley; secretary, Daniel McDonald. About 300 names were appended to the constitution, after which the society adjourned until Saturday, July 19, 1879.

The first meeting after the organization was held in Plymouth July 19, 1879, and was largely attended. Daniel McDonald, who had been selected orator of the day, delivered an address appropriate to the occasion, and other addresses were delivered as follows:

"The Pioneers of Marshall County," by A. C. Thompson;

"Our Country and Its Progress," by M. L. Smith;

"Our Successors and Their Trusts," by Elder S. A. Chaplin;

"Our Life—Its Clouds and Sunshine; May Its Remaining Labors Be Worthy of the Heritage Left Us by the Pioneers," by Rev. G. H. Thayer.

Copious extracts from all these addresses may be found in the history of Marshall county published in 1881. The third (and last) meeting of the Old Settlers' Society was held July 20, 1880, in Magnetic park, Plymouth, Indiana. There was a large turnout and all seemed to have a good old-fashioned time. Elder Richard Corbaley, of Healdsburg, Cal., a former old resident, delivered an acceptable address, after which the following officers were elected for the year of 1881: President, Rev. George H. Thayer; vice-president, Joseph Evans; chaplain, Elder Hugh Barnhill; treasurer, Ahijah Hawley; secretary, Thomas K. Houghton.

The officers for one reason or another failed to arrange for the meeting in 1881, and it was allowed to go by default, and that society, the only one extending over the entire county, went to pieces and has never since been revived.

The Marshall and St. Joseph County Old Settlers' Society.

During the past ten years old settlers' meetings have been held annually in the grove near the town of La Paz, in North township, the above caption being the name of the organization. The organization was first suggested by Rev. M. L. Peter, of La Paz, who has been the real life of it ever since, the two first meetings being held in Longaker's grove, on the county line in St. Joseph county, one and a half miles west of La Paz. The remainder of the meetings have been held in Wilson's grove, south of La Paz. Jerry Hildebrand, residing at Lakeville, St. Joseph county, has presided at all the meetings, which, when the weather has been favorable, have been largely attended. The first officers were: President, Percy J. Troyer; secretary, J. Edward Cook; treasurer, W. Lester Hoover. The present officers are: President, William M. Sherland; secretary, John W. Hildebrand; treasurer, W. Lester Hoover. At each annual meeting speakers have been secured who have delivered addresses appropriate to the occasion. At all the old meetings old and rare relics have been on exhiitbion, mostly old and rare volumes of the Bible. H. Y. Shirk exhibited a German Bible—Luther's translation—printed in Basle, Switzerland, in 1665, which has

been in the Shirk family since the volume left the press. Rev. M. L. Peter exhibited Luther's first volume, printed in Jena, Germany, in 1555. As far as known it is the only volume of the kind in America. It was exhibited at the World's Fair, Chicago, in 1893. Other volumes, old and rare, printed in Germany, England, France and Ireland, owned by citizens of La Paz and vicinity, have been exhibited at all the meetings of the society, and also an English work on chemistry printed in London in 1545, owned by Dr. Albert Wagner, of La Paz. In addition to these many curious and rare specimens of queensware, fancy work, guns, spinning wheels, dinner horns, etc., have annually been exhibited.

The following have been the orators of the day at the meetings so far held: Charles H. Reeve, Daniel McDonald, Adam E. Wise, Charles Kellison, S. N. Stevens, H. G. Thayer and J. N. Wilson, of Plymouth; Thompson Turner, of Walkerton; J. B. Stoll, F. E. Herring, C. P. Drummond and Mr. Woodward, South Bend. Short addresses were also made at the various meetings by J. F. Langenbaugh, Meyer Allman, Peter Grube, of Plymouth, and Rev. W. W. Summers, South Bend; Rev. Samuel Gettie, North Liberty; Rev. M. L. Peter, La Paz; Jerry Hildebrand, Allen Ramsby, Walkerton, and A. W. Dolph, Teegarden.

XLVII. LITERARY SOCIETIES.

Since its organization seventy-five years ago Plymouth has had several what were called "literary societies," none of which, however, survived any great length of time, or accomplished anything of importance during their existence. The first that gained any particular attention was what was called "The Shakespearean Literary Society," organized in the early eighties. Those who took part in the organization were readers and students of literature who believed that in numbers and concert of action the members would be brought closer together and a new impetus would be given which would result in a more thorough study of literature in all its various phases. Those who became members and perfected the organization, if memory is not at fault, were M. A. O. Packard, Mr. and Mrs. O. M. Packard, Miss Stella Packard, Miss Kittie McDonald, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Bray, Louis McDonald, Judge and Mrs. Isaiah Connor, of Rochester, Bert J. Gilmore, Miss Hattie Boeckling, Daniel McDonald, O. P. Klinger and Will Funk, the humorist. The object of the society was particularly to read, discuss and analyze the plays of Shakespeare, but other famous authors were considered at almost every meeting. At each meeting a member was selected to write a report of the proceedings, to be read and considered at the next meeting. This proved to be a very interesting feature of the proceedings. Some of them were considered sufficiently meritorious for publication in the local paper. From the report of the first meeting, as showing the trend of the program, the following extracts are herewith reproduced:

"The meeting of the Shakespearean Literary Society, though the initial one, with the machinery so new and untried that there was necessarily a good deal of friction to overcome, was nevertheless full of interest. One

important feature of the society was by no means neglected, and that was the social amenities. If men and women would only understand that the highest and most satisfying conditions of happiness—that leaves no sting behind, that enlarges and ennobles our common nature, that quickens our sensibilities and inspires our better thoughts and impulses—is the cultivation of our social faculties, there would certainly be more attention paid to it. It would become more of a business than an incident of our lives.

"The literary exercises of the evening, though not as extensive as it is hoped they will be when we get into better training, were full of interest. One of our members recited that wonderful piece of human philosophy, 'The Soliloquy of Hamlet.' It can never be read or studied too much. Like a grand painting, each new study and inspection disclosed some brilliant part before concealed. Nowhere penned by man can be found in the same number of words such a boundless sweep of thought, or such a rich coinage of language. It is not too unfrequently criticised as presenting a too morbid and melancholy view of life. It would not be Hamlet if it were less so. And after all, though I speak it sadly, is it not a pretty fair average type of life's voyage, with its boisterous billows to encounter, its adverse winds, its counter currents, its rayless nights, its shoals and dangerous reefs.

"Who would fardels bear
To grunt and sweat under a weary life,
But that the dread of something after death—
The undiscovered country from whose bourne
No traveler returns—puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
Than fly to others we know not of.

"He also read a choice selection from Richard III, in which are depicted the terrors of a horrid nightmare—the fruit of a guilty conscience. So vivid and startling is the wonderfully wrought vision that the recital of it

"Makes each particular hair stand on end
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine.

"And then with what easy grace and exquisite tact he drops into moralizing over the condition of princes. It were as if liquid thought had been modeled in vessels fashioned from gems of the Golconda! Mark it:

"Sorrow breaks seasons and reposing hours,
Makes the night morning and the noontide night;
Princes have but their titles for their glories,
An outward honor for an inward toil,
And, for unfelt imaginations,
They often feel a world of restless cares,
So that, between their titles and low name,
There's nothing differs but the outward fame!

"All hail Shakespeare, prince of bards! He stands as preëminently above all others who ever wrote a thought as Mont Blanc towers above the little hills in the quiet vale of the Chamonni. Having compassed all the range of thought, there is no new world for a second Columbus to discover or a second Alexander to conquer."

This club, owing to the removal of several of the members and for

one cause or another, lasted only about two years. But its influence resulted in infusing into the minds of those of a literary turn of mind a desire to know more of the hidden mysteries of literature lying dormant here and there and everywhere. And so shortly afterwards several ladies of Plymouth organized a literary society which is now known as

The Saturday Club.

Thirteen ladies constituted the membership at its first organization This was in the year 1886. On her return from Germany during the summer of that year, Miss Mary Arnold, a cousin of the late Senator Reeve and formerly a teacher in the Plymouth schools, organized two classes for the purpose of studying English literature, Taine's English Literature being used as a text in both classes. The following named ladies composed the two classes: In the first were Mesdames Katherine Corbin, Harriet E. Blain, Olive Blain, Ella M. Veits, Carrie Reeve, Sarah R. Toan, Mary E. Thayer, Mary Buck, Mary L. M. Thayer and Miss Celesta Simons. In the second, Misses Charlotte Armstrong, Lou Ella K. Houghton, Jeanne Oglesbee and Katherine McDonald. In February, 1887, the two classes united, the joint meeting being held at the home of Miss Jeanne Oglesbee, at which meeting Miss Phebe Thompson joined the class. During this year two delightful open evenings were held. The work under Miss Arnold's instruction had been so profitable and enjoyable that at her urgent request the members decided to form a permanent class. At the last meeting of the class, held at the home of Mrs. Carrie Reeve, it was decided to organize a literary society as the most efficient means of continuing the work. The society was named the "Mary Arnold Literary Society," the first officers being: President, Mrs. Katharine Corbin; vice-president, Miss Phebe Thompson, and secretary, Mrs. Harriet E. Blain. The charter members were thirteen in number, to which two more were added at the beginning of the work in the fall of 1887. "Miss Maertz' Outlines" were adopted as a foundation for study and followed for three years. During these years the whole realm of literature was traversed, from the highways of the great masters to the by-ways of our own local contributors. The same officers were retained and the work pursued in the same quiet way until 1890-91, when a number of ladies became interested and desired to take up the work. The membership was enlarged to twenty-eight, the year being devoted to a special study of Milton, Pope, Dryden and other respective periods as treated in Taine's literature. With the increase in membership several new features were introduced, among which was a series of evening entertainments in which the active members were assisted by fifteen associate members. These ladies were privileged to attend the regular meetings, but were not required to take part in the program and did not vote. The first of these openings was held at the home of Mrs. Mary Marble, December 9, 1890, to celebrate Milton's birthday. A paper was read by Phebe Thompson, and the Hymn of the Nativity recited by Anna Combs. About 100 guests were present. The second open evening was held with Mrs. Ellen Simons. Mrs. Eva L. Underwood gave a resumé of the Augustan period in literature. It being St. Valentine's day, the remainder of the evening was devoted to the reading and distribution of original valentines, in which the guests had been invited to

participate. Miss L. A. Borton became secretary in 1891. During June of this year Rev. Mr. Smith, of Evanston, Illinois, gave a most delightful course of six lectures on early English and Scotch literature. Tickets were sold and the public gave the society generous support. The work closed with but one event to mar the pleasure of the year. Death had entered the ranks for the first time, taking from our midst Mrs. Mary Buck, one of the thirteen charter members. She was a lovable character, whose sweetness of disposition and unselfishness endeared her to all who knew her. She was followed a year later by the death of Mrs. Olive Blain, another charter member, whose quiet, gentle ways had endeared her to every member. The season of 1892 and 1893 was crowded with good things. A new feature was added. "A Tourist Social," by means of which the ladies gave pleasure to themselves and friends by a series of addresses from their fellow townsmen who had journeyed abroad in the more remote parts of our country. The first of these was held at the home of Mrs. Marble, where H. G. Thayer delivered an address on "The Environment of London." The next was at the home of Mrs. Lattimore, at which Daniel McDonald gave a very interesting description of "Yellowstone Park." At the third "Tourist Social," which was held at the home of Mrs. Eva Underwood, Rev. W. W. Raymond read a most charming paper on "Hawthorn and His Works." In 1891 the society reorganized under the name of the "Ladies' Literary Society," with Mrs. Katharine Corbin, president; Mrs. Elizabeth Lattimore, vice-president; Miss Lou A. Borton, secretary. The study of American and continental literature was pursued until May, when the study of Shakespeare's plays was taken up for the summer work. October 22, 1892, Mrs. Elizabeth Lattimore was elected president; Mrs. Sarah R. Toan, vice-president; Miss Borton, secretary. At this time a new office was created, by which Miss Phebe Thompson became leader and general director of the program. During March, 1893, the society was fortunate in securing the services of Prof. Boon, who delighted everyone with his lecture on Richard Raelf, the soldier-poet. In October, 1893, Mrs. Lattimore was reëlected president; Mrs. Sarah R. Toan, vice-president, and Estelle Chase, secretary. A series of ten open meetings was arranged for the year 1893-94, which were held at the home of the several members, at which time the following subjects were presented: "An Evening in the White City," by Mrs. Mary Thayer, hostess; "One of My Favorite Books," Mrs. Bessie Baker, hostess; "An Evening With Dickens," Mrs. Corbin, hostess. The program consisted of a pantomime procession of characters taken from Dickens. "Our Hoosier Poet, Riley," Mrs. H. E. Blain, hostess. Phebe Thompson and Florence Agnew gave a critical analysis of Riley's work, the former taking a favorable view, the latter an unfavorable view of his output. A spirited discussion followed, in which extempore battle of wit Judge Corbin took the lead in behalf of the poet, while H. G. Thayer led the opposition. The next open meeting was held at the home of Mrs. Estella Drummond, at which Judge Corbin read a paper on "Westminster Abbey," which was followed by fifty literary conundrums which were distributed among the people. The answers were to be the names of noted authors, which furnished Senator Reeve, who presided over this part of the program, opportunity to show his readiness in repartee. Miss Celeste Simons was hostess March 6th. The entertainment consisted

of stereopticon views of "The Twelve Great World Pictures," shown by D. Frank Redd and Jacob Martin. One hundred and fifty were present at this meeting. It brings back pleasant memories to those present on account of the spontaneous song service at the close, in which "Auld Lang Syne," "Old Oaken Bucket," and other songs of yesterday were participated in by all present. In April, 1894, an evening was devoted to Indiana authors, in which all the numbers were original productions of the members. In February, 1893, the society joined the "Indiana Union of Literary Clubs." The officers for 1894-95 were Mrs. Corbin, president; Miss Phebe Thompson, leader and vice-president; Mrs. Mary Kinsey, secretary. Two of the valued members of the society, Mrs. Jennie Borton and Mrs. Fannie Portmess-Work, died this year. The year 1895-96 was memorable for the society. Miss Celeste Simons was able to realize a dream of years in being able to furnish the society with a convenient and beautifully furnished clubroom, which was used by the society for several years. The officers for 1895-96 were: Mrs. Mary W. Kinsey, president; Miss Angelica Thayer, vice-president; Miss Florence Agnew, secretary. The first meeting was held for the first time October 5, 1895, in the new clubroom. At this meeting the name was changed to "Saturday Club," which name it still retains. This year Mrs. Julia Blain became secretary. Printed programs were given out for the year's work, the subject being, "Primitive American Races and Early American History." The social events of this year were a lecture by Mrs. Ford, of Chicago, on "Shakespeare's Women," followed by a reception; and a reception given in honor of Mrs. Virginia Meredith, of Connorsville, president of the Indiana Union of Literary Clubs. For the year 1896-97, Mrs. Julia Blain, president; Mrs. Ida E. R. Smith, vice-president; Miss Alice C. Klinger, secretary. The study for the year was confined to South America, Central America and Mexico. The social events of the year were confined to a club tea at the clubroom and a banquet on Washington's birthday. Colonial costumes were worn and each lady took her own supply of dishes. Old-fashioned souvenir dishware taken and a description of them and the historical events with which they were connected proved of great interest. January 16, 1897, Mrs. Elizabeth Lattimore, former member and president of the club, died at Crown Point, Indiana. Memorial services were held in her honor on the day of her burial. Officers 1897-98: Miss Simons, president; Mrs. Corbin, vice-president; Mrs. Mary Morrison, secretary. Program for the year, American History, etc. In February, 1898, occurred one of the most enjoyable evenings the club had experienced. Mrs. Elizabeth Armstrong Reed, of Chicago, delivered her famous lecture on "Mythology." The lecture was followed by a reception and supper given in her honor, to which a large number of guests had been invited. During the year 1898-99 Miss Simons, owing to failing health, resigned, and Mrs. Toan presided the remainder of the year. The social events of this year were the usual celebration of Washington's birthday, a lecture by Mrs. Ford, entitled "Eugene Field and James Whitcomb Riley," and a farewell party at the close of the year. At this party Mr. Rotzein took a picture of the club seated at the table. The officers for 1900 were: Mrs. Toan, president; Mrs. Underwood, vice-president; Mrs. Mary L. M. Thayer, secretary, and Miss Thompson, leader. The club was plunged in gloom September 16th of this year by the death

of Mrs. Katharine Corbin, the first president of the club. She had been one of the most active and devoted members from the beginning. This year was devoted to Bible study, as literature and history. The first meeting of the year 1900 was held in October, with Mrs. Underwood, president; Mrs. M. L. M. Thayer, vice-president; Mrs. Ada B. Butler, secretary, and Miss Klinger, leader. The study of the Bible was continued and several social meetings for the members held. A called meeting was held August 16th at the home of Mrs. Thayer in honor of Mrs. Phebe Thompson-Willey on her return from Australia. Mrs. Mary L. M. Thayer, president; Mrs. Ida E. R. Smith, vice-president; Alice C. Klinger, secretary. The year was devoted to the consideration of current events, banquets, sleigh-ride parties, etc. No change of officers was made in 1905. England, Shakespeare and American History furnished the theme for the year. A special meeting was held January 12th at Mrs. Underwood's, for the study of the art collection of the Union Literary Clubs. The carnation was adopted as the club flower. The year closed with a social afternoon and supper with Miss Olive Thompson. Mrs. Butler became president; Mrs. Winnings, vice-president, and Annie Morrill, secretary. The chief feature of the gala day was a burlesque exhibit of works of art. The attempts of the ladies at sculpture in the form of clay modeling were very classic in results. The officers at the close of 1907 are: President, Mrs. Phebe Thompson-Wiley; vice-president, Mrs. Jesse Toan-Brooks; secretary, Mrs. Mary K. Hitchcock.

The club began "A Journey Through the United States" last September, starting from Plymouth, and to arrive at the national capitol in May, 1908. There have always been the strongest ties of friendship and affection between the members of the club. Very few have resigned except from sickness and absence from town. All feel that the influence of the Saturday Club is for good only. The members have not desired to place themselves conspicuously before the public. Their aim has been to broaden their own lives by this close contact with others of like tastes and aspirations. They feel that their influence has been more far-reaching than had they been less conservative. While the membership is at present limited to thirty-five for convenience in management, it is not the intention to exclude any who may wish to take up active work. The club is a most remarkable one. It is composed entirely of women and has been in existence continuously without interruption for well on towards a quarter of a century. In the sphere of its work it has accomplished great good in elevating the standard of knowledge and right thinking, and generally in cultivating the ethics of right living.

XLVIII. THE MOZART MUSICAL CLUB.

On the evening of September 13, 1898, twenty ladies of Plymouth met at the home of Mrs. James McDonald to organize a class in vocal music.

For a number of years the vocal chorus music of Plymouth had been in rather backward shape and the various church choirs felt the effect in a marked degree. A number of ladies had talked the matter over and this meeting was held with a view to organize a society with the object of

creating a sentiment in the city that would encourage music of a high class and take the place of the so-called "rag time" trash that was rooting out all classical music.

The Mozart Musical Club was a success from the start. Mrs. Stella Drummond was the first president, serving until her removal to South Bend. Mrs. Olive Soice then served a term of years, and Mrs. Eva L. Underwood has since been at the head of the society. Mrs. James McDonald was the first director, and since then they have had Prof. Franks, of South Bend, and Prof. McHenry, and now Prof. H. W. Owens, of Chicago, has just commenced his fourth year with this club.

Each year since the organization the club has given one or two concerts, which have been well received by those who heard them. No attempt has been made to amass money by these performances, the object only being to give to the public an exhibition of the progress made and to bring in noted soloists who could be heard here in no other way. When San Francisco was destroyed by earthquake this club sent the entire proceeds of one concert to the relief of the sufferers.

During these years this club has given, among others, the "Holy City," by Gaul; "Rose Maiden," by Cowen; "Messiah," by Handel; and this year the work is "Creation," by Haydn. That this club, started by a small company of ladies who were simply bent on self-improvement and an earnest desire to elevate the taste of the community for the highest class of music, should successfully give Handel's "Messiah," which is acknowledged to be one of the very best and most difficult of the standard oratorios, speaks well for the individual membership and the directors they have had. Prof. Owens, who drills the club once each week, has lately returned from England, where he went the past summer to get what was new and useful for his work, and under his supervision the work on "Creation" is being enthusiastically pushed, and when the club is ready to give this oratorio it is expected to be the finest musical production the club has ever given.

For several years this club was composed entirely of ladies, but now the gentlemen are taken into full membership, and the future of the club looks very bright.

XLIX. LITERATURE—MUSIC—ORATORY.

While it may be true that Marshall county, or any portion of it, has not produced in the literary, musical or oratorical field of human action anyone, either male or female, whose excellence has attracted the attention and admiration of the world at large, yet it is true that there have risen up from among the people those who have made their mark in the liberal arts and occupy a sphere as high as their surrounding neighbors.

In a work of this kind it will be impossible to give more than a brief reference to those who have done sufficient in the literary field to make them a reputation that will be more or less enduring. The first who wrote to greater purpose than any of his contemporaries, the late Charles H. Reeve, stands easily at the head. During the last two decades of his life he wrote numerous books and pamphlets, mostly on crime and criminals,

and criminal law reform, etc. His most pretentious work was "The Prison Question," a book of 200 pages, which had a large sale both in this and foreign countries among those interested in prison reform. He was a smooth and graceful writer and in descriptive composition had few equals anywhere. From an address of welcome to the Northern Indiana Teachers' Association held at Maxinkuckee lake, June 29, 1886, the following charming description of the "Beautiful Maxinkuckee," by Mr. Reeve, is inserted as a rare literary gem—a classic in its way. Addressing the assembled teachers, he said in part:

"Many years ago, near where we are now located, I came in sight of the lovely lake yonder for the first time. When I first saw it the primeval forest around it was almost untouched. Some settlers were near it but mainly the forest came to the margin. Some rushes grew in the shallow spots. A log canoe rocked on the shore near me as the light waves pulsated to and fro. The sunlight glinted from the surface of the water and the whole space above was filled with a kind of glowing haze I have seen nowhere else. The undulations of the shores and the deep green of the trees were reflected in black shadows from the water below. Near me a robin was caroling his liquid song. The red-winged blackbird flew chirping across the narrow bends, alighting now and then on the limber twig of a bush, or some stout bulrush that bent to the water and allowed him to seize something he saw and wanted. The lazy gulls rose and fell and turned from side to side as they crossed and recrossed above the water. Here and there in some still spot a fish would spring out and leave a circlet of tiny waves following each other in growing circles, soon broken by others made in like manner near by them. Some wild ducks arose from near the shore with a cry of alarm and winged a rapid flight around the bends to light in some obscure place. Away near the opposite shore a figure sat in a dugout holding a pole that would occasionally rise to the perpendicular and then come down to the horizontal, and it looked as completely alone as if it were the only being in its form alive. These trifling incidents attracted momentary notice only. But the lights and shades, the outlines and the undulations, the glittering and shimmering of sun and water and shadowy reflections, the life and motion and stillness, the strange mellow haze, like an invisible veil, yet obstructing no light, that was above and over it all like a halo, the something indescribable and seen nowhere else, were before me in the fullness of Nature's most perfect work. I reined in my horse and sat still on him, almost entranced by the indescribable feelings created by the scene. There are no words I know to describe it. It could only be felt—a glow of pleasure and wonder mingled with awe—a sense of beauty with a glow of exaggeration that went beyond words for comparison.

"I had met an Indian only a few moments before seeing the lake, just up yonder on the road coming through the woods. He was bareheaded, had on a calico shirt, deerskin leggings and moccasins, and carried a gun; and he had told me in broken English with short pauses between the words about the road I desired to follow. 'Go so,' he said, pointing the direction; 'see—big—trail. Mabbe—go—so,' pointing another direction; 'see—chemoke—man's—wigwam. Yes.' That is, I would soon come to the main wagon road, and following that would come to a white man's house. I followed the first direction, and soon after the weird and beautiful

glamor of the wonderful Max-in-kuck-ee was before me. I shall see it always. You can never see it as I did then.

"But it has another beauty now that you gaze on. I have them both before me, and year by year have seen the changes as they grew in it and in the country regions round and about it. How many can go back to that log canoe as, half filled with water, it oscillated upon the shore yonder, and step by step follow the changes down to the graceful hulls and sails that daily skim the surface of the lake, or the shapely little steamers that

'Walk the water like a thing of life,'

while the echoes on the shore awake the throbs of their fiery, imprisoned hearts, as the pulsations evolve the forces of their artificial life?

"To me there is a strange blending of the sights and sounds here now with the memory of those of long ago. The carol of the robin and the bell of the steamer; the whistle of the blackbirds and the scream of the locomotive; the grace of the waterfowl and its rapid flight and the white-sailed yachts; the presence of the lonely fisherman and the silent Indian; the knowledge of the fewer wants and fewer means of gratifying them then, and the many needs and boundless resources of the present; of the lighter burdens that rested then and the mighty ones that rest now; all pass before me like 'the cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces and solemn temples created by the baseless fabric of some weird vision.' "

Judge Albertus C. Capron. Judge Capron was one of Marshall county's most accomplished writers. For many years he owned a cottage on the shore of the beautiful Maxinkuckee lake, and no one enjoyed more than he the delightful breezes and charming scenery that met his view, no matter which way he looked. He was especially fond of fishing, and probably the last article he prepared was on the subject of "Fish and Fishing in Lake Maxinkuckee," published in a history of the lake in 1905, the year he died. The closing paragraphs are reproduced here to show the beauty of his style of composition, and the delightful picture he draws of good and bad fishing days. The judge's peroration is as follows:

"To be even moderately successful one must be fairly well acquainted with the 'lay of the land' in the lake. There are considerable areas that are absolutely barren of fish at all seasons, where one may fish for a week and not get a nibble. Where the water is sixty, seventy or eighty feet deep there are no fish, unless it be a few gars swimming near the surface in a migration from one side of the lake to the other.

"And there are days when the lake appears absolutely without fish of any kind, when the experienced fisherman with both live and artificial bait may search the bars and gullies of the very best fishing grounds, from 'morn 'till dewy eve,' with not a single strike. But even such a day is not without its recompense to the genuine fisherman, for he is always a lover of nature in her various moods. After a fruitless pull of a couple of hours, and he realizes that the fish are hugging the bottom among the lake weeds and grasses and beyond the temptation of his alluring baits, he can drop his oars and drift idly in the summer breeze that brings to him, across the lake, the odor of the woods, the fields or the new-mown hay, and watch the changing colors of the lake as the shadows of the fleecy clouds creep slowly over the surface; or, looking shoreward, beyond the line where land and water meet, his eyes will rest upon a sylvan picture of wooded bluff and

shady beach with their bright tinted cottages nestling among the trees, wordless invitations to the weary to come and find rest therein, and, as the evening comes on and the winds are hushed, and all the west, both sky and water, is painted in gorgeous colors by the glorious sunset, there comes creeping over the glassy lake a tinkling music as of water bells touched by the sparkling streams that gush from the flowing wells and splash upon the margin of the lake. And, as his boat glides to his landing place, the joy and sweetness of life fills his being with a new and thrilling sense of pleasure, and as he picks up his creel and saunters slowly toward his cottage he feels in his heart more than half glad that it is an empty creel—with nothing dead in it. Surely such a day is not a lost day, not a day to be regretted.

"And there are other days, red-letter days for the fisherman; days when every good-sized fish in the lake appears to have awakened up hungry from a two or three days' snooze in the grass, and every one of them seems to be hunting the fisherman's bait; and, whether anchored on the edge of a bar or trolling deep among the gullies, the time between strikes is little more than enough to adjust a new bait and get the lines well out again. On these days the catch of a couple of hours half fills the creel with three or four varieties of goodly sized fish—all the small ones discarded and thrown into the lake. On these days the fisherman finds no time to watch the shadows on the lake; no matter how gorgeous the sunset, he sees it not. The winds may waft the odor of the spices of Araby across the lake—he perceives it not; the music of the rippling streams that gush from the flowing wells is drowned by the chirr of his reel, and the cottage-lined shores are simply a landing place, where he will beach his boat and step proudly upon the shore, holding up to the gaze of family and friends his wonderful catch on this his lucky day. Well, it's only human nature to enjoy success, and these are the days the fisherman loves to talk and think of—the days he remembers best."

John S. Bender, who still resides in Plymouth at the age of eighty, is the author of a book entitled "A Hoosier's Experience in Western Europe," being a description of scenes and incidents that impressed him while making the tour of western Europe in the winter of 1874-75. He also wrote and published a small book entitled "Money," from the "Greenback" theory of the financial question.

Elder S. A. Chaplin, during many years' residence in Marshall county, wrote much on literary and religious subjects. All his writings had a religious tendency and a high moral tone, and were intended to make his readers better, wiser, and happier. The series of articles written by him and published in the Plymouth Democrat shortly before his death, entitled "The Return of the Jews to Jerusalem," and "Sketches of the Early Settlement of the Northwest Territory," were of a high order of merit and contained valuable information not elsewhere to be found.

M. A. O. Packard wrote copiously, fluently and well. His articles "From Over the Sea," published in the Plymouth Democrat while making the tour of Europe on two occasions, and his letters descriptive of a tour across the continent to the Pacific coast, and return by way of the southern states, were models of descriptive writing rarely excelled, and worthy of permanent preservation. His style is smooth and polished, and he has the faculty of taking the reader with him and showing him the beauty and

grandeur of nature almost as vividly as if he were beholding them with his own eyes.

Henry G. Thayer, while on a tour of Europe several years prior to his death, wrote a series of letters, which were published in the Plymouth Democrat, that were more than ordinarily meritorious, containing as they did a vast amount of useful information. From these letters Mr. Thayer compiled a lecture entitled, "Paul's Journey to Rome," which he delivered in most of the towns and cities in northern Indiana.

Le Roy Armstrong was born and reared in Marshall county, a short distance northwest of Pretty lake. His father and mother dying when he was a boy in his teens, he drifted into a printing office, and there received the first inspiration that led him to take up the literary part of newspaper work as a calling. It was not a great while until he was employed on the editorial staff of the Chicago Herald, and while thus engaged employed his spare time in writing a novel entitled "An Indiana Man." It was a love story, picturing practical politics as he had observed them in Marshall county, the principal scenes being located at Plymouth, and at the old church and the schoolhouse near his old home, and the country about Pretty lake. To the old settlers it was interesting, as the characters were all genuine, although they bore fictitious names. Since then he has written several books, none of which, however, have attained to any considerable notoriety.

Music.

Marshall county has had its full share of those who have made for themselves favorable reputations in vocal and instrumental music.

Miss Clare Osborne, born and reared here, now Mrs. Dr. Reed, of Chicago, was the first to graduate from the Chicago Musical College with the honors of her class a score of years ago. She was later employed as one of the faculty of the college, and is at present the owner and manager of the Columbia School of Music, Chicago. She is considered one of the finest pianists in that place.

Miss Stella Packard, now Mrs. C. P. Drummond, of South Bend, who was born and reared in Plymouth, graduated from the Chicago School of Music with the honors of her class many years ago. She is a fine pianist and was the first president of the Plymouth Mozart Musical Club.

Miss Helen Elizabeth McDonald, born and reared here, now Mrs. T. W. Gilmore, Chicago, graduated with high honors from the Chicago Musical College, being awarded the Board of Trade gold medal for the best pianist that year. She has been one of the faculty of the Columbia School of Music, and has written several musical compositions that have been published, among which are "Venetian Serenade," "Love's Confidence," "Evening Song," "When Thou Art Nigh," etc. The words to these songs were written by Mrs. Bertha Reynolds-McDonald, wife of Louis McDonald, now of Chicago. The words to an "Evening Song" are as follows:

Over the hilltop a moonbeam peeps,
Over the meadow a dark shadow creeps,
Far in the crimson west daylight is dying,
Through the trees the wind is sighing—
    Sighing a soft good-night.

Stars glitter bright in the sky overhead,
Birds twitter low in their pretty green bed,
'Way over yonder I hear the kine lowing,
Soft the breeze, rare fragrance is blowing—
Blowing good-night—good-night.

Oratory.

An orator is one who delivers an oration; or, one who is skilled in public speaking. To a considerable extent it is a gift—the gift of knowing what to say, and how to say it. The orator must understand thoroughly the science of rhetoric, for, as it has been well said, "it teaches him to speak copiously and fluently on any subject, not merely with propriety alone, but with all the advantages of force and elegance; wisely contriving to captivate the hearer by strength of argument and beauty of expression whether it be to entreat or exhort, to admonish or applaud." Closely allied with this is logic, without a thorough knowledge of which he can never expect to become an accomplished orator, because it "teaches us to guide our reason discretionally in the general knowledge of things, and directs our inquiries after truth. It consists of a regular train of argument, whence we infer, deduce and conclude, according to certain premises laid down, admitted or granted; and in it are employed the faculties of conceiving, judging, reasoning and disposing; all of which naturally leads on from one gradation to another until the point in question is finally determined." What constitutes genuine oratory has never yet been definitely determined. Certain it is that it is not frantic gesticulations of the arms, head or body. Marshall county has produced its average share of orators, who have been trained in the courts of justice, in the pulpit, and on the political rostrum. Among those who have made their mark in these lines above their fellows may be mentioned C. H. Reeve, M. A. O. Packard, John G. Osborne, of the older practitioners, and later Samuel Parker, C. P. Drummond, Charles Kellison, and several others who are still with us, who, when warmed up to the subject, are considered more than ordinary speechmakers.

Henry G. Thayer, several years before his death, was the first to bring the subject of oratory before the school authorities, by offering $50 in gold yearly as a reward of merit for the one who should be considered the best orator in a competitive contest. This was continued a number of years, when for various reasons it was discontinued.

About 1903 an oratorical contest between picked pupils of the La Porte and Plymouth high schools took place in the auditorium of the Plymouth high school building, which stood on the site of what was a beautiful grove in the early times where all the public political meetings of all parties were held, and where many noted orators had made "the welkin ring with their eloquence." The gentleman who was selected to preside over the meeting, on taking the chair, delivered a short address, in part as follows:

"The entertainment provided for in the program of the evening is something new along educational lines here, and in the outset it is hoped that the results of this coming together may be the means of forming an association which shall embrace the northern part of the state.

"Right here, on the grounds where this school building now stands, something over forty years ago occurred a series of among the greatest political debates in the history of the United States. Schuyler Colfax, sev-

eral times elected a member of congress from this district, also speaker of the United States house of representatives, and later vice-president of the United States, and David Turpie, afterwards three times elected to the senate of the United States from Indiana, were the contestants for congressional honors. No more brilliant display of forensic oratory was ever heard than was shown in these memorable joint political debates.

"The faint rumbling of the coming storm of the great rebellion was just then beginning to be heard in the southern horizon, and the eyes of the whole country were turned toward these political gladiators, the trend of the discussion being national in its bearing.

"These debates became the most widely known, and have been the longest remembered of any political discussions, excepting, always the never-to-be-forgotten debates between Abraham Lincoln and Stephen A. Douglas in Illinois in 1858.

"Here, also in these beautiful grounds and in sight of them, have been heard such superb Indiana orators as Gov. Ashbel P. Willard; Senator, Gov. and Vice-Pres. Thomas A. Hendricks; Gov. Isaac P. Gray, Gov. James D. Williams, Senators D. W. Voorhees and Joseph E. McDonald, Senator and Pres. Benjamin Harrison, Stephen A. Douglas, Benj. F. Shively, Gen. and Lieut.-Gov. M. D. Manson, and the most polished orator of them all, William Jennings Bryan.

"All can call to mind sublime oratorical efforts that almost moved the world and became immortal. As illustrations I need only refer to 'Paul's Appeal to King Agrippa,' and in our own time to 'Lincoln's Gettysburg Address,' which stands singly and alone as the oratorical gem of the age."

L. PROGRESS OF THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

Not until after the adoption of the new constitution of the state, in 1850, was there any real progress made in the organization of the public school system as we have it now.

Until 1851 the schools were under the jurisdiction of the township trustees, although by the school law at that time in force their jurisdiction was almost entirely nominal, their school duties being little more than to make a donation to the teacher of the morsel of interest coming from the school fund. The usual custom seems to have been to apply the public fund to the benefit of any teacher who chose to start a school, he making up the deficiency by tuitions from the pupils.

During the session of the legislature in 1871, an act was passed authorizing the appointment, by the board of county commissioners, of a county superintendent, whose duty it should be to visit the schools, make examinations, and issue certificates to teachers, examine the public records and enforce the payment of all fines and forfeitures belonging to the school fund into the treasury, and report the condition of the public schools once in each year to the superintendent of public instruction.

The duties of the county superintendent had, until the act of 1871, been performed by a school examiner, whose duties were to examine applicants, make the proper examinations and report the condition of the schools

annually to the state superintendent, and perform such other duties as were thought for the best interest of the schools. Mark Cummings was the first regularly appointed examiner under the revised school law of 1851, and served as such until his death in 1868. The law creating county superintendent of schools was the creation of Prof. Milton B. Hopkins, who was then state superintendent of the public schools. He was a democrat, and resided at Kokomo. He drafted the bill, and through his efforts its passage through the general assembly was secured. For some time there was considerable opposition to the measure, and in 1874 and 1876 it was something of an effort to keep it from being injected into the political campaigns of those years. Better counsels prevailed, however, and, as the good work of the county superintendents began to show itself, opposition naturally ceased, and before he died, Prof. Hopkins had the pleasure of seeing his system of county superintendents of schools as one of the most useful auxiliaries in the management of the public school system of the state firmly and permanently established.

Mark Cummings, the first school examiner under the old law, was one of the early residents of the county, having taken up his residence in Plymouth as a school teacher prior to 1850. He died in 1868. A. C. Capron was appointed examiner to fill the vacancy occasioned by the death of Mr. Cummings. In the September term of the board of commissioners, 1868, Thomas McDonald was appointed examiner, and served as such until the act creating county superintendents was passed in 1871, when he was appointed the first county superintendent under that act, which position he held until his death, which occurred March 28, 1875.

Early Schools and School Teachers.

It should be remembered that at the time the school question first began to be agitated the country was almost a wilderness. Except the Michigan road, the La Porte road and the Winamac road, there were no regularly laid out roads in the county; and these were only passable. A surveyor and ax-man had gone through the lines of these contemplated roads, the trees had been "blazed" so the traveler could keep in the direction in which he wanted to go, but as there were few inhabitants on the way, but little work had been done on any of them. Trees and brush and logs had been cut out, and "corduroy" bridges had been built across the impassable mudholes and streams, otherwise these public roads were little better than the Indian trails through the woods.

At that time special laws were passed by the legislature for the benefit of the people residing in each county, and Marshall county, having been organized but a short time, was without the benefit of special legislation. Except in a general way the people were a law unto themselves. But it was just as well. The inhabitants needed very few laws. They were of the better class of men and women, and were law-abiding, Christian people who had left civilization and the scenes of their childhood behind them, and had settled here to carve out homes in the wilderness for themselves and children, and to assist in building up a new civilization.

Among the first things they did, after clearing off a patch of ground and building a little cabin home in the wilderness, was to organize as best they could a system of schools for the education of their children. As

has been stated, there was no law in relation to education, and no public funds with which to build schoolhouses and for the pay of teachers. The material for the support of schools was very limited and widely scattered, and in looking back over the events of more than the past half century it seems almost miraculous that these early pioneers, under the adverse circumstances and conditions they had to overcome, were able to accomplish as much as they did.

In 1840 the census report showed that Marshall county had forty school children, twenty-five of whom attended school, and that there were but three schoolhouses in the county at that time. There were, however, more schools taught in the county than the number of schoolhouses would indicate. Log cabins that had been vacated for more commodious dwellings were frequently used for a winter's term of school, in the absence of a building erected especially for that purpose. No records of any of the schools were then made, and it is impossible to arrive at anything definite in regard to them.

In 1848 the question of "free schools" was submitted to the voters of the state for adoption or rejection. The question was voted on in Marshall county August 7, 1848, with the following result:

Township.	For.	Against.
North	41	12
Green	93	12
Center	300	21
Union	38	21
Bourbon	44	3
Tippecanoe	47	16
German	56	1
Totals	619	86

Polk, West and Walnut townships had not then been organized. The vote on this question taken throughout the state was for the purpose of feeling the educational pulse of the people to be incorporated into the new state constitution to be adopted by a constitutional convention to be held in 1850. Amzi L. Wheeler was the member of the convention for Marshall county, and, as he had been a "country school master" prior to his settlement here in 1836, it is fair to presume that he used his influence in favor of free schools. The convention was held, and after a long discussion and mature deliberation Article VIII of our present state constitution was inserted, and it has undergone no change since that time.

The preamble sets forth that knowledge and learning, generally diffused throughout the community, being essential to a free government, the general assembly was commanded to encourage by all suitable means moral, intellectual, scientific and agricultural improvement, and to provide by law for a general and uniform system of common schools wherein tuition should be without charge and equally open to all.

It further provided that the common school fund should consist of the congressional township funds and lands belonging thereto; the bank tax fund, and the fund arising from the 114th section of the charter of the state bank of Indiana; the fund to be derived from the sale of county seminaries, and the monies and property theretofore held for such seminaries; from the fines assessed for breaches of the penal laws of the state, and from all forfeitures which might accrue; all lands and other estate which

might escheat to the state for want of heirs or kindred entitled to inheritance; all lands belonging to the state, including swamp lands after deducting expenses of draining the same, and taxes that might be assessed by the general assembly for school purposes.

It also provided that the principal of the school fund shall remain a perpetual fund which may be increased but shall never be diminished; and the income thereof shall be inviolably appropriated to the support of the common schools, and to no other purpose whatever.

Under these provisions of the constitution the proper legislation to carry into effect the public school system has been had from time to time. The school fund provided for has accumulated from year to year at the rate of about $100,000 per year, and is now more than $11,000,000, probably the largest school fund of any state in the Union.

The First Schools.

It has been almost impossible to arrive at anything definite in regard to the first schools taught in the county. As stated there were no schoolhouses, and the schools taught for many years occupied vacated cabins, and in some cases the "sitting room" in the cabin where a family resided. In the winters of 1836 and 1837 there were several attempts at teaching school in various parts of the county where enough children in the sparsely settled neighborhoods could be got together to justify a teacher to spend his time in that way. Among the first of these early schools was one taught by Thomas McDonald, in the winter of 1836, in a log house which had been occupied as a temporary residence on the farm then owned by Vincent Brownlee near Lake Maxinkuckee. Between this time and 1840 a hewed log schoolhouse was built about half a mile east of where this school was taught. It was the first attempt at building a house especially for school purposes in Union township, and possibly in the county. Those who taught in this house at the first were William E. Thompson, H. B. Dickson and Hugh Brownlee. All of these old time "country school masters" are now dead, and, with two or three exceptions, all the boys and girls that went there then and made the woods ring at noontime with their shouts of joy and laughter have passed over to the unknown beyond.

During the winter of 1837 a school was taught about two miles west of Plymouth on the La Porte road by William N. Bailey. About this time, although it may have been a year afterward, a school was taught on or near the farm of Adam Snyder, in North township, by Abraham Johnson. There was also a school taught in the Roberts neighborhood, four miles southeast of Plymouth, and one at the residence of Charles Ousterhaut, on the Michigan road, two miles south of Plymouth, and one about where the town of Argos now stands, about the same time. These were taught by Miss Catharine Logan, afterward Mrs. John B. Dickson, and a man by the name of Erskine. In German township the first school was taught in an old log cabin about one mile north of the present town of Bremen, in the year 1837, by a man by the name of Bemas. The average number of children present was about fifteen.

The first school in Bourbon township was taught in a log cabin which stood on ground owned by John Greer, in the south part of the present town of Bourbon, shortly after a settlement was made there, probably about

1837-38, by Edward Parks. John Greer also taught school there one or two terms in those early days.

In Tippecanoe township the first school was taught in the summer of 1842, by Esther Jane Birney, at what is now District No. 3, or Summit chapel. She taught three successive terms of three months each for about $9 per month. The schoolhouse was built of logs and had a cabin roof; two small windows, both on the same side of the house, and a standing board was near the windows. The pupils all went to this board to do their writing, and when they had finished they returned to their seats again. The seats were made of hewed logs. The door was hung with wooden hinges, and had a wooden latch on the inside to which was attached a string, which was passed to the outside through a hole in the door, so that the latch could be raised from the outside by pulling the string; hence the old saying: "The latch string is out." The floor was made of puncheon to fit tightly together; and the building was further furnished with a mud stick chimney. From this early and small beginning the township has now ten comfortable school buildings, all paid for, and furnished with every convenience for efficient school work.

Several attempts in the past have been made to gather the facts in regard to the early schools of Plymouth, but with indifferent success. In 1836 there were very few residents of Plymouth, and there were not enough children to support a school, and so far as has been ascertained no school was taught here that year. The first school in Plymouth is said to have been taught by Oscar F. Norton, in the winter of 1837. Whether he taught more than that term is not known. The building used for this school was the first courthouse, which was built by the original proprietors of the town, and stood on the west side of Michigan street, corner of Adams. A few years ago the writer was informed by Mrs. Sarah A. Smith, formerly Miss Sarah A. Bannon, that she was a pupil under the tutelage of a teacher by the name of G. Parsons in the old courthouse during the winters of 1840 and 1841. She exhibited a reward of merit given to her by him, a copy of which is as follows:

Reward of Merit
to
Miss Sarah A. Bannon
for Good Behavior
in School.
G. Parsons, Inst.
Plymouth, June 17, 1841.

Mrs. Smith says Mr. Parsons was from New York state; was a short, heavy built man, and during his stay here boarded at the house of her father, who then lived on the south side of Yellow river, in a building known as the "American House." She said the only peculiarity she could remember about him was that he was very fond of soup! Her father, James Bannon, was the first shoemaker here, and was postmaster of Plymouth under the administration of James K. Polk.

Our free school system had not then been established, and those who went to school paid for their own tuition. According to the census of 1840 there were but forty children of school age in Marshall county, not more than fifteen of whom resided in Plymouth and not more than half of these,

Mrs. Smith thought, attended the school taught by Mr. Parsons in 1841. The census of 1840 also stated that there were but three schoolhouses in the county. Mrs. Erskine is said to have erected a schoolhouse on Center street, on the second block north of the courthouse, in which she taught school a few years—how long is not known. Rev. Austin Fuller, Mrs. Smith said, taught school several terms in the old courthouse between 1841 and 1846, in addition to marrying people and preaching the gospel as occasion required.

A frame school building was erected about 1846-47-48 on the corner of the lot west of the Lutheran church building on Adams street. A young man by the name of Clark taught school there about 1850. He was followed by Willoughby M. McCormick in 1851 and 1852. He was not much of a teacher, but he made the most out of the material he had to work upon, among his pupils being such unruly boys as Jim Westervelt, Abe Crum, Jack Bannon, Lloyd Hard, Sherm Wheeler, Jim Bannon, Hank Cougle and the writer of this sketch. Mr. McCormick went from Plymouth to Knox about 1853, where a few years later he was elected clerk of the court of Stark county, and was serving as such at the time of his death.

Our schoolhouses of nearly three-quarters of a century ago did not possess great attractions externally or internally. They were almost invariably small log buildings, cold and very deficient in regard to windows; a fireplace at one end, and a few rough benches without backs for seats, and a board or two which served for writing desks, were the sum total of the internal arrangements of the building. During those days pupils who occupied seats at the back part of the house would often suffer with the cold, while those who were near the fire would suffer as much from the other extreme. Not unfrequently the smoke would drive both pupils and teacher out of the building for pure air. But pupils of studious habits would make rapid progress, even under these disadvantages. Many graduates of these unsightly and uncomfortable schoolhouses now sustain excellent reputations as teachers and business men and women in other walks of life.

The first genuine agitation of the school question in Plymouth was in 1853. April 16th, a meeting was called to consider the propriety of employing Mr. and Mrs. Etter, of Rochester, who were mentioned as being teachers of a different grade from that with which the citizens had been afflicted thus far. At the same meeting the advisability of building a schoolhouse was discussed. The population of Plymouth was given as 670.

May 26th an election was held upon the proposition to levy taxes for the support of schools, at which the vote stood five in favor of and eight against such tax. June 23d a township election was held for the same purpose, at which the vote stood thirteen opposed to seven in favor. About this time Mr. and Mrs. Etter, Mr. James Thrawls, James M. Wickizer and others taught private schools.

In March, 1854, the lot donated to the county for seminary purposes was sold to the town for the nominal sum of $100, and on the thirtieth of the same month, contract for building a schoolhouse was entered into with Silas Morgan. This building was completed in December of the same year. It contained three school rooms and one recitation room, and was a credit to the town. When the present building was erected it was sold to Joseph Westervelt, and by him removed to the river bank on the east end of Wash-

ington street, where it was overhauled and made into a flouring mill, known as "The Eureka Mills." It was used as such for several years, when one morning it caught fire and was entirely destroyed. William J. Moir, who had then just retired as cashier of the Marshall County bank, was chosen principal of the schools, and had as assistants the first term Mrs. E. Crum and Miss E. Adams. The attendance was at first about 150. The text-books used were Sanders' spellers, Parker's readers, Davies' arithmetic, Mitchell's geography and Clark's grammar.

Of all the teachers of former times Mr. Moir has left behind him the most pleasant recollections. He is uniformly mentioned with great respect by those who were his pupils, and there can be no doubt that he inaugurated a new era in school matters.

Mr. Moir was succeeded by C. H. Blair, who was principal but part of one year, when he was followed by Hiram C. Burlingame, who had formerly resided in La Porte county. He retired from the management of the schools in 1861, concluding that he had done his share of missionary work, and that he would seek some less "promising" but more lucrative employment.

Mark Cummings, who was for many years county school examiner, then took charge of the schools. Mr. Cummings was succeeded by D. D. Luke, who remained as principal until August, 1870, when he was elected superintendent of the Goshen schools. Upon his retirement Rosco A. Chase was chosen superintendent, and served as such continuously until 1903, a period of thirty-three years. He at once set about reorganizing the schools on a business and educational basis, introducing many changes in the administration of the schools. A systematic course of study was adopted; the schools were graded; a more exact discipline was introduced, and from a state of comparative confusion, as regards any settled policy of action, the business of the schools was as completely systematised as any business firm in town.

In 1874 a new school building of brick, two stories, with a basement story divided into school rooms, was built. About 1890 an addition to the main building was erected, with an auditorium having a seating capacity of 600, with other conveniences for the proper management of the schools

What was known as the "Ward School Building" was erected on the south side in 1868. It was a two-story frame structure, and was used for the accommodation of first-grade pupils for several years. With the growth of the town the need of better facilities made it necessary to erect a more commodious building, which was done in the '90s, and now there is ample room and every facility for the education of the entire school population of the town. The high school was organized in 1874, and the first graduating class was in 1876.

Mr. Chase was succeeded as superintendent by R. A. Randall, of Goshen, in 1903. Some changes have been made since Mr. Randall took charge of the schools, which were deemed necessary for the advancement of our school interests.

The following statistics for the school year 1907 will afford some idea of the height to which the schools of Plymouth have attained:

Number of school rooms in use, 21; total number of teachers and principals, 23; number of pupils enrolled, 973; per cent of attendance, high

school, 97.5; grades, 96.8; promoted to high school, 51; graduates from high school, 38.

St. Michael's Academy.

This is the name of a Catholic institution of learning established in Plymouth in 1870. The building stands on Center street near the court-house square, is of brick, substantially built, well arranged for the purposes for which it is used, and cost about $12,000. The management of the school is under the immediate supervision of the Sisters of The Holy Cross, from St. Mary's, St. Joseph county, who have spared no efforts during the past thirty-seven years of its existence to make it what it is, a first-class academy of learning, an honor to the town and the denomination through whose liberality it was founded.

TOWNSHIP SCHOOLS OF MARSHALL COUNTY.

NUMBER OF SCHOOLHOUSES IN THE COUNTY.

	Brick.	Frame.	Total.
Bourbon township	15	..	15
Center township	3	13	19
German township	1	14	15
Green township	1	9	10
North township	2	11	13
Polk township	6	5	11
Tippecanoe township	1	10	11
Union township	4	5	9
Walnut township	3	7	10
West township	4	8	12
Total	40	82	132

NUMBER OF TEACHERS.

	Male.	Female.	Total.
Bourbon township	9	5	14
Center township	5	14	19
German township	5	8	13
Green township	5	5	10
North township	8	8	16
Polk township	9	6	15
Tippecanoe township	6	5	11
Union township	2	9	11
Walnut township	7	4	11
West township	5	8	13
Total	61	72	133

NUMBER OF TOWNSHIP HIGH SCHOOLS.

Center township	Inwood
North township	La Paz
Polk township	Tyner
Tippecanoe township	Tippecanoe
West township	West
Walnut township	Walnut

TOTAL NUMBER OF PUPILS ENROLLED IN THE SCHOOLS FOR THE YEAR 1906-07.

	Male.	Female.	Total.
Township schools	1,951	1,889	3,840
Towns	634	718	1,352
City	382	415	797
Total	2,967	3,022	5,989

When the first settlers came to Marshall county, Indiana had no school system, and such schools as were taught were conducted, according to the will and pleasure of the school master, who was employed by those of the neighborhood having children to send to him. There were no county school superintendents then; no school officers; no schoolhouses, and no public school funds. There was then, as there are now, a large proportion of the population that believed in education, and it was this element of the early pioneers whose labors and influence have been the means of giving us our present unexcelled public school system. There were others, as there are some now, who believed with Dogberry, that "education should cum by nature!" They are of that class who believe with one of Shakespeare's characters when he said to an educator of the olden time:

"Thou hast most traitorously corrupted the youth of the realm in erecting a grammar school, and, whereas before, our forefathers had no other books but the score and tally, thou hast caused printing to be used; and, contrary to the king, his crown and dignity thou hast built a paper mill. It will be proved to thy face that thou hast men about thee that usually talk of a noun, and a verb, and such abominable words as no Christian ear can endure to hear!"

It was thought by these men that to learn to read and write and "cipher" was the chief end of man. When there were in a neighborhood a sufficient number of children large enough to find their way through the woods to the schoolhouse, preparations were made for the winter's term. The building of a schoolhouse was the first thing in order. The neighbors got together and selected a suitable location, as convenient as possible for all concerned. A plan was drawn for the building, and everybody interested agreed to meet on the grounds at the time designated for the work to be begun. Chopping axes to fell the trees, broad axes with which to hew the logs, yokes of oxen to haul the timber to the place where the building was to be erected, inch augers to bore holes where needed to pin together joists and rafters, and such other tools as were necessary and could be secured were provided. It didn't take long for the "horny-handed sons of toil" of the neighborhood to get out the material and erect a building twenty by thirty feet, and complete it for occupancy. The school building of which we speak was of the dimensions named, and was erected on a high rise of ground on the farm then owned by Vincent Brownlee, half a mile east of where he and his family resided, a mile or so from Lake Maxinkuckee. It was provided with a "puncheon" floor, and a clapboard roof. A chimney of "nigger-heads" and oak slats daubed with mud, was built on the outside of one end, and a puncheon door hewn out of poplar timber, fastened together with wooden pins and hung on leather hinges, was placed in the other end of the building. The latch was made of wood, fastened on the inside of the door, to which was attached a leather string which was passed through a small hole an inch or so above, so that when the string was pulled from the outside the latch would be raised up out of the slot on the cheek of the door, the door would open and the pupil would walk in. These were the door fastenings in universal use at that time. And this is how originated the saying "come and see us; you will find the latch string out." The latch string hanging through a hole on the outside was an emblem of hospitality, such as only the pioneers of those days knew so well how to dispense.

There were no locks and keys on the doors in those days. The latch string was always out. All you had to do was to pull it, walk right in and make yourself at home.

The cracks between the logs were chinked and pinned and filled up with mud to keep the cold out. A log on each side of the schoolhouse and at the end opposite the fireplace at the proper height, was cut out a short distance from the corners and served as windows to furnish light for the room. There was little or no glass in this part of the country at that time, and, whether there was or not, it was too expensive and money was too scarce to think of indulging in such a modern invention as that; and so a sort of rough wooden frame was put in with slats upright to which were pasted old newspapers, after which they were greased so as to make them as transparent as possible. In front of these windows, on the inside, were placed long "puncheon" (there was no lumber then) writing desks, in front of which were high seats for the accommodation of such as might be advanced to the writing grade. There were rough benches without backs for the children to sit upon; and how the little fellows' spinal columns did ache before school was "let out" for the day no one who has never gone through such an experience will ever know.

Auger holes were bored in the logs in convenient places and wooden pins driven in on which to hang hats, bonnets and clothing.

The grounds about the building were nicely cleared up, the logs and brush burned, and the play-ground for jumping, foot-races, wrestling matches, bull pen, and town ball was properly laid out, and a good big pile of wood cut and piled up a convenient distance from the door to last during the winter term.

A well was dug and curbed up with red oak boards, a "well sweep" was added to which was attached at the lower end of a long hickory pole which was fastened to the top end of the "sweep," and old-fashioned wooden bucket.

How that well and the sweep "and e'en the rude bucket which hung in the well" is remembered; and how vividly comes back the memory of that good old song:

How dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood
When fond recollection presents to my view
The orchard, the meadow, the deep tangled wild-wood,
And every loved spot which my infancy knew.
The wide spreading pond and the mill that stood by it,
The bridge and the rock where the cataract fell;
The cot of my father, the dairy house nigh it,
And e'en the rude bucket which hung in the well,
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket which hung in the well.

The buildings and grounds and other necessary conveniences having been provided, the next thing in order was to "blaze" the way to the schoolhouse from the homes of the parents having children to send to school. At that time there were no roads except "trails" made by the Indians, of whom there were still quite a number in the county. These "trails" were by-paths through the woods leading from one Indian village to another, and to the various lakes and rivers in the northern part of the state. Indians, you must know, always went "tandem," that is one after the other, and in this way

the trail was sometimes worn down several inches. They wound around through the woods, avoiding swamps, hills and fallen timber as much as possible. Some of these trails are still in existence—one through a section of unimproved land near Twin lakes, that we have seen, and there are doubtless others about Maxinkuckee lake, and in the vicinity of Tippecanoe river, both of which were favorite resorts for the noble red man, from whom the lands here were stolen, after which he was driven by the government out west to grow up with the country. The nearest route to the schoolhouse was selected, when the trees at convenient places were "blazed," that is, a man with an axe chipped the bark off about as high as his head on both sides of the tree so it could be seen both going and coming. Logs and brush were removed, and by following these blazed trees the young "scholar," as he was called, had no difficulty in finding his way to the seat of learning.

The schoolhouse and grounds having been duly and truly prepared, the next step was for those having children to send to school to select by common consent, a "master" to take charge of the children who were to compose the school. There were no "professors" or superintendents of schools, or instructors or teachers then. Those early educators were always known as "schoolmasters" until Edward Eggleston changed the name to "Hoosier Schoolmaster" in his charming story of that name, written in the early history of the state. There were no professional schoolmasters then. Those who taught school simply did so to pass away the long winter months when there was very little work on the farm to do. He was generally a resident of the neighborhood who was supposed to have attained to a higher grade of educational knowledge than his neighbors, and whose skill in manipulating the birch rod was known to be all that the most enthusiastic advocate of corporal punishment could desire. It was also deemed necessary that he should be provided with a pen-knife and that he should be able to make a quill pen, for, be it known, at that time steel and gold pens had not found their way into this part of the country, and it is possible that pens made of metals had not then been invented; at any rate, all the records in the various offices in this county, all the bookkeeping in commercial transactions, and all the letters, both of a business and social nature, at that time were written with a quill pen, and it was considered quite an accomplishment to be able to make, out of a goose quill, a pen that would enable the writer to do his work in a satisfactory manner.

Some of the finest penmanship we have ever seen can be found on some of the early records of Marshall county made with quill pens. In the auditor's office some of the records made by the then auditor are equal to any ever made since with gold or steel pens. In the clerk's office William G. Pomeroy left some fine quill pen records. Samuel C. Sample was one of the three commissioners who organized the county June 20, 1836. He afterwards served as judge of the circuit court until October 19, 1843. He was an excellent penman, and his signature to the last court record on Order Book A, page 673, written with a quill pen, is equal to the famous signature of John Hancock to the Declaration of Independence.

Most of the ink used in those days was of domestic manufacture. A solution of pokeberry juice boiled down was sometimes used. Black walnut bark boiled in water until it became as thick as syrup was the basis for

much of the ink used in the country schools. A solution of copperas was added, after which it was reduced to the proper thickness by pouring into the whole a quantity of hot water.

After a consultation had been held and an agreement reached as to who should be the schoolmaster, and how much salary he ought to have for the quarter's term, a subscription paper was circulated through the neighborhood to ascertain how many children would be "subscribed" to attend during the winter. The amount it was decided each one should pay was determined by dividing the total amount the master was to receive by the number of "scholars" subscribed. The amount generally agreed upon was from $15 to $20 per month, and the master was to "board around" among his scholars, dividing the time as nearly equal as convenient.

The first day of school was a day long to be remembered. The nearest resident to the schoolhouse was on hand early and had the building well warmed with a great big crackin' fire long before the appointed hour for school to "take up." By nine o'clock the scholars were all on hand ready for the opening of the crusade against the citadel of ignorance. No record of attendance was kept, and so, of course, there were no tardy marks recorded against any of those composing the school. There were very few school books to be had, and those in use had been transmitted through several generations. Webster's Elementary spelling book, Pike's or Smith's arithmetic, the Columbian Orator, Weem's Life of Washington, and the Life of Francis Marion, Lindly Murray's or Kirkham's grammar, comprised the books used in the curriculum of those days, and at no time were there enough to go around.

Each pupil in attendance was permitted to study such branches as he saw fit, or all of them if he thought he could master them. The larger number, as a rule, were in what was called the A B C class, and special efforts were put forth that the members of this class mastered this part of the course of study, and advanced and gained some insight into spelling in words of one syllable before the last day of school.

The reading class was arranged so that all those who were able to read could be accommodated whether they were provided with books or not. The class was seated on a long bench, and the lesson was so arranged that half a dozen of the scholars could use the same book. The head of the class would rise to his or her feet, read the first paragraph and hand the book to the next in line. Thus progress was made without unduly disturbing his neighbor, and was continued until all had "read around" and until the lesson for the day had been fully mastered.

Then came the class in arithmetic, the members of which had been laboring to commit to memory the rules laid down by Pike, Smith, or Talbott, each in his day renowned for the great labor through which he had attained fame by puzzling his brains in making what to the scholars seemed to be impossible rules by which to work more impossible problems.

Then the class in writing took their places at the long writing desk in front of the windows. They attempted to follow the copy "set" by the master, and with the new-beginner the master would find it necessary to stand at his back and hold his hand while he directed its motion so as to shape the letters attempted to be made. During the lesson the master had

to answer many questions aside from making and mending numerous goose quill pens, that were continually in need of repairs.

When the sun's rays cast a shadow straight into the schoolroom through the south door, indicating that it was noon, then came from the master the welcome announcement, "You are dismissed." Such scrambling as there was, and such tumbling over benches to get out into the open air, and to the play grounds, was a performance not permitted nowadays. The noon hour was spent by the master in eating his dinner, which, like the children, he had brought with him, and in setting copies and blocking out a line of procedure for the following day. The dinner baskets were quickly emptied, and then came the play, that best of all things to teach the complicated study of human nature. Among the boys was soon heard the call "bull pen," "town ball," or "base ball," and other games, while the girls chose other amusements. Of these the more athletic games and sports were generally preferred by the vigorous young fellows of the woods, and a roysterous, boisterous hour it was, from which memory recalls many a happy incident. Why can't our schools of the present day get out of their confined limits where space compels that the lives of the helpless, innocent, prattling children whom we love be risked in tucked-up rooms and their noon hour be lost to the first lessons of the study of nature, human and physical, in healthful outdoor play?

The afternoon was a repetition, generally, of the forenoon exercises, except that "spelling down" ended the day's doings. The school was divided into two classes, those that could spell in words of two syllables, and those who could stand up under such words as "Con-stan-ti-no-ple" and "val-e-tu-di-na-ri-an." When the spelling class was called to its place the members stood up in a straight line the long way of the room, while the master gave out the words, beginning at the head of the class or number one, who had one trial at spelling and pronouncing the word, which if missed, was quickly taken by the next, who if successful, went up to the head of the class. It sometimes happened that the word was not properly spelled till at or near the foot of the class, when the one who spelled it right went clear up to the head of the class. This was the custom every day until Friday afternoon, when the week's exercises were closed with a "spelling bee." The master selected two of the best spellers as captains of the forces, one of whom threw up a stick which was caught by the other, and so on until the one who held the top of the stick was awarded first choice, and then they would choose alternately until all were on one side or the other. The master gave out the words, and when a scholar missed, under the rule, he was required to take his seat, and so it went on until all were spelled down but one, and he and the side he was on were declared the victor.

There is a very wide difference between the education of the children of the early pioneers and those of the present day. The one had only the rudiments embraced in the three R's instilled into his mind, while the student of the present day, even in the common schools, is thoroughly drilled in orthography, reading, writing, arithmetic, geography, grammar, United States history, physiology, literature, etc., and a system of graduation has been devised under which it is possible for all who complete the course of study pursued to secure a certificate that they have mastered the various branches named.

Nowadays to enable one to attain any considerable degree of success in life it is deemed essential that he should be at least fairly well educated in the common branches. In the pioneer days the small amount of business transacted was of such a nature that beyond reading, writing and arithmetic, education was not required. If all had been graduates of Harvard, Cornell or any of the great universities of the country, they could not have made any use of their surplus knowledge, and that being the case it was not deemed necessary to waste time in acquiring it. The men of Marshall county who have left their impress for good on her institutions and who were identified with its organization, and the building up of society generally, were blessed with but limited education. Some of them could barely write their names, and a few that we have in mind who attained to distinction and wealth could neither read nor write. On the other hand, many of those who have come on the stage of existence long since those pioneer days who have had the benefits of high schools, seminaries and colleges, and hold certificates of graduation, have dropped into kinds of business requiring little education, and with all their acquired knowledge have been impotent to make their mark in the world to any considerable extent. It is a serious question whether, in this progressive age, we are not cramming the heads of many children who go to school too full of the knowledge of branches that they can't understand, and which will do them no good in fighting the battle of life before them. The theory seems to be that children's heads are hollow, and so they

Ram it in, cram it in,
  Children's heads are hollow;
Slam it in, jam it in,
  Still there's more to follow.
Hygiene and history,
Astronomic mystery,
Algebra, histology,
Latin, etymology,
Botany, geometry,
Greek and trigonometry—
Ram it in, cram it in,
  Children's heads are hollow.

Rap it in, tap it in—
  What are teachers paid for?
Bang in it, slap it in—
  What were children made for?
Ancient archaeology,
Aryan philology,
Prosody, zoology,
Physics, clinictology,
Calculus and mathematics,
Rhetorics and hydrostatics—
Hoax it in, coax it in,
  Children's heads are hollow!

There was another kind of education in the early days that was deemed as essential to the well-being of the community as the branches usually taught in the schools. That was a knowledge of the science of vocal music.

Education in this branch of learning was taught in what was called

singing schools, usually held in the school houses in the evening. They were patronized mostly by the young people as a sort of meeting place to visit and have a good time, but there were also a considerable number of married people who had mastered the mysteries of the old "buckwheat" notes, who attended and assisted in helping to "carry the parts."

The singing master, as a rule, didn't know much about the science of music beyond what was contained in the "rudiments" printed in the introduction to the old "Missouri Harmony," the only vocal music book then known in this part of the country. If he had been asked what was a musical sound, or what was meant by "concert pitch," and how it happened that the letter A on the second space from the first line below had been settled upon as the sound, or pitch, to which all human voices, and all musical instruments all over the world must be adjusted, he would have fallen flat on the floor in a spasm of surprise. He could no more have told how many vibrations per second were necessary to produce a sound fixed by all the musical congresses of the world known as "concert pitch," or the sound from which every other musical sound in every musical composition that has ever been written must be in harmony, than he could have told by a mathematical process how many drops of water there were in the ocean.

He arranged the singers so that all with voices fitted to one part would be together such as bass, counter, tenor and treble, as the parts were then called, and then he commenced teaching them the notes and how to run the "gamut." The pupils soon learned the names of the notes by their "buckwheat" shape and their position on the staff, and as the master knew all the pieces in the book "by heart," it didn't take very long drilling for the whole school to become familiar with the favorite tunes selected for practice, although they knew nothing absolutely about the science of music or the culture of the voice. At the close of the term a concert was usually given for the benefit of the people in the locality where the school was taught. No admission fee was charged, and of course the room was jammed full, while many remained outside in hearing distance. Those who may have lived in those days, and who may have attended any of those exhibitions of musical culture, will call to mind with what feeling and pathos those old singers executed "Lenox," "Old Hundred," "Schenectady," "Solitude New," "Portuguese Hymn," "Pastoral Elegy" and other familiar pieces which they will readily call to mind. "Heavenly Vision" was reserved for the grand closing anthem. When the master had "bit" his tuning fork and placed it to his ear, and had given the key note to the several parts, then the trouble began. The "counter," always composed of a goodly number of strong voices, broke forth with: "I beheld and lo! A great multitude, which no man could number." And then the "bass" took it up: "Thousands and thousands, and ten times thousands, stood before the Lamb," and then the tenors came to the rescue with: "And they ceased not day nor night crying." And here the trebles joined in the fray and the four parts raised the roof when they sang "Holy, Holy, Lord, God Almighty, which was and is, and is to come!" and so on over a dozen pages occupying more than half an hours' time in its rendition. That was a grand anthem, indeed, that "Heavenly Vision." Since then we have heard the finest instrumental bands in this country, have heard the best opera companies in existence, have heard famous

Brignoli, Patti, Nilsson and all the famous singers since Jennie Lind's day, and at the opening of the World's Fair, listened to the grand chorus of five thousand voices under the direction of Theodore Thomas, but the music of all these, to us, was "flat, stale and unprofitable," as compared with the charms of "Heavenly Vision" as sung by our old time pioneer friends, nearly all of whom have long since gone, it is hoped, to participate in a realization of that dream of bliss prophesied in that grand old anthem of long ago.

It must have been about 1847-48 that the "round notes" by the names of "do, ra, mi, fa, sol, la, si, do," began to take the place of the old style flat notes, or buckwheat notes, as they were called, known as "faw, sol, law, faw, sol, law, mi, faw." All the singer had to do was to learn the shape of the note and then he was prepared to master anything in the book. "Faw" was half a square cut diagonally. "Sol" was round, "law" was square, "mi" in shape was a hexagon. In the different keys sol, law and faw doubled up so as to fill up the "gamut." Lewis A. Joseph was the pioneer who introduced the round note innovation at the Pisgah meeting house a mile northeast of Wolf creek mills. It was something new, and those who had mastered the buckwheat notes took hold of the new system with considerable zeal, and it was not long until the round notes were all the go.

Among the leaders in the movement were the Lelands, Hands, Logans, Dicksons, Thompsons, McDonalds, and others who lived in that neighborhood at the time.

"Pisgah" was a noted place for meetings, spelling and singing schools, and other social gatherings, from the time it was built until a dozen or more years ago, when having outlived its usefulness it was abandoned. It was built by James Logan ("Carpenter Jim"), and was considered one of the finest frame buildings of the kind in the county at the time. It was given the name of "Pisgah" by Thomas McDonald, deceased, who was mainly instrumental in securing its erection.

ENUMERATION FOR SCHOOL PURPOSES, MAY 1, 1907.

	Male.	Female.	Total.
Bourbon township	231	236	467
Center township	479	410	889
German township	329	284	613
Green township	167	155	322
North township	255	272	527
Polk township	301	283	584
Tippecanoe township	194	190	384
Union township	268	240	508
Walnut township	205	207	412
West township	212	188	400
Argos town	142	169	311
Bourbon town	148	172	320
Bremen town	218	219	437
Culver town	90	88	178
Plymouth City	336	329	665
Grand total	3,575	3,442	7,017

LI. RELIGIOUS ORGANIZATIONS—MEETINGS IN THE WOODS.

Almost immediately after the settlement of the county began, the religious spirit of the people began to manifest itself. There were no expensive church buildings with towering steeples, or even ordinary meetinghouses or schoolhouses then in which public services could be held, and so, when an itinerant preacher came through the neighborhood, an appointment for a meeting on Sunday would be decided upon to be held at a convenient house, and the news would be carried around to all the families far and near.

The first of these meetings that the writer remembers, which may be taken as typical of all that followed for many years, was held at the log cabin of Elder William Thompson, about two miles northeast of Lake Maxinkuckee, who was something of a preacher, or, more properly an "exhorter," as he and his class were designated in those days. Logs and puncheons were placed around in front of the house under the luxuriant shade trees that had not yet fallen under the well directed blows of the woodman's axe. It was a beautiful day in the early summer. The trees were full of blossoms, and birds and squirrels, and that little spot in the wilderness seemed like God's own temple on an enchanted island in a vast ocean. The music of the birds and the humming bees amidst the fragrance of the wild flowers, was a thousand times sweeter and more enchanting than the tones of the $10,000 organ in the gallery or loft of a $100,000 church building is, in these days of aristocracy and $5,000 preachers. It was indeed a place

> Where the spirit of mortal might worship,
> In the freedom of unwritten creeds,
> Hearing many and joyous responses,
> In the music that came from the trees.

Early in the morning the ox wagons began to arrive. Some came on horseback, and many on foot. The audience was not very finely dressed. Nearly all wore homespun clothing. Some were without coats, merely in their shirt sleeves, and even some were bare footed. That made no difference. It was not dress that made the man in those days. It was not the external, but the internal qualifications of a man that recommended him as worthy of consideration among his neighbors. Well, when the hour arrived for the services to begin, the people, who were scattered about in groups under the trees, talking and visiting among each other, took their places on the seats provided, and the preacher, who, on this occasion was Elder Thompson, opened the meeting by invoking the Divine blessing on those present. Then he lined the hymn, line at a time, and those who could sing joined in the song of praise. There were very few hymn books in those days, and so the preacher read a line at a time so the audience could remember the words. When the line had been sung, the singing ceased until the preacher had read another line when the singing would be resumed where it had been discontinued, and this program would be continued to the end, no matter how long the hymn might be. Of course there wasn't very much music in that kind of singing as we look upon church music nowadays, but it answered the purpose then, and as there were many good voices among the singers and a sufficient variety to carry all the parts, if the harmony wasn't

as full and round and smooth as it has since been heard, it made the "welkin ring," and the echo has reverberated all the way along down the crooked path of life until the present time. Those who have never heard this way of conducting church music would be surprised at the religious enthusiasm that can be worked up. Before the close of the hymn, everybody, saint and sinner, who could open his mouth, was sure to be singing with all the lung power at his command.

At the meeting referred to the preacher "gave out"

From all that dwell below the skies—

and then some one was requested to "raise the tune." He didn't quite get the right "pitch," and after struggling through the first line without assistance from any of the congregation, he knew what the matter was, and when the preacher gave out the second line—

Let the Creator's praise arise—

he cleared his throat and took a fresh start. This time he was more successful, and by the time the end of the second line was reached several voices had come to his assistance, and when the preacher had read with a loftier and more devout tone of voice:

Let the Redeemer's name be sung—

half of the congregation had joined in the song and by the time the last line had been given out—

Through every land by every tongue,

the entire congregation had become enthused, and joining in the glad refrain, the woods rang with a melody that can never be forgotten.

There was very little ceremony connected with these early religious gatherings. There was a prayer; then singing as related; reading of a text from scripture, and then preaching from the text. The text generally had reference to "hell-fire and brimstone," "the lake of fire," "the unquenchable fire," "the eternal and everlasting punishment of the wicked." At that time "conversions" were made by holding up to the sinner the most horrid and ghastly pictures of torment that the "inspired" preacher could conjure up. That was the entire stock in trade, and many's the convert that was made solely from fear that if he did not "profess religion" he would be cast into "the lake of fire and brimstone," and would there roast and bake and boil and stew and writhe and wriggle in the most intense agony through all eternity. The preachers of all the various shades of belief were in perfect accord in regard to the question of the future punishment of the wicked, and everybody was considered "wicked," no matter how exemplary his life might be, if he was not "converted," and declared that he "believed" all that they told him to believe as necessary to salvation. He was expected to believe in the incomprehensible doctrine of the "Trinity"—that there are three Gods in one; in the "Immaculate Conception," the "Atonement," the "Immortality of the Soul," "Original Sin," "Baptism as a Saving Ordinance," that the Christian flew away to glory as soon as the spirit left the tenement of clay in which it was housed, that there would be a general resurrection, and somehow, the body would be raised and united with the

spirit, and would forever after walk the golden streets of the New Jerusalem, while the wicked would go away into everlasting punishment. Of course the average convert knew nothing about the metaphysical and finespun theories except what the "inspired" preacher told him, and so he accepted them, *nolens volens,* as gospel truth.

The denominations that had representatives among the people were the Baptists, the New Lights, Christians, Campbellites, Methodists, Presbyterians, etc. It was many years, however, before any of these denominations succeeded in forming a local organization. Along in the '40s the followers of Alexander Campbell began to make considerable of a stir, and for a time those who were converted to that belief were more numerous than those of any of the other denominations.

Alexander Campbell was an Irishman, having been born in Ireland in 1786, and was educated in Glasgow. He came to America in 1809, and took up his residence in Washington county, Pa., where, at that time, many of the early pioneers of Marshall county resided. Afterwards he removed to Bethany, West Virginia, which became his home. For a short time he was pastor of a Presbyterian church, from which denomination he soon separated, on the ground that the Bible should be the sole creed of the church. In 1810, he and his father organized a new society, and two years later he became convinced that immersion was the only mode of baptism; and in accordance with this belief, he and his entire congregation were immersed. They united with the Baptist association, but still protested against all human creeds as a bond of union in the churches. He and his followers were in time excluded from fellowship with the Baptist churches, and in 1827 began to form themselves into a separate organization which extended rapidly into Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee and Indiana, and in 1864 it numbered 350,000. He published the Millennial Harbinger, which at one time had an immense circulation, and in 1840 established Bethany college, of which he was president at the time of his death. He had numerous debates, among the most noted of which was that with Archbishop Purcell in 1836, on The Infallibility of the Church of Rome.

In 1843 the coming of Christ and the end of the world was predicted. Those who remember back that far will recollect what a wonderful excitement this prediction created. Even those who had no faith couldn't help being interested in it, and until the predicted time had passed, the whole country was in a frenzy of excitement. About that time Ephraim Miller and E. Hoyt, Second Adventists (not Seventh Day) came along with charts upon which were painted the "Beast with seven heads and ten horns;" "the man of clay, brass and iron," etc., etc., with an array of figures pointing to the year 1843 as the winding up of all things, and drawing such inspiration from the Book of Revelation as "made each particular hair stand on end like quills on the fretful porcupine." This excitement passed away, but was renewed again in 1847. Miller and Hoyt again returned with a revised chart showing wherein mistakes had been made in calculations, and confidently predicting the end of the world about that time. It didn't come, however, and fixing a definite time for the coming of Christ and the end of the world was abandoned. But out of it grew what is now known as the "Christian Adventists.'

They believe in the personal coming of Christ to the earth, and that

that great and important event is not far distant and may occur at any time, but they do not believe it is possible to fix any definite date. They do not believe in man-made creeds, and take the Bible as it reads as the only bond of union. They believe that the Bible teaches that man is a mortal being; that immortality is a thing to be sought after, and can only be attained by complying with the conditions prescribed in the Bible; that immersion is the only mode of baptism; in the doctrine of the unconscious state of the dead, and that, when Christ comes to the earth again there will be a general resurrection and judgment in which the righteous shall be rewarded by being clothed with immortality and eternal life, that the finally impenitent shall not attain to immortality, but will be destroyed, "burnt up root and branch," and when the wicked are cut off, and the earth is renovated and purified and brought back to its Eden state before "the alleged fall of man," then the earth is to be Christ's kingdom; he is to be the king and ruler, and the righteous are to be his children and subjects forever.

The Campbellites all, or nearly all, easily drifted into this new organization, being in accord with the most important points of belief. Some of the members of the old Christian church, and also some of the Baptists, became converts to the new organization. About this time the Methodists, Wesleyans, and Presbyterians began to organize societies in various parts of the county, but the reminiscence related above was, probably, the most important and striking event in its results of anything of a religious nature that has ever occurred in the county.

Organization of First Religious Societies.

It would naturally be supposed that it would be an easy matter to gather the statistics of the churches, and trace the rise and progress of religious matters since the organization of the county, but such is not the case. Like everything of a secular nature, the records, such as have been made at all, have been poorly kept, and an examination, for information, of such as are at hand, is of a very indefinite and unsatisfactory nature. Rev. Warren Taylor, an itinerant of the Wesleyan persuasion, attempted before his death many years ago to place upon record such reliable information as he was able to gather at that time concerning the introduction and progress of religion in the county up to the time he wrote. Such portions of his sketches as are applicable to the subject under consideration are herewith appended. He said:

"Ministers of the gospel of different denominations appear to have preached to our earliest settlers almost immediately after the latter located themselves in the county. These religious meetings, however, at the first, were like angel's visits—few and far between. In 1836 Rev. Stephen Marsters was, by the Indiana conference of the Methodist Episcopal church, appointed to a mission which embraced the counties of Marshall, Fulton and Kosciusko. In Marshall county he had four appointments, one at the house of Stephen Farnsworth, about six miles northwest of Plymouth; one at the house of George Vinnedge in North township; one at the house of Sidney Williams, where Argos now stands, and one at his own residence, which was then on the Michigan road, about one mile north of the Fulton county line. In Fulton county he had four appointments, and in Kosciusko two. During the year he organized societies at the most or all of these appoint-

ments, except at George Vinnedge's, where a society had been previously organized by a minister from St. Joseph county. Mr. Marsters was succeeded in the circuit or mission by Rev. Wm. Fraley."

Mr. Taylor being unacquainted with the talents or the labors of this gentleman, passed him by without comment.

"The successor of Mr. Fraley," says Mr. Taylor, "was Rev. Thomas Owens, who probably commenced laboring on his work in the fall of 1838. Mr. Owens, with a pleasing demeanor, possessed also fine natural abilities, and gave strong indications of rising to eminence as a minister of the gospel, both in talents and usefulness. But his career was short. Possessing a constitution that predisposed him to consumption, his disease was, in all probability, accelerated by the hardships of an itinerant life, and in two or three years after closing his labors on this circuit he sank into the grave, lamented by all who knew him. Mr. Owens was succeeded by Rev. Boroughs Westlake. He was at this time an elderly man, somewhat illiterate, but possessing much energy, and was, apparently, a devout Christian. He afterwards became presiding elder and died at Logansport about 1847. His successor was Rev. J. B. Mershon, who commenced his labors on the circuit probably in the spring of 1840, or possibly in the fall of 1839. Mr. Mershon was not at that time distinguished for his abilities as a speaker, being young in the ministry, but the excellence which his character exhibited secured to him great esteem. Many who peruse these lines will recollect his affectionate and winning manner. Among those who followed Mr. Mershon for several years afterwards were Revs. I. M. Stagg, William J. Forbs, Erastus Doud, L. Monson, A. Bradley, J. C. Robbins, Z. Hancock, E. Hall. Since those days many noted preachers have labored in the Methodist vineyard, but, except those of later days, all have passed away and taken their places in the silent halls of death, leaving behind them pleasant memories of "well done, good and faithful servants."

The first Methodist church building erected in Plymouth was built in the later '40s, on the middle of the lot on the west side of Center street, between Washington and Adams streets. It was used for the regular meetings of the congregation until about 1868, when the present brick structure on the corner of Center and La Porte streets was erected, and the old building was sold and removed to the old fairgrounds north of Plymouth, where it still remains in a "fair" state of preservation. There are many pleasant recollections clustering around this old church building. At that time there were no halls in Plymouth suitable for public gatherings and so the Methodist congregation kindly allowed the use of their auditorium for concerts, lectures and social gatherings having a high moral tone. In the '40s and early '50s what was known as the "Old Continental Vocalists" made annual concert tours through the west, and Plymouth was one of their yearly stopping places. There was no railroad here then, and the vocalists had to come through from La Porte, South Bend or Logansport by stage or private conveyance. They secured the Methodist church for their concerts. Their program was made up of the old-time patriotic songs, such as "Hail Columbia," "Star Spangled Banner," "Red, White and Blue," etc., and familiar melodies, including "Blue Bells of Scotland," "Annie Laurie" and many others. They carried with them an old-fashioned church organ, an instrument no one here had ever seen

or heard, as they had only about then been invented, and had not found their way so far west as Plymouth. The performers were all dressed in the old Continental uniform, with knee buckles and cocked hats, and when they came to the front of the platform and took their places, and the organ and the singers broke forth in one grand burst of harmony as they sang,

> Maxwelton's banks are bonnie,
> Where early fa's the dew,
> And 'twas there that Annie Laurie
> Gave me her promise true;

the thrill of the melody charmed with ecstacy the entire audience, and like the fire that came down from heaven once upon a time as recorded in the Bible, "the glory of the Lord filled the whole house." To those still living who heard these concerts, they are yet fresh and green in their memories, and will linger while life shall last.

Mr. Taylor continues:

"During the winter of 1836-37 the Christian church was organized in the neighborhood between Lake Maxinkuckee and what is now Wolf creek mills. This church embraced from the first a large membership, among whom were several ministers of the gospel, viz.: Elders William Thompson, Henry Logan and Abram Voreis. These Christian fathers were among the first settlers of Union township, who came in July, 1836. They were the first who brought Christianity into this region. They were not only Christians in name but Christians in fact. They preached in the "wilderness" without money and without price, and left behind them when death ended their labors an unblemished record of unselfish labor in the interest of humanity, well and faithfully done.

"Several of the earliest settlers before they came here were members of the Presbyterian church. In May, 1838, a Presbyterian church was organized in Plymouth, which at the first numbered twenty-two members, and several others joined soon afterward. Of the meeting which was held at the formation of this organization Rev. W. K. Marshall, of La Porte, was moderator. About the commencement of 1839 Rev. E. W. Wright became the pastor of this church and acted in that capacity about one year. Mr. Wright possessed excellent abilities as a preacher, and was apparently a worthy young man. For several years after Mr. Wright left the church was without a pastor. During the year of 1843-44, Rev. William Westervelt preached in Plymouth for a few months with much acceptability, and then returned to Oberlin college, Ohio, of which institution he was at that time a student. In 1845 the Presbyterian church of Plymouth obtained a pastor in the person of Rev. John M. Bishop, who had just then graduated from Lane seminary. Mr. Bishop possessed learning, fine abilities, and other characteristics that were calculated to make him highly useful in the ministry. His stay of two years is remembered by many with great pleasure. The successors of Mr. Bishop came to Plymouth about in the following order: Revs. D. C. Meeker, N. L. Lord, J. B. L. Soule, Mr. Campbell, J. H. Spellman, N. Armstrong, William Porter, William Lusk, J. E. Chapin, A. Taylor, George A. Little."

After the organization of this church its meetings were held for several years in a one-story frame building which stood on the ground now occupied

by the Plymouth city hall. It was also occupied during the week for public gatherings of one kind or another, principally for Washingtonian temperance meetings, which for a number of years about that time were held always weekly, and often two or three times a week, just as the spirit moved them, or when some of the enthusiastic members concluded it was time to get up a temperance revival. The city of Plymouth purchased the lot and also the house in 1876, and sold the house to Arthur L. Thomson, who removed it to his lot across the street east of the Vandalia station. On the lot the city erected the present engine house and city hall. But prior to this time, probably as far back as 1853, the Presbyterian congregation had built a large and commodious church building on the lot immediately south of the court house square on Center street. It was provided with a choir loft, splendid pulpit and seats, and was the finest room for public services in town at that time. This the Presbyterians used for church purposes until February 18, 1886, at 2:30 p. m., when it caught fire and, the city having no waterworks then, before assistance could reach it, it was entirely destroyed. Later another lot was purchased, and the present handsome church structure erected thereon, since which time the congregation has worshiped there.

The *Baptists* have had two or three congregations since the settlement of the county, but at present no organization of that kind exists so far as is known. Elders Ewal Kendall and Moses Leland preached the doctrines of that faith in an early day in the southern part of the county. Several Baptist ministers, besides the two whose names are mentioned, preached in these parts to a greater or less extent since their day, prominent among whom was Elder James Maxwell. This gentleman lived in Plymouth for several years, during which time he was actively engaged in his ministerial duties, preaching at numerous appointments, the most of which were at a considerable distance from each other. He was very industrious as a minister, his preaching was well received, and his labors were crowned with considerable success.

The *Wesleyans* in 1843 organized a church numbering fourteen persons in the neighborhood of Plymouth. Rev. Mr. Rains, the first pastor of this church, came to this field of labor in 1844-45. His immediate successors were Rev. William Gladden, Amos Finch and Elias Marsters. Since that time several organizations and a few church buildings have been erected in various places throughout the county, the particulars of which the writer has been unable to obtain. There is an organization in Plymouth owning a church building, but does not employ a minister regularly.

The Mormons. In Polk township the first religious organization has been said to have been the Mormon belief. This was in a very early day, and the writer after diligent inquiry has been unable to trace the statement to any satisfactory conclusion. If there ever was such an organization there, the society did not hold together as a church organization and has long since passed away. At that time the Mormons had not embraced polygamy in their creed, and it was considered one of the coming popular church organizations of the country.

The next church organized in Polk township was the United Brethren, in 1850, but where it was located is not known; this was followed the same

year by the organization of a Methodist church, both of which were not long afterwards abandoned.

The United Brethren church was organized in Tyner, in 1858, by David Ross, with twelve members. It has continued uninterruptedly to the present time, and has a large and growing membership. A Methodist church was also organized in Tyner, in 1860, with nine members. It has continued to the present time and has substantial and growing membership. In 1860 Rev. Warren Taylor organized a Wesleyan congregation with a few members, but it is now extinct.

The *Church of God* organized a society in 1870 at Morris' schoolhouse with a membership of about twenty. There was organized many years ago, at Blissville and West York, a society of Dunkards, but no information has been obtained as to whether it is still in existence or not.

In West township there is one German Reformed church, having an estimated membership of over 100. There is also a large Dunkard congregation, numbering over 150 members, and a large church building capable of seating 200 or 300 people, surrounded by beautiful shade trees, with temporary shelter for man and beast in case of storm. It is situated about the center of the township on the road leading from Plymouth to Knox.

The *United Brethren* have a congregation and a handsome brick church building with all modern conveniences at Donelson. The Wesleyans also have an organization in this township, but no particulars in regard to it have been received.

In Center township there are several church organizations, most of which are in Plymouth, as follows: Methodist, Presbyterian, United Brethren, Episcopalian, Catholic, Reformed, Wesleyan, Church of God, Christian. All these own church buildings and are out of debt.

St. Michael's Catholic congregation was organized in Plymouth in 1862, a little after the beginning of the war of the Rebellion. Up to this time Plymouth was only a missionary station, visited from Valparaiso and South Bend. In 1862 the congregation purchased an eligible location on Center street, near the courthouse square, and in 1863 built on it a substantial frame church. The members being few and of the poorer class, the progress of the congregation was slow for some years until a new impetus was given in 1870 by the erection of a new brick schoolhouse, which was christened "St. Michael's Academy." It was placed in charge of the Sisters of the Holy Cross, from St. Mary's, at Notre Dame, who have greatly assisted in the prosperity of the congregation. Good, respectable and well-to-do Catholics, farmers and business men have since taken up their residence here, and increased the numbers to such an extent that the church building is almost too small to hold its members. The number of Catholic families in Plymouth and vicinity is about 140. There are some Catholics in almost every town and village in the county.

The *German Lutheran* congregation was organized in Plymouth about 1864, at which time or shortly after it erected a large and commodious brick church building on the northeast corner of Center and Adams streets. It has a membership estimated at about 100.

St. Thomas' Episcopal Church. Prior to about 1863 there was not an Episcopalian organization in Marshall county. About the date named

cottage services were held in Plymouth by rectors from La Porte and other places, especially Rev. Mr. Gregory, of La Porte, who, during the war period, and later, held services at the home of Mr. Joseph Westervelt, whose wife was a devout member of that organization. Bishop Upfold made an occasional visit to Plymouth, and he, with the assistance of Rev. Mr. Gregory and Mrs. Westervelt, John C. Cushman, M. A. O. Packard, G. S. Cleaveland, and the few other members of that denomination residing at Plymouth at that time formed an organization which was called St. Thomas' Episcopal Church. A lot on Center street was purchased and a small frame church building erected, in which services were held until the summer of 1907, when a large and commodious stone structure was erected through the untiring exertions of the rector, Rev. W. S. Howard, on the south part of the lot adjoining the old building. This is the finest church structure in Plymouth, as well as in the county. From a small beginning the congregation has grown until it is one of the strongest in the county. The first rector regularly stationed here in charge of the congregation was Rev. Louis Phillip Tschiffely, or at least he was one among the first. He was intellectually bright. He was a young man, just married, and St. Thomas was his first charge as a rector. He remained here a few years, when he was called to a large church in Louisville, Kentucky, where after a brilliant career as rector of a few years he died suddenly. He was followed, not in regular order perhaps, by Rev. J. E. Portmess, Rev. A. Youndt, Rev. William Lusk, Rev. J. N. Hume, Rev. J. J. Faude and several others, among whom is well remembered Rev. W. W. Raymond, who was succeeded by the present rector, Rev. W. S. Howard.

The Methodists, Presbyterians, Catholics and United Brethren have church buildings in Bourbon, and each except the Catholics have large and flourishing Sundayschools.

The United Brethren commenced missionary work in and about Bourbon in 1849 and 1850. Rev. B. S. Clevenger, H. M. Hicker, J. D. Plummer, P. Coons, John S. Todd and H. A. Snepp were the first to preach the gospel according to that faith in that region. One of the places where meetings were held was a log schoolhouse that stood near the residence of the late James O. Parks, now within the corporate limits of Bourbon. These missionary efforts resulted in the organization of the United Brethren church, which has continued to the present time. A few years afterwards the town of Bourbon was located where it now stands. A larger and more commodious schoolhouse was erected, which was occupied by the church until 1857 or 1860. About this time the congregation built their first meetinghouse at a cost of $2,500—a very good building for the times and circumstances of the people. But it did not stand long. A few years later it was fired by some enemy (it was thought) and entirely destroyed. This sad calamity cast a gloom over the entire congregation, but they rallied again and erected a building on the ruins in 1864 at a cost of $3,500. Since that time the organization has gone on fulfilling its mission without anything occurring to mar its onward progress.

The Rev. George H. Thayer, one of the earliest itinerant Methodist preachers in Marshall county, long a resident of Bourbon and vicinity, furnished the editor of this work with the following historical sketch of the

introduction of religion into that part of the county, some time before his death several years ago. He said:

"To write the religious history of any township in almost any county in the West is a difficult matter, mixed, as it necessarily is, with that of other townships in the same county. Usually religious organizations are commenced at the county seat, and from thence radiate out to the different parts of the county. Enterprising men of marked religious character usually enter these new fields and lay the foundation of future churches and religious associations, and they are usually pushed forward with the more energy on that account, and hence the way is soon opened for the more regular operation of the churches.

"The history of religion in Marshall county, or of Bourbon township, furnishes no exception to this rule. Private enterprises or missionary effort took the lead here. But denominational enterprise was soon apparent, which, though usually operating in harmony and with friendly feelings, yet, from that ambition and preference which each has for his own, developed considerable activity. Hence Presbyterians, Wesleyans, Methodists, Baptists, Disciples and United Brethren sprang up in rapid succession, and the fields were soon white for the harvest, of which each gathered its share. In Bourbon township, Methodists first broke ground in 1839; the United Brethren organized in 1849, the Presbyterians in 1860, German Baptists a few years earlier, Albrights a few years later, and Lutherans, Catholics and Disciples brought up the rear. There may be fragmentary portions of other churches, but no organized bodies except Seventh Day Adventists, who effected an organization in 1865. A Baptist church had an organization in Center township and the minister in charge preached occasionally in Bourbon, but had no organization there. It had one organization in Bourbon township effected in 1851. All these churches have held their ground with more or less firmness, and with their usual and characteristic activity have done much toward humanizing society, and enlightening and evangelizing the people among whom they are laboring, and there is a healthy tone to religious society. Intelligence, as it always does, keeps even pace with moral improvement, and society in Bourbon compares favorably with any other part of the state."

Union township has about six churches and a total membership in the township of about 300. The Evangelical Association has two churches, German Reform, Methodist Episcopal two, Methodist Protestant, etc.

Green township has two Methodist, one Christian and one Presbyterian church, with a total membership of about 200.

Walnut township has six church organizations with a total membership of about 300, two Methodist, one Christian, one Church of God (Advent), one Wesleyan, one Dunkard.

In German township the German Evangelical church, organized in 1849 by Rev. C. Plotz with sixteen members, now has over 200 members and a large Sunday-school. The Evangelical Emanuel church was organized by Rev. P. Wagner, in 1857, with fifteen members. The Evangelical church, Bremen, was organized by Rev. Earnst Kent, of Michigan City, April 12, 1874, with ten members. The United Brethren in Christ, organized by Rev. Amsly Lamb, December, 1849, with eleven members. The Evangelical Lutheran St. Paul's C. U. A. Confession, organized in the year

1846 with eight memebrs by Rev. G. K. Shuster, who presided as pastor of the church twenty-three years. The Church of God has also an organization with a number of members. There are a number of Catholics here who own a church building, but do not hold regular services.

In Tippecanoe township, about 1850, a schoolhouse was built at Tippecanoe town, which was also used as a place of worship and is being used as such at the present time. Here the first church was built in 1850 by the United Brethren denomination on the lot that is now occupied as a cemetery. It was afterwards torn down and the timber used in building the schoolhouse at that place. The Wesleyan Methodists now use the schoolhouse as a place of worship. The next church building was erected on the farm of Daniel R. Wood, three miles south of Bourbon. It was a union church when built, but is now owned and controlled by the Wesleyan Methodists. The next church building was erected in 1886, at Tippecanoe, by the Methodist Protestant denomination, which owns and controls it at this time. The next church was built at Summit Chapel, and the next at Tippecanoe by the Dunkards in 1900, making in all four churches in the township.

Religious Discussion.

A religious discussion was indulged in between two writers of considerable force in the Pilot of August and September, 1851. One assumed:

First—That the mind is not immaterial.

Second—That the mind becomes unconscious at what we call death—the death of the body.

Third—That immortality is conditional, and that the wicked are not immortal.

The other disputant propounded these questions:

First—Will both the righteous and the wicked be resurrected?

Second—Will the same identical body which was laid in the grave be raised up at the resurrection?

Third—Will the same mind which ceased to exist when the body died be reunited again to this body at the resurrection?

Fourth—What will become of the righteous?

Fifth—What will become of the wicked?

After the lapse of more than half a century the questions and assumptions are still unanswered.

LII. OLD TIME DOCTORS.

The doctors who came with the pioneers about the time of the organization of the county, and for a few years thereafter, poorly equipped as they were with medical supplies, had all they could do to attend to the calls that were made upon them for assistance. In 1838 five persons were engaged in the practice of medicine in Plymouth. These were Drs. Peter Crum, Lyman Griffin, Alvord, Jones and Jeroloman. The latter, however, who had been sent out from Logansport as doctor to the Indians, remained but a short time, as the Indians were all driven away in the fall of 1838.

and, as he was in the employ of the government, when they left his occupation was gone and he returned home. Dr. Griffin was a carpenter by trade, but had studied medicine and made himself useful in the early days both in building houses and curing the sick. Dr. Crum came in 1836, and had been practicing for some time prior to the date above named. During this time he had immortalized himself by the discovery of a "pill" that took his name and was warranted to kill or cure in twenty-four hours.

The summer and fall of 1838 will long be remembered by those still living as the first sickly season after the settlement of the county, and these doctors, poor and inexperienced as they were in the practice of medicine, had more than they could properly attend to. The spring of that year was very wet, cold and backward. About the first of June, when the marshes were filled with water, the weather became dry and oppressively hot. The swamps and marshes began to dry up, and the malaria that arose therefrom poisoned the air, and the whole population felt its effects more or less. Cases of sickness began to appear about the first of July, and the number of these increased as the season advanced. Entire families were prostrated. Not more than one person out of fifty was perfectly well, and many suffered for want of proper attention. The most common disease was fever and ague, but other and more violent forms of fever and malarial diseases were also prevalent. Almost everybody had the ague and they would chill and shake for an hour or two, then a burning fever would set in, and the patient would become so thirsty that he could hardly hold enough to quench it, and the water he got to drink at that time was surface water—from dug wells not more than twelve to twenty feet deep, and as the season progressed the seepings into the wells became less and less, and what little water there was to be had was full of malaria and only made matters worse.

The disease was a peculiar one. It was not considered fatal in any stage of it. It affected different people in different ways. Some would have it every day; some every other day; others every three days, every seven days, and so on. There was little quinine to be had at that time, and it was considered the only sure enough remedy then known that would kill it. This year the ague lasted until frost came and the weather became cool. There was typhoid fever mixed with the ague, and several deaths occurred from it, among whom were some of the prominent business men of Plymouth —Oliver Rose, Julius Hutchinson, E. B. Hobson, Hugh Galbraith, Simeon Taylor, Jacob Shoemaker and several others. . This sickness seriously retarded the growth of the town and county for many years, people being fearful that it would be an annual occurrence. Many already here became discouraged and left for other parts as soon as their health and circumstances would permit.

The Sickly Season of 1850.

The year 1850 takes its place in the history of the county as being "the sickly season." More deaths occurred within that year than during any year before or since that time on the basis of population. From the detailed census report made by George Pomeroy for that year we take a footnote made by him, as follows: "This year has been remarkable for the unusual number of deaths. A very fatal disease known here as the typhoid

fever has prevailed to an alarming extent in the center of the county, and spread from the county seat (Plymouth) in all directions, reaching sometimes to the extreme parts of the county, although the disease was mostly confined within a few miles of Plymouth. The flux and scarlet fever have been prevalent mostly in the northeast parts of the county." There were 133 deaths during that year, and taking into consideration that there were not over 600 population in Plymouth, and that most of the deaths were from that place, it will be seen that the death rate was the largest in the history of the county up to the present time.

At that time the whole country was covered over to a greater or less extent with swamps and marshes and standing ponds, and when the dry season came round and evaporation took place the air was filled with the germs of malarial diseases; in addition to this, as the wells were filled with surface water and there was no pure water to drink or cook with, it is a wonder that the entire population was not swept away by death. The drainage of the wet lands and the discovery of driven wells, and thus the procuring of pure water, drove all malarial diseases out of the county, and for more than a quarter of a century only in very rare instances has there been known such a thing as typhoid, or scarlet fever, ague, flux or malarial diseases of any kind.

The Smallpox.

In the spring and summer of 1858 Plymouth was afflicted with a severe siege of the smallpox. It was brought here by a young doctor who had been taking lectures at a medical college. On his way home he stopped at a farmhouse where there was a case of smallpox. A red flag was hung outside to indicate danger, but he said he was a physician and wished to see a genuine case of smallpox, and so he was permitted to enter the house. He returned home and without changing his clothes took his young child in his arms, and in due time it was taken sick. A neighboring woman—Mrs. Elizabeth McDonald, wife of Thomas McDonald—called to see it, as she had had much experience with sick children, and held it in her arms for a considerable time. In the course of a short time she was taken sick. Several doctors were called and they could not agree as to what the cause of her sickness was, some saying it was smallpox and others saying it was not. Physicians from La Porte were sent for and they pronounced it smallpox, and later it became so general there was no doubt about it being the genuine smallpox. Mrs. McDonald died on the thirteenth of May, 1858, being the first victim to be stricken down with that dreadful disease. During the prevalence of the disease there were over forty cases and many deaths. The town was quarantined for over three months, and during that time business of all kinds was practically suspended.

The Principal Physicians

that came to Plymouth after the old doctors above named were Drs. Harlow Hard, J. W. Bennett, Nehemiah Sherman, Rufus Brown, Samuel Higginbotham, Theodore A. Lemon, Dr. White, T. A. Borton, J. E. Brooke, J. J. Vinall and Thomas Logan, the latter settling in the Wolf creek neighborhood in 1836, and many others whose names cannot now be recalled. Since their time many physicians have settled here who failed to secure

patronage sufficient to justify them in remaining, and they removed to other and more inviting localities.

Among all of the old doctors above named, but two are still living—T. A. Borton and Dr. J. E. Brooke. Dr. Brooke long since retired from active practice, and at the age of more than four score years lives a quiet life in his home in Plymouth. Dr. Borton still is in active practice in Plymouth at the age of more than three score and ten.

Thomas Logan was one among the first doctors to permanently settle in the county, having located here in the summer of 1836. Like most of the doctors of his time he had never had the opportunity of thorough medical training, and the knowledge he had on the subject of *materia medica* was mostly such as he had acquired through the medium of practical experience. There was one fortunate thing for the doctors in the early settlement and that was, most of the sickness was occasioned by malarial troubles which were brought on by the clearing up of the new country and the evaporation of the swamps and marshes, and they early learned the remedies to apply to cure them. Very few of these early doctors knew anything about surgery, and when they had a case of this kind that was very difficult they sent a messenger for Dr. Fitch at Logansport, or Dr. Teegarden or some other surgeon of La Porte. Bleeding was a favorite remedy in those days for nearly all the diseases prevalent. Frequently half a pint of blood would be taken from a patient, and sometimes more, and it is a wonder that death did not result more often than it did. "Cupping" was also frequently resorted to, for what particular reason the laity never was informed. Certain it was that the good expected never materialized, and in the course of time the practice was abandoned. When these remedies failed then "calomel and jalap" were resorted to, and the patient was salivated, his gums became cankered, and often the teeth would get loose and frequently drop out, and in many such cases the remedy was worse than the disease. But after all "the old time doctor" filled his place and filled it well. The very presence of the doctor in the sickroom brought consolation to the patient and family that was often as efficacious as the remedies he prescribed. He placed his soft hand on the forehead; examined the tongue, felt the pulse, made many inquiries in relation to the patient's previous physical condition, and with a smile on his face would say: "You are not in a dangerous condition; don't be alarmed; I will give you some medicine that will bring you out all right in a short time." And frequently the patient would begin to get better as soon as the doctor had gone. As this tribute is written—

The old time doctor rises into view,
A well read man he was; and much he knew,
For he was college bred; and in the eyes
Of simple folks no man could be more wise.
He had a sheep-skin in his office hung,
Which, like a banner to the breezes flung,
Proclaimed to all the world his wondrous lore,
Endorsed by learned men full half a score.
His modest sign that hung above the gate,
Failed not his many virtues to relate:
"Physician, Surgeon, Accoucheur," in one;
And yet with these the list is but begun.
He knew and numbered all the human bones;

And well he knew all geologic stones;
He knew how blood coursed swiftly through the veins,
He knew the cause of summer drought and rains;
He cured his patients of each threatening ill,
And matched the parson in polemic skill;
In politics, philosophy and art,
He never failed to take a ready part.
The master of the village school, his power
In argument acknowledged; and so, hour
By hour, they sat in hot dispute; the crowd,
Meanwhile, each disputant applauded loud.
But these were byplays in the doctor's life,
With other conflicts he was daily rife;
For fell disease and death rode on the air,
And found their ready victims everywhere.
Against these foes, there was no known defense
Except the Doctor's wise omnipotence.
And so, what'er his patients might befall,
He ready stood to answer every call.
On ambling horse he rode the country o'er,
And carried hope and help from door to door.
Wher'er he went, to gentle babe or sire,
Pain fled away, and fever cooled its fire.
Of modern healing art he little knew,
His work was plain, and what he had to do
His trusting patients quietly endured,
Though oft uncertain if he killed or cured.
His lancet was his faithful right-hand man;
For, at its touch, the crimson current ran,
Till blood, like water, flowed on every side,
And every cabin was in crimson dyed.

His massive saddle-bags with drugs o'er ran;
But calomel and jalap led the van.
His dose the palate did not always please;
His pills were large, and bitter were his teas;
His drastic mixtures were no idle play,
And his emetics brooked no long delay.
In short, his victims, like some luckless craft,
Were driven amain and swept afore and aft.
And if at last they died, there was no one
Dared say, "They died from having nothing done."
He promptly, bravely, took his part and place;
And every station did his genius grace.
Heroic man! He did his duty well;
He fought for others till at last he fell.
Above his grave we need no column raise,
He lives immortal in our love and praise!

LIII. THE MARSHALL COUNTY MEDICAL SOCIETY.

The exact date of the organization of the Marshall County Medical Society cannot be ascertained, as no records are in existence so far as is known. There was, however, a medical society in Marshall county as early as 1855, and probably earlier than that. In the Marshall County Democrat of April 3, 1856, appears the medical fee bill, which it was stated was adopted December 5, 1855. The rates of medical services were compared

with the fees charged by the La Porte Medical Society of 1852. The following, so far as it relates to Marshall county, is given as a matter of local history:

The Fee Bill of the Marshall County Medical Society, Adopted December 5, 1855.

Mr. Editor:—As this society has adopted a uniform system of charges, and believes it a duty to the public and themselves to acquaint the citizens of Marshall county with the fee bill, and lest an erroneous opinion should be entertained, we would state that the charges are about the same as they have been in this locality for the last three years, and about the same as the La Porte fee bill, adopted June 26, 1852, when everything was very cheap in comparison to the present prices.

We give a few of the leading items which cover most of the practice in this locality, referring the reader to the fee bill for specific diseases and surgery:

THE FEE BILL.

Advice and medicine at office	$1 and $3.00
Extracting tooth	.50
Visit and medicine in town	1.00
When more than one, by request, each	1.00
Night visits after 9 p. m.	1.50
Night visits in the country, one mile	2.00
Night visits in country, per mile after first	.75
Visits, per mile, day time, from 6 a. m. to 9 p. m	1.00
Every additional mile	.50
Consultation in town	$5 and 10.00
Midwifery—natural case in town	5.00
Detention after six hours, per hour	.50
Cases requiring forceps, turning or extracting with crotchet	$10 to 30.00
Delivering placenta	5.00
Attending case of abortion	$5 to 10.00
Twin cases	7.50

Mileage in obstetric cases and consultation half that of ordinary visits.

Published by order of the Society,

SAMUEL HIGGINBOTHAM, Secretary.

Plymouth, April 7, 1856.

Only the name of Dr. Higginbotham appears to the advertisement, and it is not known who the members were. There were in Plymouth at that time the following practicing physicians: Theodore A. Lemon, Rufus Brown, Samuel Higginbotham, Joshua W. Bennett, Joshua D. Gray, John J. Vinall, Charles West, Nehemiah Sherman, Jared E. Brooke. Dr. Brooke is still a resident of Plymouth, but has long since retired from active practice. He is the only one of those named that is living. Dr. West was an "Eclectic" and not being recognized as "regular" was not eligible to membership. Dr. Vinall, being a homeopathist and a new arrival, did not probably belong to the society. All the others named were probably members. Dr. Vinall, who was a very prominent citizen and physician for more than a third of a century prior to his death, located in Plymouth about the first of April, 1856. The Democrat of April 3, 1856, announcing his arrival, said:

"Dr. J. J. Vinall, homeopathic physician, has located among us. Homeopathy has established itself as a very successful *fact* in the cure of 'ills that flesh is heir to,' and the merits of cold water treatment admit of no

doubt. The two combined have shaken the faith of some of the most eminent old school physicians of the present day, and many of them are using the cold water freely in their practice. Dr. Vinall comes to us well recommended, and he looks and talks like a gentleman who makes no false pretensions. We hope that he will meet with the success that his school of practice and his own merits deserve."

Dr. Vinall was the first physician of the school of medicine which he practiced who had the courage to "hang out his shingle" at the county seat. He met with a good deal of ridicule from those who had no faith in a few little pills dissolved in two glass tumblers of water and two or three drops taken alternately as many times a day. The "little pills" were hooted at as having little or no medical merit. Dr. Lemon, the oldest practitioner here then, in order to test the statement that there was no merit in the system, proposed to swallow a whole vial full of the pills at one time, and if he felt any serious effects from it he would acknowledge he was wrong and go out of the practice. This of course was a "bluff," and the test was never tried. For a considerable time after the doctor located in Plymouth he was called "Dr. Little Pills," but without attempting retaliation he pursued the even tenor of his way, and finally built up a large and lucrative practice.

Dr. T. A. Borton located in Plymouth, Indiana, in the fall of 1858, and began at once the practice of medicine, which he has continued without intermission to the present time, now about fifty years. He is the oldest physician in continuous practice, and easily takes his place as the Nestor of the medical profession in Marshall county.

In a historical sketch of Argos, 1890, appears this item:

"The Marshall County Medical Society was organized at Argos, May 13, 1878, with the following charter members: Drs. Samuel W. Gould, Reason B. Eaton, J. H. Wilson, J. S. Leland, F. Stevens and J. T. Doke. The objects of the society were stated to be for the purpose of advancing medical knowledge, and to elevate professional character."

Whether this was the basis and foundation of the present Marshall County Medical Society the historian has been unable to find out.

The following are the officers and members of the Marshall County Medical Society at the close of 1907:

Officers—J. W. Eidson, president; H. P. Preston, vice-president; Novetas B. Aspinall, secretary; L. D. Ely, treasurer.

Censors—F. E. Radcliff, H. H. Tallman, O. A. Rea, Novetas B. Aspinall, delegate.

Members—Novetas B. Aspinall, Plymouth; T. Artemas Borton, Plymouth; Lorenzo D. Ely, Plymouth; A. C. Holtzendorff, Plymouth; C. F. Holtzendorff, Plymouth; D. C. Knott, Plymouth; S. C. Loring, Plymouth; H. P. Preston, Plymouth; R. C. Stevens, Plymouth; J. W. Eidson, Bourbon; Luther Johnson, Bourbon; F. E. Radcliff, Bourbon; Samuel W. Gould, Argos; C. E. Nusbaum, Bremen; G. F. Wahl, Bremen; E. E. Parker, Culver; O. A. Rea, Culver; B. W. S. Wiseman, Culver; Samuel R. Ritchie, Donelson; H. H. Tallman, La Paz; A. A. Thompson, Tyner.

LIV. NEWSPAPERS OF MARSHALL COUNTY.

Nothing has added so much to the building up of the county and the perpetuity of its history as the newspapers of the county. Without them it would have been impossible to have preserved the most important events in its history. It is, therefore, entirely proper that they should have a prominent place in this history.

The Plymouth Journal.

It has been stated that the first newspaper published in Marshall county was called *The Plymouth Journal.* Although diligent search and inquiry has been made, no reliable information has so far been obtained. A correspondent writing to the *Plymouth Pilot,* over the signature of "Allen," in November, 1851, who after congratulating the editor on his success that far in the publication of the *Pilot,* incidentally refers to the *Journal* as follows:

"Many have doubted your success, but before me is the forty-first number of the first volume of the *Pilot,* and from the catalogue of advertisements, as well as the general appearance of the paper, I should think your prospects good. *The Plymouth Journal* survived but for a day, as it were; whig in politics, it died in time to be buried by the proper political party in 1845. I am informed since that day the county has been democratic. I trust she will so remain, always selecting men for office who are honest, temperate in all things (teetotallers) and prompt in the discharge of their official duties."

Several years ago the writer made inquiry of all the pioneers of Plymouth in regard to the *Journal,* but no one could remember anything about it. If there was such a paper it must have been, what few numbers were issued, published about 1844-45, in which latter year the correspondent says it died.

The first paper the writer has any account of as having been published, or rather circulated here, in 1839 and 1840, was *The La Porte Whig,* and *Porter, Lake and Marshall Counties Advertiser.* It was published by A. P. Andrew, Jr., at $2.50 per year. The only advertiser in Plymouth whose business card appeared in the paper was the following:

"R. L. Farnsworth, attorney and counsellor at law, Plymouth, Marshall county, Indiana, November 3, 1838."

Another advertisement appeared in which Samuel Burson of La Porte, March 18, 1840, advertised "that large and commodious tavern, known as 'the Yellow River House,' in the town of Plymouth, Marshall county, Indiana." The hotel was stated to be one of the best stands in the state. Frank Daws was then the tavern keeper. The paper contained but little local news. Its pages were almost entirely filled with matter relating to the presidential campaign. It advocated the claims of Gen. Harrison, and kept standing at its masthead a cut of log cabin, which the editor stated had been engraved by Leonard Wilcox, the gunsmith. Mr. Wilcox shortly after that date moved to Plymouth, where he lived until his death many years ago.

The Plymouth Pilot.

The first number of the *Plymouth Pilot,* the first paper regularly established in Marshall county, was issued April 16, 1851, by John Q. Howell, editor and proprietor, who brought the material to Plymouth from Rochester, where he had published a paper for three months called *The Rochester Republican.* The first issue of the *Pilot* was numbered 13, and the editor gave the following as the reason why it was made No. 13 instead of No. 1, as it should have been:

"The reader will perceive that our paper is marked No. 13. This is done to preserve the connection regularly on with the numbers we published in Rochester, a great many continuing to take the *Pilot* who subscribed for our paper when it was called *The Rochester Republican,* the last number of which was No. 12."

In giving his reasons for removing from Rochester he said:

"First. One-third of our patronage was in Marshall county, which would have been withdrawn from us, preparations having been made to establish a press here.

"Second. The telegraph affords us facilities Rochester did not possess.

"Third. Our subscription list is larger and steadily increasing. The county printing is more valuable here than in Fulton county, as well as job work and advertising."

The Pilot was a six-column folio, was neatly printed, and was altogether a very creditable publication, mechanically, for those days, before the printer's art had arrived at its present state of perfection. Electrotype plates had not then been invented, neither had type setting machines, and all the type on the paper had to be set by hand.

In his salutatory the editor said:

"*The Plymouth Pilot* is before you. How do you like it? It comes to you not on mammoth wings like some of its cotemporaries, but brings you, we trust, although not so much, at least a history of passing events as welcome to your taste as those furnished you by its longer brethren. But, says one stranger, what's your politics? We reply: They are democratic, of the Jeffersonian and Jackson school. Our democracy is not to be appealed, corrupted or compromised. It knows no baseness, it cowers to no danger; it oppresses no weakness; destructive only of despotism; it is the sole conservator of liberty, labor and property. It is the sentiment of freedom, of equal rights, of equal obligations—the law of nature pervading the law of the land."

Mr. Howell was young and vigorous then, and it was hard for him to settle down to the realities of life and content himself with the monotonous routine of newspaper work so far as it was then developed. In an interview with the writer of these sketches a few years ago, he said he came from Wabash to Rochester about 1849, where later he established the *Rochester Republican* (not republican politically, as the republican party was not then in existence, but in the broader sense). The *Republican* did not prosper very well, he said, and some Plymouth people, he had forgotten who, offered him $200 to move his office to Plymouth and he accepted the offer and located here. The office was opened in the basement of the east room of a building owned by A. L. Wheeler, on lot No. 1, corner of

Michigan and La Porte streets. When the present brick structure was erected on that lot in 1865, the frame building in which the printing office was located was moved to the east end of the lot, where it stood for some time. The room in which the paper was printed was still there, but in a very dilapidated condition. The editor's sanctum sanctorum had been deserted, and it looked as though the printer's devil had been left in charge and had played the devil with the furniture and fixtures generally. Mr. Howell while here on a visit while it remained there, with the writer went down to take a look at it. "Ah me," said he, "nearly half a century gone and here is the old room still. How many strange and curious stories of bygone days could that old room tell if it could only talk. The old friends that used to visit me there—where are they all? Where is Dr. T. A. Lemon, John S. Doddridge, Dick Rudd, Doc Brown, Ed Lewis and W. G. Pomeroy?"

"All dead," he was told.

"You don't say so," he replied. "And where is Jake Klinger and Jons Brownlee, Greenville P. Cherry, Dave Vinnedge and Enoch Belangee?"

"They are all dead, too."

"Well, well! And where are Drs. Bennett and Sherman and Lyman Griffin and Higginbotham, and Levi Barber and old John Cougle, A. L. Wheeler, H. B. Pershing and Uncle Billy Patterson?"

"They have all passed away and gone to dust, too."

"Well, it beats all! Is there anybody living around here that I used to know when I came in 1851?"

"Not more than half a dozen who were doing business here at the time you came," he was informed, "are still here, and even they have laid down the burdens of life and are waiting for the end to come."

"Well," he said, "it beats all what havoc the scythe of time has made among my old friends of more than half a century ago.

I feel like one who treads alone
Some banquet hall deserted,
Whose garlands dead, whose lights are shed,
And all but he departed.''

He was a fanciful writer on occasion, but drew mostly on his vivid imagination for his facts. After publishing a notice entitled "Cupid's Market," he addressed the following appeal to the single men to join the marriage feast:

"Our readers will learn that 'Cupid's Market' is an invitation to the marriage feast, and that they cannot get a glimpse of the Elysian shades except through the golden network of the marriage altar. Women are by nature a great deal better than men. They come to us at morn with rose and perfume to gladden our hearts; and eve is ushered in with sweet strains from their golden harps. In the hour of sickness and death they hover around us the angels of love and mercy, to sooth our parting hour and prepare our souls for eternal rest. Choose, then, a happy and virtuous life —a woman of high literary and religious attainments. She will be the brightest star of your destiny—a perpetual sunshine in your pathway. Your daily walks will be through the flowery arcades of virtue and sacred temples of unrivaled beauty. At eve your prayers will mingle with hers, and pearly-faced angels will surround your coach and soothe you to sleep with celestial strains."

The foregoing is given to show what Plymouth's first editor could do if he needed two or three sticks full to fill up with. His description of married life was simply a day dream, that realization would cause to vanish like mist before the rising sun. As he was not married at that time but took unto himself a wife not long afterwards, it is quite likely if he had continued in the editorial chair it would not have been very long until he could have written in an entirely different strain on "the beauties of married life."

The editor closed his editorial career at Rochester preparatory to moving to Plymouth by inserting the following under the head of "Wanted:"

"I wish I had a little wife,
A little stove and fire,
I'd hug her like a lump of gold,
And let no one come nigh her.

I'd spend my days in happiness,
I'd vegetate in clover,
And when I died I'd shut my eyes,
Lie down and roll right over."

The Plymouth Banner.

The Pilot did not prove a paying investment, and Mr. Howell determined to get rid of it on the best terms he could. He succeeded in selling it to Richard Corbaley, March 1, 1852. Mr. Corbaley changed the name of the paper and sent out Vol. 1, No. 1, of *The Plymouth Banner,* and also changed its politics from democrat to whig. Mr. Corbaley had no literary training, and his time being occupied with other matters he made no attempt at writing anything of a literary nature, or anything outside of the usual routine of country newspaper work.

Mr. Corbaley was clerk of the court at the time, had no practical knowledge of the printing business, and the work of publishing the paper was done by journeyman printers, of whom Wallace Stout was the foreman. The "rollers" always worked poorly, the type was badly worn and bruised, the tympan sheets were always out of fix, and as a matter of course when the paper made its appearance it was not the most perfect specimen of newspaper printing. All this time Mr. Corbaley was looking for a purchaser for his paper, whom he found in William J. Burns, of La Fayette, to whom he sold it July 28, 1853, having occupied the "dizzie heights of editorial greatness" about one year and three months.

Mr. Burns continued as editor and publisher one year and four months. He was an educated newspaper man, having been engaged in the business most of his life. He told what he had to say in an easy, off-hand way, and all in all published a fair local paper. In reply to an article extolling Schuyler Colfax, published in an exchange, he was moved to say, "During his whole life, Schuyler Colfax has served in one, and only one legislative body—the constitutional convention. He is simply a newspaper made article, and principally superintended the job himself." This sounds very strangely now since Mr. Colfax served six terms as a member of congress, speaker of the house of representatives, and vice-president of the United States. After Mr. Colfax retired from political life, he engaged in lecturing, and

in one of his lecturing tours in Minnesota, in hurrying to the railroad station to catch his train, died of heart failure from over-exertion.

December 4, 1854, the *Banner* passed into the hands of Thomas B. Thompson. Mr. Thompson was deputy sheriff at the time, and became interested in its management on political grounds. Two or three weeks later James M. Wickizer became associated with Mr. Thompson, and Wm. G. Pomeroy was announced as the editor. None of these men had any knowledge of the newspaper business, and having made a failure in its publication, after owning it about four months again sold it to

William J. Burns, March 22, 1855, who continued as its editor one year and four months. On the fifteenth of November, 1855, his paper contained the following item: "*The Marshall County Democrat* will make its first appearance today."

July 28, 1856, Mr. Burns sold the office to John Greer, representing the republican central committee. With several others connected with him, he managed to keep the paper going until October 9, 1856, when it was sold to Ignatius Mattingly, of Harrison county. Mr. Mattingly changed the name of the paper to the

Marshall County Republican

and issued the first number as No. 1, Vol. 1. At the time he took editorial charge of the paper the Buchanan-Fremont presidential campaign was on in full blast, and it was not long until the *Democrat* and *Republican* were indulging in a hot political wrangle, which, however, soon passed away.

Of all those who have conducted papers in Marshall county, Ignatius Mattingly was undoubtedly the one who will the longest be remembered of the score of editors who have acted in that capacity during the past half century. He was sensible, dignified, conservative, educated, a smooth and polished writer, and an editor who had mastered the art of knowing what to leave out of his paper as well as what to put in it.

Mr. Mattingly's sons, Wm. H. H. and Moses B. Mattingly, became connected with the *Republican* as local editors during war times, as did also D. T. Phillips and John D. Devor. Mr. Mattingly left the *Republican* June 4, 1868. He was succeeded by D. Porter Pomeroy. John S. Bender became associated in the editorial management of the *Republican* August 13, 1868. April 1, 1869, Mr. Pomeroy left the paper and nothing appeared in it to show what the cause of his leaving was. Mr. Bender then became "sole proprietor," and continued its publication until July, 1869, when Charles F. Belangee and William M. Nichols purchased the office of Mr. Bender and secured the services of D. T. Phillips as associate editor. Mr. Belangee died September 10, 1869, only two months after he had become connected with the paper. The entire management of the office then fell upon Mr. Nichols. D. T. Phillips severed his editorial connection with the paper November 10, 1870, and Mr. H. L. Phillips became associated with Mr. Nichols as one of the publishers. March 21, 1871, Mr. Nichols retired from the paper, leaving H. L. Phillips in full control. He continued its publication until April 20, 1871, when the press and material reverted to John S. Bender. January 4, 1872, Mr. Bender sold the office to John Millikan, who published it until June 17, 1875, when he sold it to Jasper Packard. Mr. Packard, being a resident of La Porte and editor of the

La Porte *Chronicle,* placed W. W. Smith in charge, who became business manager and local editor. He severed his connection with the paper October 1, 1875, upon the purchase by Mr. Packard of the *Mail and Magnet,* who then became manager and local editor. During a portion of Mr. Packard's editorial career, Henry D. Stevens was connected with the paper. December 28, 1876, David E. Caldwell purchased the paper and published it until February 21, 1878, when he disposed of it to J. W. Siders and Walter L. Piper, both of Illinois. Mr. Piper left the paper October 10, 1878, and was succeeded by Howard Brooke. Mr. Brooke retired in October, 1879, and was succeeded by his brother, Ed S. Brooke, who, in connection with Mr. Siders, continued the publication of the paper until July 18, 1890, when Mr. Siders disposed of his interest to Ed S. Brooke and William G. Hendricks.

In May, 1897, Ed S. Brooke sold his interest to Rollo B. Oglesbee, who, with W. G. Hendricks, continued the publication of the paper until May, 1898, when R. B. Oglesbee sold out to W. G. Hendricks, who then became sole owner. Mr. Hendricks, October 10, 1901, changed the name from the *Plymouth Republican* to the *Plymouth Tribune,* under which name it has since been published.

The first daily newspaper published in Plymouth was issued by Ed S. Brooke, from the office of the *Plymouth Republican,* in April, 1896. It was called *The Plymouth Evening News,* and was continued until the name of the weekly *Republican* was changed to the *Plymouth Weekly Tribune,* when the daily was changed to *The Plymouth Daily Tribune,* and as such it is issued at the present time.

The Marshall County Democrat.

The Marshall County Democrat, an eight-column folio, weekly, democratic in politics, was established by Thomas McDonald and his two sons, Daniel and Platt McDonald, the first number being issued November 15, 1855, with the senior proprietor as editor. The office was located in the building on the east half of lot 46, in the original plat of Plymouth, now owned and occupied by Dr. Ely, immediately west of the State bank building. The building had formerly been occupied as a carriage house, and was built by A. L. Wheeler, who owned the lot on which it stood. The material for the office was purchased in Cincinnati, and transported in wagons from Peru, the then nearest railroad station. November 13, 1856, A. C. Thompson and Platt McDonald leased the office and published the paper, Thomas McDonald continuing as editor until November 12, 1857. Daniel McDonald became local editor February 5, 1857, and continued as such until November 12, 1857. At this date Thomas McDonald gave the office to his sons, after which the paper was published in the name of McDonald & Brother. November 26, 1857, upon retiring from the editorial chair, Thomas McDonald said: "With an entire democratic government; with the wounds of 'Bleeding Kansas' healed and the people about to make their own government; with success everywhere of the principles we have advocated; with the worst of financial crashes past and the current of trade setting in in our favor; with universal peace and unbounded prosperity around us, we shall leave our patrons and readers to the care of younger heads and more ready hands, and hope their bairns' bairn may

see no check to our nation's onward movement, nor clouds overshadow the brightness around us."

McDonald & Brother ended their connection with the paper August 11, 1859. William J. Burns purchased the office and, being unable to pay for it, transferred it to A. C. Thompson January 26, 1860. No paper was published from December 1, 1859, to January 26, 1860. Mr. Thompson changed the name from *The Marshall County Democrat* to *The Plymouth Weekly Democrat,* Vol. 1, No. 1, and said: "We make our hasty bow and consider ourselves in." April 11, 1861, he sold the office to Thomas and Platt McDonald, and in his valedictory the spirit moved him to soliloquise as follows: "Coming events are casting their shadows before, and the country stands amazed, confounded, and paralyzed. God only knows what is in store for us; but whatever it may be, it is certainly of such a nature that it will puzzle the brain and grieve the heart of all philanthropists and patriots. May the God of our fathers save us from the horrors of civil war."

That was a remarkably correct forecasting of coming events. Fort Sumter was fired on about that time, and "the horrors of civil war" were immediately upon us. Everyone knows the death and destruction that occurred during the next five years, and the disastrous effects of the Civil war which are felt even to this day, now nearly half a century since.

April 18, 1861, the paper appeared with Thomas and Platt McDonald proprietors, Platt McDonald editor, and John McDonald local editor.

July 17, 1862, D. E. Van Valkenburgh purchased the office, and John G. Osborne became associated with the paper as editor-in-chief, the proprietor acting as local editor. Mr. Osborne left the paper November 13, 1862, and Mr. Van Valkenburgh became editor as well as proprietor. The war excitement was still raging with unabated fury; martial law, or what was about the same thing, had been declared in Indiana; "drafting into the army" had become what was declared to be a necessary war measure, and a public man, and especially an editor who criticised in any way the acts of the military authorities, hardly knew whether his soul was his own or not. In April, 1863, Gen. Milo B. Hascall, of Goshen, had been appointed to command the "district" of Indiana, and as such commander issued what was called "Order No. 9," virtually taking away the freedom of the press and subjecting the people to military rule. As the editor of the *Democrat,* Mr. Van Valkenburgh gave the order the benefit of his circulation and commented on the general in the following language:

"Brig.-Gen. Hascall is a donkey—an unmitigated, unqualified donkey, and his bray is loud, long and harmless; merely offensive to the ear; merely tends to create a temporary irritation!"

This was more than Gen. Hascall could stand, and not long afterwards he sent a squad of soldiers to Plymouth and one morning, about 4 o'clock, Mr. Van Valkenburgh was found in his sleeping apartment, arrested and taken to Indianapolis, and from thence was ordered before Gen. Burnside at Cincinnati, who after a few minutes' examination decided that the offense was not very serious, and discharged Mr. Van Valkenburgh with the admonition never to call Gen. Hascall a donkey again.

Mr. Van Valkenburgh continued as editor until October 22, 1863, when he disposed of the office to John G. Osborne, who controlled it until May

9, 1865, when he sold it to S. L. Harvey, but still remained on the paper as one of the editors. Mr. Harvey sold it to John McDonald October 31, 1867, who conducted it until July 2, 1868, when failing health compelled him to abandon the business. He sold to Michael W. Downey, A. C. Thompson and D. E. Van Valkenburgh. Mr. Van Valkenburgh took charge of the paper March 25, 1869, when Platt McDonald again purchased an interest, and the new firm kept it going until June 12, 1873, when Mr. McDonald made the following announcement:

"Our connection with the *Democrat,* editorially and proprietary, ceases today. Let not the suddenness with which an editorial light has been snuffed shock your nerves, dear reader, for the thing has been done before and may be done again. We go with no grumblings and few complaints, conscious of having labored with good intentions toward our fellow man, and in turn of being the recipient of kind treatment from all with whom our business has brought us in contact. We bequeath whatever of good name we have to our family; our fortune to our creditors, and our pencil, scissors and paste-pot to our successor."

Mr. Van Valkenburgh continued to edit the paper until October 9, 1873, when he sold an interest in the office to William Geddess. Messrs. Van Valkenburgh and Geddess continued the publication until July 2, 1874, when Platt McDonald again purchased the interest of Mr. Van Valkenburgh, who then retired from the editorial chair and to private life. Mr. Geddess sold his interest to Mr. McDonald. In 1874 Mr. McDonald sold one-half interest to his brother, Daniel McDonald, June 5th. New material was added, including a cylinder press, steam boiler, and other fixtures, and on September 23, 1875, the following announcement was made:

"This issue of the *Democrat* is printed on a cylinder press by steam power—the first newspaper ever printed in the county with the best and latest improved machinery. Our new steam engine, manufactured expressly for us by William J. Adams, machinist, of this city, was put in position last Saturday, and on Monday the first side of the *Democrat* was printed. To say that we are proud of this new addition to our printing facilities is to draw it mild; in fact, all who have seen it or heard of it are proud that our city contains an establishment alike creditable to the proprietors and the people who support it. The engine is of six horsepower, neatly and honestly made, and is capable of driving as many presses as we will probably have use for for some time to come. We are not only proud of the engine as an instrument for good, but because it is a product of our city, and is unsurpassed by those manufactured elsewhere."

On the twenty-second day of February, 1876, at the solicitation of the superintendent of public instruction of Indiana, the proprietors issued a mammoth double-page edition which afterwards came to be known as *"The Centennial Democrat."* It contained the most complete history of the county that had been written prior to that time—in fact it is the basis on which the present history is being writen. It was illustrated with cuts of the courthouse, public school building and engine house of Plymouth; photogravures of Thomas McDonald and Ignatius Mattingly, the first editors of the *Democrat* and the *Republican,* and a fine map of the county. A personal letter to the proprietors from the superintendent of public instruction, to whom copies of all papers in the state published at that date had

been sent for exhibition at the centennial exhibtion at Philadelphia in 1876, stated that the centennial *Democrat* was the handsomest among them all. The paper was issued at a loss to the proprietors over receipts of about $200.

October 1, 1877, Platt McDonald sold his interest in the paper to Daniel McDonald, who became sole proprietor. The office was at once put in a complete state of repairs, and a grand reception given on November 28th. The following copy of the invitation circular will give an idea of the character of the reception:

Grand Reception.

"The Plymouth Democrat Steam Printing Establishment will be thrown open to the public on Wednesday evening, November 28, 1877, from 7 to 9 o'clock p. m. The steam cylinder press, capable of making thirty impressions per minute, will be in operation. Papers will be folded and mailed as they come from the press, showing the manner of pasting the printed mailing slips on the papers by machinery. In the composing room the job press will be in operation, and compositors will be setting and distributing type, etc. Everything pertaining to the mechanical department of the office will be fully shown and explained. The office throughout, from the editorial room to the press room below, has been thoroughly painted, renovated and repaired. It is supplied with over 150 fonts of type, and is provided with everything else to make it a first-class printing office in every respect."

The reception was a grand success. The issue of the *Democrat* the day after contained the following in regard to it:

"Notwithstanding the snow and wind storm that prevailed during the evening, fully 1,000 people honored the invitation extended to take a bird'seye view of the *Democrat* Steam Printing Establishment in full operation. About 1,700 copies of the *Restitution,* a religious paper issued from this office, were printed on our steam cylinder press, and were all folded and mailed between 7 and 9:30 p. m. Arthur Underwood, the foreman of the composing and press rooms, printed a circular in five different colors at one impression, keeping the little jobber busy during the evening. The job was perfectly executed, and the operation gave delight to all who witnessed it. All the employes were busy doing their work faithfully and well, and everything connected with the office was explained as fully as could be done under the circumstances., We believe all went away satisfied with their visit."

About January 1, 1879, the office was bargained to H. A. Peed, who published the paper a short time, but failing to pay for it, it was not transferred to him. About 1883 an interest in the office was transferred to Louis McDonald, son of the proprietor, who became business manager and assistant editor, and the management of the paper was continued as such until March 20, 1902, when the paper was sold to Hon. Clay W. Metsker, proprietor of the *Plymouth Independent*, who, since that time has published both papers, the *Democrat* as a weekly and the *Independent* as a daily. Upon the sale of the *Democrat* to Mr. Metsker, Daniel McDonald, after nearly thirty years continuous service as editor, retired to private life, and his son, Louis McDonald, to other pursuits in Chicago.

The Mail and Magnet.

This was the title of a paper started in Plymouth in 1874. The proprietors were Cliffe M. Brooke and A. B. Clark. It was started as an independent paper with republican proclivities. The editors were both young men just merging into manhood, and the paper was run on the Young Amer-

ica high pressure principle. Mr. Clark severed his connection with the paper a few months after the first number was printed, leaving the entire management in the hands of Mr. Brooke. During the political campaign of 1874 it became the organ of the grangers, who had nominated a "People's Ticket," and succeeded in securing the endorsement of its ticket by the republican party, which made no nominations that year. The election not resulting favorably to the cause it had espoused, it soon began to show signs of weakening, and early in the spring of 1875 it was purchased by Howard Brooke, and the publication was continued by him until he sold it to Jasper Packard, October 1, 1875, when it was consolidated with the *Republican,* and ceased to exist.

The Indiana Greenbacker.

This paper was started in Plymouth during the campaign of 1878, as the organ of the greenback cause in Marshall county. Later it announced that it was the organ of the greenback party of the thirteenth congressional district, and still later as the organ of the party in Indiana. Michael W. Downey and David McDuffie were the first editors. They were succeeded by Phil Corcoran, he by A. W. Barlow, and he by Robert Neil. About the time this paper was started the greenback party was in the ascendancy and bid fair to become the dominant party in the county, but, failing to elect any of the ticket in 1878, the party began to show signs of going to pieces, and about 1882 the *Greenbacker* suspended.

A short time afterwards A. R. Zimmerman purchased the material of the *Greenbacker,* and started the *Plymouth Independent* as politically a neutral paper. During the campaign of 1896 overtures were made to Mr. Zimmerman by the republican county committee to issue the *Independent* as a republican daily, but the negotiations were not consummated. These negotiations coming to the knowledge of the editor of the *Republican,* that the making of the *Independent* a daily issue in the interest of the republican party would be the deathknell of a republican daily issued from his office, concluded to take time by the forelock and issue a daily at once, and that was how the *Daily Evening News* came to be issued without previous announcement.

Mr. Zimmerman disposed of the material of his office to A. D. Smith, and not long afterwards Silas H. Joseph became proprietor; then John C. Jilson; after him Clinton H. Grube, and then J. C. Cully. Clay W. Metzker became proprietor in July, 1897, and employed Charles S. Price as city editor for some time. March 20, 1902, Mr. Metzker purchased the *Plymouth Democrat,* with which he consolidated the weekly and daily *Independent,* continuing the daily *Independent* as the daily edition of the *Democrat.*

The Restitution.

The *Restitution* is a religious paper of twenty-four columns, published by The Christian Publishing Association of Plymouth, Indiana. The printing and work on the paper for many years was done in the office of the *Plymouth Democrat.* It is now in its fifty-fourth volume, having formerly been published in Chicago, whence it was removed to Plymouth December 1, 1874, where it has since been issued. H. V. Reed, who brought the paper here from Chicago, was for a time the editor. He was followed by the

late Elder S. A. Chaplin. It advocates "the restitution of all things which God has spoken by the mouth of all His holy prophets since the world began." For several years it has been published by and under the editorial management of A. R. Underwood, and is so published at the present time.

The Farmer's Monthly.

This was an octavo publication commenced in 1876 at Plymouth, Indiana, by H. V. Reed. It started out with a subscription of 700, and was in every respect an excellent publication. For want of sufficient support it was suspended some six months later.

The Church Monitor,

by Rev. J. J. Faude of the Episcopal church, Plymouth, was published about nine months in 1877. It was a quarto, neat in mechanical makeup, edited with tact and ability, but its field was limited and for want of sufficient support its publication was discontinued.

The Sunshine.

This was a Sunday-school paper started in 1876 by J. F. Wilcox, who at that time resided in Goodland, Indiana, in the interest of the Sunday-schools of the Christian church. It was printed at the *Democrat* office, and lived about a year, when it expired for want of financial nourishment.

The Plymouth Chronicle.

The first issue of the *Plymouth Weekly Chronicle* was published December 3, 1902. The paper was started by Will M. Cochran, who came here from the *Marion, Indiana, Chronicle*. He had been a teacher in Tippecanoe and Walnut townships, Marshall county, and had an acquaintance which served him advantageously from the start. It was started as a republican paper, loyal to its party ticket, whether its editor happened to like the nominees or not, and has succeeded in securing its recognition by the leaders of the republican party as the organ of the party in Marshall county. The subscription price was fixed at $1, or $1.50 if not paid in advance. It was an eight-page, six-column paper, all printed at home. A daily was also started soon after the weekly, but was only published for a few months on account of an effort to run it on too high a standard to be supported by the people of the city.

In May, 1903, Mr. Cochran formed a stock company of some twenty or more republicans of the county, and this company continued the publication until May, 1904. A few months prior to this Mr. Cochran left the paper as editor and was succeeded by Mr. Greely Davis, a former Marshall county man, who conducted the paper for the company until May.

On May 9, 1904, the plant and paper were acquired by Samuel E. Boys, of Shoals, Indiana, formerly of South Bend. Since that time he has conducted the publication of the paper, and no other person has had any ownership in it. The paper has been enlarged to a seven-column quarto, all printed at home, and January 1, 1908, the price was raised to $1.50 per year. The plant has always occupied the basement of the Sear block, at the corner of Michigan and La Porte streets, now owned by the bank of the Marshall County Trust and Savings Company.

The Indiana Tocsin.

This was the title of a paper started at Mishawaka, and afterwards removed to La Porte. It was started by Wilbur F. Story, who later distinguished himself as the editor of the *Chicago Times*. A copy of the *Tocsin* for February 5, 1847, has been inspected by the writer. It was a democratic paper, and catered to the democrats of Marshall county for patronage. C. H. Reeve's card as attorney at law appears in the paper and a non-resident notice signed by Isaac How, clerk of Marshall county. In a somewhat lengthy article the editor announced that after the issue of two more numbers of the *Tocsin,* for divers and sundry considerations the paper would be moved to Michigan City, where its name would be changed to the *Michigan City News*. The article is interesting as showing the condition of the newspaper field at that time, and as the editor tosses a bouquet at "glorious Marshall," the remainder of the article is copied as follows:

"Everyone must know that it is absolutely impossible for three papers to be supported in this county. As this paper gets nothing from the public crib, and there are but three or four business men here from whom but little job work and advertising is obtained, to live or not to live was the question presented to us. This is the only democratic paper in the three most northern counties in the state. We have nailed the democratic flag to the mast, and there we are determined it shall float as long as we have a shot in the locker. We are not willing to have it strangled by the Philistines. The peculiar situation and circumstances of this paper should induce every generous democrat who would contribute his mite for the support of the principles of his party to subscribe and pay for it. With the exception of glorious Marshall—may her sunlight never be less—we are in an infected district; whiggery, although at the last gasp, has a small majority, but large enough to deprive us of all public printing. There is not a political paper in this section but has from $200 to $500 worth of county printing, which, as it is cash, is equivalent to 200 subscribers, as there are ten chances to one if more than a fifth pay promptly. They think the printer can live altogether on faith. Some three-fourths of our subscribers are badly troubled with that kind of fever so famous for hanging on to newspaper patrons —the *un*-remitting fever we mean. But 'hope springs eternal in the human breast,' and we may get something yet!"

Bourbon's Newspapers.

The Bourbon Independent.

The Bourbon Independent was established in 1865 by J. Frank Beck. It was a weekly paper, eight-column folio, independent in politics, with a leaning towards republicanism, although it announced that it was "independent in all things—neutral in nothing." It was conducted on the "pitch in" principle, and as a consequence it received only a meager patronage, and after a short and somewhat eventful career, it succumbed to financial embarrassment, and the press and material were boxed up and shipped to Pierceton. Mr. Beck died November 29, 1875, at Cottonwood, Kansas, of consumption, at the age of thirty-nine years.

The Bourbon Mirror.

The publication of the *Bourbon Mirror* was commenced by Ignatius Mattingly, formerly of the *Marshall County Republican*, and William Geddes, his son-in-law, December 2, 1871, Mr. Mattingly assuming the editorial management of the paper. In his introductory to the reader he announced that the paper would be independent republican, but while it would firmly defend the principles of that party it would advocate purity of government, local and national, and would be prompt to expose all forms of corruption and dishonesty in the republican as well as the democratic party. And it was also promised that cliques and rings whose object might be to plunder the people or thwart their will in the selection of honest and competent nominees for office, would receive no favor or countenance. William Geddes retired from the paper October 24, 1872. Mr. Mattingly continued its publication as sole proprietor until June 28, 1877, when his son, I. M. Mattingly, became associated in its publication and assumed the duties of local editor in addition to management of the mechanical department. Announcing the fact he said:

"With this number the undersigned becomes assistant local editor of the *Mirror*. He does not flatter himself that the announcement will create much sensation, or be telegraphed to the city papers as an event marking an era in Bourbon journalism, but promises that he will devote his spare time to his new duties, and hopes to add somewhat to the interest of the paper, as well as an increase of patronage which is respectfully solicited." He continued as local editor until November 13, 1879, when he retired, having secured an interest in the *Rochester Republican*. The publication of the *Mirror* was continued by the elder Mattingly until about 1900, when he died. The *Bourbon News*, which had been started some time previously, absorbed the *Mirror* and the consolidated papers have since that time been published under the name of *The Bourbon News-Mirror*.

The Bourbon News

was started by C. M. and S. E. Harris some time in the '90s. Diligent inquiry has failed to elicit any information in regard to its history. It was consolidated with the *Mirror* as above stated, and is now edited and published by S. E. Harris.

The Bourbon Democrat

was started in 1882 by Homer Melick and W. W. Mikels. It was also published for a time by Hillis & Langdon, and later by Peter Hahn, who discontinued it some time in 1884, since which time it has not been published.

The Bourbon Advance

was started about 1903 by A. R. Zimmerman, who continued to publish it until January, 1908, when he made the following announcement:

"*The Advance* will wind up its early existence on January 14, 1908, when we propose that its 'glim' shall be extinguished in a halo of glory; for at that time we will issue a souvenir edition that in our humble opinion will be the finest ever issued in Bourbon or Marshall county. Each of our subscribers will receive a copy of this edition as a souvenir.

"In the meantime we have completed arrangements with Mr. S. E. Harris, of the *News-Mirror,* to take all subscriptions paid in advance, continuing them until the amount paid is liquidated. This was the only method we could see our way clearly to adopt, giving those who have upheld our hands a full return for their money.

"When we make our final bow, January 15th, we hope to cover our retreat in a manner befitting the fight we have made during the past five years."

Bremen Newspapers.

Owing to many changes of proprietors, and being unable to find any one from whom the necessary information could be obtained upon which to write a connected history of the newspapers which have been published in Bremen since the first paper was issued from that town, the following sketch—the information gathered from many sources—must suffice:

The Bremen Clipper.

The first newspaper published in Bremen was the *Bremen Clipper,* published by the Macomber brothers, the first number of which was issued some time in 1872. It did not prove to be a paying investment, and after being published a short time was discontinued for want of sufficient patronage to enable the publishers to pay expenses.

The Bremen Gazette

was started in 1876 by Charles W. Sweeney, in the interest of the democratic party, but there did not seem to be a "long felt want" for a political paper in that region at that time, and, not receiving sufficient encouragement to justify its continuance, it was suspended not a great while afterwards.

The Bremen Banner

was started in 1878 by George and Lee Sunderland. Up to that time it was the first newspaper of any consequence that had been published in Bremen, and was fairly well patronized, but not sufficiently so to make it a paying investment, and after struggling along for about ten years it finally ceased to exist.

The Bremen Enquirer

was established in the spring of 1886 by Brook H. Bowman, who had learned the printer's trade in a Fort Wayne office. It was commenced as a seven-column folio, half printed at home; and this form was retained for several years, when it was changed to a six-column quarto, half printed at home. After conducting it a few years Mr. Bowman sold the office to Cale Sinninger, who conducted it until 1893, when he sold it back to Mr. Bowman. Of all the editors Bremen has had Cale Sinninger has left the most vivid recollections of his editorial career of any that have flourished the editorial quill before or since his time. His peculiar style of editorial work was the sensational line, and he never let a good juicy piece of news pass without making the most of it. In his peculiar line he was a racy writer, and worked up a considerable circulation for his paper among those who delighted in that sort of literature and who did not care for the more

prosaic way of writing up passing events. In 1893, Sinninger sold it back to Bowman again, who conducted it until 1902, when he sold it to Charles Scott, who conducted it as an independent paper until November 4, 1907, when he sold it to Otto Fries, who is now continuing it as a neutral paper. Politically the *Enquirer* has always been neutral, but has enjoyed a good measure of popularity as a local newspaper. It has kept pace with the march of improvement, and is now equipped with power presses and all the other machinery necessary to carry on the business in a satisfactory manner to its patrons.

Carrier's Address.

In the early history of the newspapers of Marshall county it was the custom of the editors to have a carrier's address prepared and published as a new year's gift to their subscribers. Before the writer is a carrier's address clipped from the *Marshall County Republican* of January 1, 1858. In those days the papers were delivered to town subscribers by a carrier boy, and to recompense him for his services the publisher secured someone to write a lot of doggerel, which was supposed to be poetry, and called it "The Carrier's Address." The particular address in question was run off in colors on paper of convenient size for framing; and on January 1st of each year the carrier boy visited the subscribers living in town and offered his address for sale. He usually received twenty-five cents apiece for them, and when he had gone the rounds he generally had his pockets full of quarters as pay for his year's labor.

This address gave a review of the noted occurrences, foreign, in the nation and state, and so on down to county and town. It was a very prolific document; in fact it was so lengthy that it required more than a column of fine type to contain it all. The author, whose identity was carefully concealed, opened his poem in the orient, where he picked up a harp, which prior to that time had been untouched by any mortal hand, and, having "sighed into music," "diffused sweet accents through the favored land;" he then turned his lyre (liar) to the "overthrow of kings and the downfall of Greece and Rome, and the march of the Pilgrim band" to "where Columbia's waters wash her smiling strand!" Here he built up a great nation, and then passed on rapidly to the consideration of the "pigmy statesmen" of that time who were said to belong to the democratic party. That was in the palmy days of Gov. Ashbel P. Willard, than whom the state never had a more distinguished statesman, whom the poet called "Bloated Willard," and Graham N. Fitch and Jesse D. Bright, and "Old Buck" (Pres. Buchanan), and Stephen A. Douglas, and wound up with a tearful reference to "Bleeding Kansas."

From here the poet turned to nobler themes and paid a glowing tribute to "our sweet, lovely village," and offered his annual tribute to "our illustrious village!" He spoke feelingly of the great fire of 1857 that destroyed much of the town "with liquid flame consuming!" But the most interesting part of this most interesting address was directed at the *Democrat,* which seems from some cause to have been the particular object of the poet's animosity. As a matter of great historical importance it is given here in full, as follows:

The Marshall County Democrat grows gradually small,
And beautifully less by degrees,
And if they don't take the little thing in
I am really afraid it will freeze!
Its friends have been rallying all of their wits,
To get up a bit of a breeze,
But its patrons hung on like death to their "bits,"
So they chopped the "thing" off to the knees.

First Editorial Meeting.

The first editorial meeting ever held in northern Indiana, or more than likely in the state, was held at Plymouth, Indiana, June 14, 1859. In the *Democrat* of May 12, 1859, the following announcement appeared:

"At the request of the editors at La Porte and Valparaiso, and other places, there will be a convention of the editors of northern Indiana, held at Plymouth, June 14, 1859."

The next week the following notice was published:

Editorial Convention.

The undersigned respectfully request the editors and ex-editors of northern Indiana to meet in convention at Plymouth, June 14, 1859, for the purpose of consulting upon and adopting such measures as may be thought necessary for the benefit of the craft. It is earnestly hoped that every press in northern Indiana will be represented:

James L. Rock
C. G. Powell
J. C. Walker
B. B. Root
I. Mattingly
Reub. Williams
Shafer & Davis
R. A. Cameron
Wheeler & Summers
John Millikan
Schuyler Colfax
Daniel McDonald
Platt McDonald
Chas. K. Shryock
A. C. Thompson

The issue of the paper following the holding of the convention stated that "it proved to be a more interesting gathering than was anticipated by the fraternity. There were twenty-eight delegates in attendance, representing twenty-three papers."

Dr. E. W. H. Ellis, of Goshen, delivered an address replete with good, wholesome, practical truths, which was spoken of in the highest terms of praise. The proceedings were stenographically reported by W. H. Drapier, of the *South Bend Forum.*

From the stenographic report of Mr. Drapier the following extracts are made as being of special historic interest to the newspapers everywhere:

"Agreeably to an understanding between them, a number of editors and publishers residing in the northern portion of the state of Indiana assembled in Westervelt's hall, Plymouth, the county seat of Marshall county, on Tuesday, June 14, 1859. The convention was called to order by I. Mattingly, of the Marshall County *Republican,* upon whose motion Col. John C. Walker, of the La Porte *Times,* was chosen president."

On taking the chair Col. Walker made an excellent speech of a column in length, after which, on motion of Dr. Cameron of the Valparaiso *Republican,* I. Mattingly of the Marshall County *Republican,* was elected vice-

president; Peter P. Bailey of the Fort Wayne *Republican,* and Daniel McDonald of the Marshall County *Democrat*, were named as secretaries.

On motion of Schuyler Colfax, of the St. Joseph Valley *Register,* the names of delegates were called for and the following gentlemen reported as present:

Marshall County—I. Mattingly and D. T. Phillips, Marshall County *Republican;* Daniel McDonald and Platt McDonald, Marshall County *Democrat.*

Allen County—John W. Dawson, Fort Wayne *Times;* Sol. D. Bayless, Indiana *Freemason;* Peter P. Bailey, Fort Wayne *Republican.*

DeKalb County—T. Y. Dickenson, Waterloo *Press.*

Elkhart County—E. W. H. Ellis, Goshen *Times.*

Huntington County—A. C. Thompson, Huntington *Democrat.*

Kosciusko County—Reuben Williams and James H. Carpenter, *Northern Indianian.*

La Grange County—C. D. Y. Alexander, La Grange *Sentinel.*

Steuben County—M. G. Muggs, Steuben *Republican.*

Whitley County—Isaiah B. McDonald, Columbia City *News.*

Fulton County—Charles K. Shryock, Rochester *Gazette.*

Lake County—Z. T. Summers, Crown Point *Register.*

La Porte County—B. B. Root, La Porte Daily *Union;* John Millikan, Weekly *Union;* John C. Walker and Henry Higgins, La Porte *Times;* Charles G. Powell, Westville *Herald.*

Porter County—J. L. Rock and S. R. Bryant, Porter *Democrat;* R. A. Cameron and ——— Thompson, Valparaiso *Republican.*

St. Joseph County—Schuyler Colfax, St. Joseph County *Register;* W. H. Drapier, South Bend *Forum;* Archibald Beal, Mishawaka *Enterprise.*

Ex-Editors in Attendance.

Porter County—J. F. McCarty.

La Porte County—Richard Holmes.

Marshall County—Richard Corbaley, M. A. O. Packard, Wm. J. Burns and I. B. Halsey.

Committee on Resolutions.

On motion of Dr. Cameron the following committee on resolutions was appointed:

R. A. Cameron, Sol. D. Bayless, Schuyler Colfax, James L. Rock and E. W. H. Ellis.

The committee reported a series of resolutions, the first of which was as follows:

"Resolved, That we, the editors of northern Indiana, for the first time assembled in a convention, irrespective of party, and recognizing that much of the influence and position of the profession depend on our own conduct, do hereby recommend to each other, and to all our associates, the practice of the courtesies and virtues so admirably delineated in the oration we have this day heard."

They also recommended the members to curtail as far as possible the credit system, and urged settlements of accounts at least annually; that patent medicine advertisements should be charged same rates as local advertise-

ments, and pay in advance exacted; that the legislature should provide for the publication of all laws which affect the people in all the papers of the state at such rate as the legislature might determine; and that it was expedient to form a permanent organization to be composed of the editors and publishers of northern Indiana; and thereupon a committee to draft a constitution and by-laws was appointed, consisting of D. T. Phillips, P. P. Bailey and W. H. Drapier.

Schuyler Colfax offered a resolution of thanks to Col. Walker, the presiding officer, for his able address and the impartial manner in which he had performed his duties, upon which he made one of his happiest off-hand speeches, the report of which covered half a column. The resolution was adopted, after which the association adjourned to meet in Fort Wayne the first Monday in May, 1860.

Culver City Herald.

The first regular issue of a newspaper in Culver appeared in 1884, under the ownership of George Nearpass, who was also the editor and general manager. It was called the *Culver City Herald.* Mr. Nearpass continued its publication until May, 1903, when the plant was purchased by J. H. Koontz & Son, who changed the name of the paper to *The Culver Citizen.* In April, 1905, Arthur B. Holt, of Kankakee, Illinois, one of the publishers of the *Daily* and *Semi-Weekly Gazette,* bought the property, and is now conducting the paper on its former lines as a local, non-partisan weekly.

Argos Newspapers.

Argos Globe.

The first newspaper, so-called, was started by Charles Riddle, in 1867, and called the *Argos Globe,* and appeared as a semi-monthly until about 1876. It was owned a short time also by W. T. Cutshaw.

The Argos Reflector.

In 1878 A. C. Firestone established the *Argos Reflector,* and the publication has continued until the present time with the following owners: J. H. Watson, 1880 to 1898; J. C. Lockner and O. J. McClure, 1899 to 1901. C. E. Carter owned the paper a few months and sold to John R. Jones, who published it until sold to R. McNeal in 1903. E. O. Wickizer purchased it in 1904, and later, in partnership with O. J. McClure, published the *Reflector,* with F. M. Wickizer as editor, until September, 1907, when the office was purchased by F. M. Wickizer and his son, Donald J. Wickizer, who are now the editors and publishers.

LV.—TEMPERANCE ORGANIZATIONS.

The Sons of Temperance have the distinction of being the first secret organization established in Marshall county. The writer has before him the records of Plymouth Division No. 107, Sons of Temperance. On the first page is this entry:

"Record of Plymouth Division, No. 107, Sons of Temperance, October 15, 1847. Love, Purity and Fidelity. H. B. Pershing, R. S."

At that time and for several years later the Sons of Temperance were pretty much the whole thing in Plymouth, and in fact in the entire county, as it took men from every part of the county into its membership, there being no other organizations of the order in any other part of the county. Neither the Masons nor the Odd Fellows had an organization in the county then, and none of the fraternal organizations now so numerous all over the country had an existence at that time, nor were they even thought of. But few more than 100 divisions had been organized in Indiana prior to the organization of the division in Plymouth. It is likely, therefore, that the organization of the Sons of Temperance in this state took place about 1846.

The object of the order was to promote temperance, but, being a secret order, it became more of a social organization or club than otherwise, and many, in fact most of those who were charter members, were temperate men who were not in the habit of using spirituous liquors as a beverage or otherwise. Many of those who drank moderately, and even to excess, kept right on after being initiated, just the same as if nothing had happened. In the minutes of December 11, 1847, the following appears:

"On motion that the case of Brothers M. Pomeroy and M. L. Sutphen in relation to drinking cider be indefinitely postponed, which was agreed to unanimously, on account of ignorance in the matter."

At first the place of meeting was in the upper room in the house of Frank Daws, which stood on the southeast corner of Center and Garro streets. Frank Daws was a wagonmaker and had a shop on his lot about where John W. Parks' law office now stands.

The committee appointed to procure a suitable room made the following report October 23, 1847: "On motion of Brother Charles Crocker a select committee of three was appointed to select a room for the use of this division and furnish the same, and to report the amount necessary this evening." The committee reported, recommending the renting of the upper story of Mr. Daws' wagon shop at $10 a year, and that it would cost $30 to furnish and put it in order for use, which was agreed to.

November 20, 1847, the committee reported the room completed and the division moved in.

Charles Crocker, named above, at that time had charge of the old iron forge at Sligo, at the outlet of Twin Lakes. After the discovery of gold in California he went, about 1850, overland to that Eldorado; assisted in building the Union Pacific railroad, and died a number of years ago a multi-millionaire, one of the richest men on the Pacific coast. He seems from the records to have been a very active member of the order, nearly always filling some office during his connection with it. At one of the meetings the following entry appears:

"Brother Crocker was fined the sum of 12½ cents for not having his part committed to memory."

He also introduced a resolution which was adopted that they sincerely lament the fact that the division had in several instances acted contrary to the letter of the constitution, and that they would not in the future be governed by any precedent thus established.

He also introduced a lengthy preamble and resolution thanking Miss Matthews, of South Bend, for presenting the division "a very neat and appropriate bookmark elegantly embroidered, thereby evincing unusual sympathy and interest for one of her age in the cause in which we are united to advance."

There was another division at Plymouth at that time called Marshall Division No. 203. They did not seem to work in harmony and several efforts were made to unite the two divisions. Finally a joint committee was appointed to perfect a union, and May 3, 1850, reported that they met and placed thirty-four ballots in a hat, thirty-two blank, and one with Marshall division on it and one with Plymouth. These were placed in the hands of Brother Fairchilds, and that he was told to draw one ballot at a time from the hat until he drew one with the name of Plymouth or Marshall division upon it. He drew, and the result of the first draw was favorable to Plymouth. Thereupon the necessary proceedings were had to consolidate both into Plymouth Division No. 107, and thereafter harmony prevailed.

There was also at Plymouth an organization called "Invincible Union" No. ——, Daughters of Temperance, and also an organization of the Cadets of Temperance. There was also a public organization known as the "Washingtonians," which held public meetings weekly, or whenever some temperance speaker came along and wished to address the people on that subject. For a time during the year 1851 the temperance question was the one which occupied the attention of the people of Plymouth more than any other. There was no particular reason for this, as there were only two saloons in Plymouth at the time and there was not more drinking than might be expected in a new town like Plymouth then was. In July of 1851 the editor of the Pilot said:

"An evidence that Plymouth will one day be the abode of virtue and wisdom is the absence of all intoxicating drinks, which law has been carried into effect by some of its worthy citizens. Their names shall shine with resplendent luster in the archives of immortality! Blessed spirits! Where do they dwell! We have wreathes for them! Having leaped this formidable barrier and killed the seven-headed monster, Plymouth shall rise from her weeping couch and assume the garb of purity and brightness!"

That did not last long and the temperance advocates kept right on "storming the citadel of the rum power" just the same as if Plymouth had not "risen from her weeping couch and assumed the garb of purity and brightness!"

Local Option.

At the April election in 1851 there was a local option liquor law which permitted voters to vote whether there should be license or no license. At that election the question of licensing liquor dealers in Center township was voted upon and resulted as follows: Against license, 116; in favor of license and blanks, 65; majority against license, 51.

This was the vote that made Plymouth a "dry town," that inspired the editor of the Pilot to state in the above paragraph so eloquently in regard to "the absence of all intoxicating drinks, which law had been carried into effect by some of its worthy citizens." This local option law,

however, proved to be unsatisfactory, and in 1853 the legislature passed a law putting the sale of all liquors, and that only for medicinal purposes, upon the prescription of a practicing physician, in the hands of a county agent. That necessarily put the temperance organization out of business, as the state had legalized its sale and authorized the appointment of an agent whose business was to sell liquors for the state as provided by the law. It was soon found, however, that there was as much drunkenness and as much liquor drank as at any period previous to that time. Those who drank, and many who did not, supplied themselves with bottles and little brown jugs and hid them away in their cellars and garrets, where they had more frequent access to it than they had when it was regularly on sale as provided by law, and there was fully as much inebriation, if not more, than previously, and so it came to pass that the temperance advocates kept right on "storming the citadel of the rum power," just the same as if Plymouth had not "risen from her weeping couch and assumed the garb of purity and brightness."

County Agent.

The agent for the sale of liquors in Marshall county was William E. Thompson, son of John L. Thompson, who was afterwards sheriff of the county. He kept his liquor store in the second story of a wagonshop that stood on the lot on Center street about where William Everly's dwelling house now stands. He stocked up in good shape and had all kinds of liquors supposed to be necessary for "all the ills that flesh is heir to," including "snake bites!" He was an honest, straightforward, kind-hearted man, who wished to live in peace with all men, and it was hard for him to refuse any of his friends a "little something for the stomach's sake," and it was sometimes thought that an occasional half-pint bottle went out without the required physician's prescription certificate! Be that as it may, those who wanted it never failed, by hook or by crook, to get it in some way or other. The consequence was that the state's record in conducting the saloon business proved to be worse than the saloon itself.

In 1855 the legislature passed an act which was prohibitory in its nature. The first section provided that no person should manufacture, keep for sale, or sell any intoxicating liquors, except such persons as were licensed by the state to manufacture and sell to authorized agents of the county, and then only for medicinal purposes. The third section provided as follows: "That no person in this state shall drink any whisky, beer, ale or porter as a beverage, and in no instance except as a medicine." Shortly after the act was passed the constitutionality of the law was taken before the supreme court on a writ of habeas corpus, and that court, in an elaborate opinion by Judge Perkins, declared the act unconstitutional for reasons which they set out in full in their opinion in Herman vs. The State, 1855.

Praying Bands—Blue Ribbon.

The temperance organizations kept on trying to do something to eradicate the evil of intemperance. Finally over in Ohio, in the early '70s, the women organized what they called praying bands. They visited the saloons wherever they found them, and kneeling down on the floors sang and prayed for the saloonkeepers and those who were present. The women

of Plymouth, Bourbon, and perhaps some other places in the county caught the inspiration and also organized praying bands who visited the saloons, but the excitement soon died away and no good came of it. This was followed by the blue ribbon excitement, which appealed to the individual to sign the pledge, quit drinking, and don the blue ribbon. The craze swept over the country like a prairie fire before a high wind. But like everything born of excitement, it soon spent its force and disappeared like the morning mist before the rising sun. Upon the ruins of all these organizations sprang up the Women's Christian Temperance Union, devoted primarily to the cause of temperance, which still maintains organizations in most of the county seats and larger towns. It is a conservative organization, its work being mostly on educational lines. It has never taken part in any spasmodic efforts to suppress the liquor traffic, its members knowing from past experience that such efforts would be futile.

At every session of the legislature since the adoption of the new constitution in 1850 there has been more or less legislation on the liquor question introduced and passed, none of which has been sufficiently satisfactory to "let well enough alone." What was known as the "Baxter Bill," which created much excitement when it was passed in 1873, was at the next session modified and finally repealed. It provided among other things that the saloonkeeper should file with his application for license the petition of a majority of the voters at the last election in the township or ward where he desired to sell, asking that he be granted license. During the continuance of this law various ways were devised by which the law could be evaded, and as no one was enough interested to appear before the board of commissioners and point out these evasions, licenses were granted the same as if no petitions had been filed. In Plymouth that year the town was merged into a city, and both parties united on a citizens' city ticket, in which the saloonkeepers heartily concurred. The consequence was the friends of the saloons refrained from voting, as there was no politics in the election, so that there was not more than half the total vote polled, which made it comparatively easy for the applicants for license to get a majority of the total vote as indicated by the vote polled.

The Nicholson bill then followed, and with slight amendments has been in force ever since. This law, if the state continues to legalize the sale of liquors by issuing license authorizing its sale, is probably as good a law as the legislature can be induced to pass for some time to come.

LVI. MARSHALL COUNTY'S ONLY PRIZE FIGHT.

An epoch in the history of Marshall county occurred by a prize fight at Baugherville, on the Lake Erie & Western railroad, about nine miles northwest of Plymouth, between Lou C. Allen, of Chicago, and H. C. Hanmer, of Michigan City, middleweights, on the evening of April 30, 1891, which was to have been a fight to a finish, and would have been had it not happened that Sheriff Henry L. Jarrell was informed of the affair and with two deputies, Eugene Marshall and Wm. T. Leonard, and William Klinger, marshal of Plymouth, pounced upon them and put a stop to the

fun just as the first round was being finished, the particulars of which will be related hereafter. The writer of this history cannot afford to allow as important an historical event as this to go unrecorded as showing the trend of public opinion in regard to this particular line of amusement. It will not be necessary to mention the names of any of the spectators, a large number of whom were present, and therefore only the names of the principals are deemed necessary to be given in this connection.

On the afternoon of the eventful evening a number of the "boys" in the county seat were let into the secret that a prize fight was to take place at Baugherville, northwest of Plymouth, between 11 o'clock that night and 3 o'clock next morning, and the favored few who were let into the secret were on tip-toe of expectation, and preparations were made to pull out quietly by livery teams about 9 o'clock. The secret was to be kept from Sheriff Jarrell, and from those who would likely give him a pointer in that direction. Up to a certain point in the proceedings everything worked like a charm, and in birdological parlance "the ornithological webb-footed specimen of stupidity was altitudinally elevated." The night was dark and the corduroy road through the woods was more than ordinarily rough. Some of the drivers lost the direct road and went a considerable distance out of the way; others ran into "chuck holes," breaking a spring or single-tree or something of that kind, but where there is a prize at the end of the goal there is always found a way to reach it. On they went, helter-skelter, an occasional lighter vehicle and a faster team passing those in the lead, and in this way, after an hour and a half of intense expectation the place was reached. The prize ring was in a large barn near a saw mill and a lumber yard near the Lake Erie & Western railroad, a short distance northwest of Tyner. Lumber was piled up and scattered about everywhere, and there were acres of sawlogs and slabs and log wagons; and there were no lights about to indicate that there was anything unusual going on, and those who were not familiar with the lay of the land had to feel their way in the dark. The Lake Erie fast train from the north had arrived at 11 o'clock, bringing the pugilists and about 150 sports from Chicago, Michigan City and other points along the line, and it was but a short time until the preliminary arrangements had all been completed. A twenty-four-foot ring had been measured off, the building was gorgeously lighted, and in the glare of the kerosene the lamp of Aladdin would have cast but a faint glimmer. The 175 spectators who had each paid an admission fee of $5 were seated about the ring as conveniently as circumstances would permit, and the remainder were stowed away in the haymow, in balcony rows, one above another, from which elevated position they were enabled to look down upon the interesting spectacle before them through the large opening in the center.

The gladiators were stripped to the skin and took their places in the ring, accompanied by their backers, trainers, seconds, umpires, spongers and assistants, and nearby were a couple of reporters for two of the leading Chicago dailies. The doors of the barn were locked and guarded, and the doorkeeper was ordered not to admit anyone under any pretext whatever. Time was called and the pugilistic pounders came smilingly to the scratch. They knocked away at each other with all the strength they possessed, and from the appearance of the bruises on Hanmer's face there was no doubt

but they meant business from the word "go." The first round was a success, and applause greeted the bruisers as they retired to their corners to be rubbed down and catch their wind.

It was late in the evening when Sheriff Jarrell was informed of what was going on. He and his deputies pulled out from the county seat shortly after 9 o'clock and drove rapidly toward the seat of war. He had the misfortune to break his buggy, which delayed him several minutes, and he did not arrive until just as the first round had been fought. The sheriff and his deputies alighted, hitched their horses and asked the doorkeeper to be admitted. That distinguished dweller in the tents of iniquity informed them that under no circumstances could they be admitted, whereupon the sheriff jerked the latch off, opened the door, and he and his deputies rushed in upon the pugilists and their assistants, who were standing in the ring ready to commence the second round. Then ensued a scene of consternation which no pen can describe. There was a general stampede for the door and in the rush and confusion several were run over and knocked down; some of the lights were turned out and for a few minutes it seemed that pandemonium had been turned loose. Both principals escaped the officers and got out of the building with only their thin fighting suits on. In the melee that ensued Ed Corey, trainer, and Con Cavanah and Dick Ford, seconds, were captured. The remainder got away. Hanmer, one of the principals, found it was so cold with only his tights on that he could not stand it, and in returning in search of his clothes was captured by the sheriff. Allen, the other principal, took the railroad track north as fast as he could run and never stopped until he reached Walkerton, where he boarded a freight train for Michigan City, and thus made good his escape.

The spectators—well, they were panic-stricken, and, if anything, were worse frightened than the fighters. When the sheriff and his party entered, the rapidity with which that audience dispersed has never been equaled in this part of the country. They did not stand upon the order of their going, but they went at once. It was every fellow for himself and the devil take the hindmost. As soon as they got out of the building they took to the woods as fast as their legs could carry them. They tumbled over one another, went head over heels over saw logs, log wagons and lumber piles, skinned their shins and bruised themselves up generally. Those who were in the hay loft, and most of them happened to be Marshall county fellows, were all captured without an effort. They had climbed up on a ladder which had been removed when the fight began, and there they were, prisoners and unable to make a move for liberty. So they scrambled back as far as they could and covered themselves with hay, except their feet, which stuck out in irregular sizes all around the first row, and waited further developments. The suspense did not last long. One of them came near smothering in the hay and yelled out, "Put up that ladder; I can't stand it with this d—d gang any longer." The ladder was put up, and you would have just died laughing to have seen capitalists, merchants and business men, old men and young men, bald heads and gray heads, married men and single men, backing down that ladder with hayseed in their hair, and on their hats and all over their clothes. As he reached the floor one of them remarked: "What in —— would my wife say if she could see me in this fix?" And the other fellow replied, "Damfino." They were greatly

relieved when Sheriff Jarrell informed them that he had no use for them and that they could go about their business. The fun was over, the procession re-formed, and, headed by the sheriff and his four prisoners, slowly and solemnly wended its way homeward.

The next morning Hanmer, one of the principals, and the three others who had been arrested, appeared before Justice Harley Logan, waived examination and were bound over to court in bonds of $300 each, which was furnished, and all were released. When court convened Dick Ford was released; the others pleaded guilty, were fined $50 each, which was promptly paid, and thus ended the only prize fight ever witnessed in Marshall county.

LVII. THE OLD BRASS BAND.

The first musical band in Marshall county was what was called The Plymouth Sax Horn Band, which came into existence in the winter and spring of 1853. The members at the time of organization as near as can be remembered were William H. Salisbury, leader, Daniel and Platt McDonald, David Vinnedge, Rufus Brown, A. C. Capron, Thomas K. Houghton, Rufus Mert Brown. There might have been two or three others in the original organization, but if there were their names cannot now be recalled. Later on from time to time new members were admitted until the band consisted of about sixteen pieces, among whom were Alex Thompson, John McDonald and Charles H. Reeve. Mr. Reeve was not a permanent member, but met with the boys frequently and was useful in writing music and in helping them to learn to play.

"Old Joe Pierson," as he was familiarly called, who resided some place in La Porte county, was employed as teacher and bandmaster. He had but one eye, the other having, in some way, been put out. He came at stated intervals by stage from La Porte to Plymouth, and generally remained two or three days. He was not a very brilliant or accomplished musician, but as a teacher, as the boys used to put it, "he was onto his job." In those days there was no printed band music as now, and the music for the different instruments was all written with a quill pen on blank music paper by "Old Joe." He first selected the melody and then composed the accompaniments and various parts to fit the several instruments. Among the pieces remembered are: "Wood-up Quickstep," "Old Dog Tray," "Lilly Dale," "Old Kentucky Home," "Ben Bolt," "Old Uncle Ned," "Old Folks at Home," "Number 14," and many more that were popular in those days. There was no foolishness about "Old Joe." When the time came for practice every member was supposed to be on hand ready to do his part. If he found a member particularly weak he would give him special attention until he was able to master the difficulties. Then all the instruments would be started, and such music as was made in the beginning was not such as is said to have "charms to soothe the savage beast; to rend the rock, or split the knotted oak." But it was not long before the members became quite proficient and were able to follow the score fairly well. The leader of the band was William H. Salisbury, who was an accomplished cornetist, who had learned the mysteries of that instrument at La Porte

before coming here. He was employed as bookkeeper for the firm of Pomeroy, Houghton & Barber, the principal business firm in Plymouth at that time. He was a most pleasant, genial gentleman, and has many delightful memories clustering around his life while a resident there.

The band began to play in the political campaign of 1854, but did not get down to real business until the memorable presidential campaigns of 1856 and 1860, and it played for most of the local entertainments and picnics, of which there were many in those days, nearly always without money, or anything else but thanks! During the wartime the band went to pieces, many of those belonging to it enlisting in some of the several companies recruited in Plymouth; the instruments which belonged to the individual members were sold or given away—at least none of them have ever been seen since. Since then many bands have been organized, flourished for a time, and gone to pieces as their predecessors have done. In 1900 Ben M. Seybold organized a band, which has developed into the best one Plymouth ever had.

Music is the grandest and most sublime of the seven liberal arts and sciences. It is the only thing earthly of which there is any account of in heaven. Shakespeare put it none too strongly when he said:

> "The man that hath no music in his soul,
> And is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
> Is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils—
> The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
> And his affections dark as Erebus—
> Let no such man be trusted."

Again he makes a lover say to his sweetheart:

> "How sweet the moonlight
> Sleeps upon this bank.
> Here will we sit, and let
> The sound of music creep into our ears.
> Soft stillness and the night
> Become the touches of sweet harmony."

Music is the only universal language in existence. The confounding of the languages at the tower of Babel did not destroy the language of music. It speaks the same language to every inhabitant of the earth that it did when the loud timbrels sounded the grand chorus o'er Egypt's dark seas. The German who cannot understand a word of English will go into ecstacies over the playing of "The Blue Danube" or "The Watch on the Rhine," and the Frenchmen in a strange land will weep tears of joy on hearing "The Marseillaise Hymn," and our own American, when among peoples whose language he cannot understand, will shout for joy when he hears played "America," "The Star Spangled Banner," "Hail Columbia," or "Yankee Doodle," because they speak to him a language which he understands.

Life is motion, and motion, or vibration, is music. The whole world is full of music. The gentle zephyrs that stir the leaves of the trees; the tornado that fells the forests in its mad career; the roar of the ocean's waves as they dash against the rock-bound coast; the cannonading and rumble and crash of the thunder; the dashing of the raindrops on the roof; the continual hum of the great cities; all these in one is the basis and founda-

tion of the music as we have it in its present form. The universe is a magnificent operahouse in which the combined music of the earth and air is the grand anthem that is continually being heard by all the inhabitants of the world. The standard keynote, the "tonic" on which all instruments are keyed, is derived from the basic sound of all this music of nature and of the spheres.

Plymouth Silver Cornet Band.

This band was organized in 1868, under the control of the republican party, the money for the purchase of the instruments being contributed by that party. It was, however, refunded by the members of the band about the end of the campaign of 1868. It was composed of twelve members originally, but soon fell to ten, which kept it going about ten years. Those who composed the band after the reorganization in the '70s were: Charles Haslanger, Frank Smith, Charles Chapman, Edward Quivey, Wm. W. Davenport, Daniel B. Armstrong, James M. Confer, H. B. Miller, Thomas Noss, William Moore.

The present Plymouth band was organized out of the remnants of a former band, which had been organized out of still another band. Under the leadership of Ben M. Seybold it is considered one of the best band organizations in northern Indiana.

In an interview not long ago with the only survivor of the original members of the old band he said: "In my time I have heard many world famous bands, such as 'The Washington Marine Band,' 'Sousa's Great Chicago Band,' 'Pat Gilmore's Band,' 'The German Prussian Band,' 'The French Band,' 'The Mexican Military Band' of seventy-five pieces. And yet," he said, "in the language of our own Hoosier poet, slightly changed to fit the occasion, 'I want to hear the old band play!'"

"It's good to go back in mem'ry to the days of yore,
Considerin' it's been fifty year an' more
Since then! Oh dear! I see a wonderful change;
And many things have happened that's new and strange;
Especially at evening when yer new band fellers meet,
In fancy uniforms and all and play out on the street.
* * What's come of old Dave Vinnedge and the sax horn fellers—say?
I want to hear the Old Band play.

"What's come of Alex Thompson, an' Mert Brown, an' where's Bert Capron at?
And Platt and John McDonald, Charley Reeve, Gene Hutchinson an' that
Air Doc Brown who played the drum twiet as big as Jim;
An' William Henry Salisbury—say, what's become o' him?
I make no doubt yer new band now's a compenter band
An' plays their music more by note than what they play by hand,
An' stylisher and grander tunes; but somehow—any way,—
I want to hear the Old Band play.

"Such tunes as 'John Brown's Body' and 'Sweet Alice,' don't you know,
And 'The Camels is A-comin',' and 'John Anderson, My Joe,'
And a dozent others of 'em—'Number Nine' and 'Number 'Leven'
Was favorites that fairly made a feller dream o' heaven.
And when the boys 'u'd serenade I've laid so still in bed
I've even heerd the locus-blossoms droppin' on the shed
When 'Lilly Dale,' or 'Hazel Dell' had sobbed and died away—
I want to hear the Old Band play.

"Your new band ma'by beats it, but the old band's what I said—
It allus 'peared to kind o' chord with sumpin' in my head;
An' whilse I'm no musicianer, when my blame eye is jes'
Nigh drowned out, an' memory squares her jaws an' sort o' says
She won't an' never will forgit, I want to jes' turn in
An' take the light right out o' here and git back West a'gin
And stay there, when I git there, where I never ha'f to say—
I want to hear the Old Band play."

LVIII. WEIRD AND STRANGE HAPPENINGS.

"There are stranger things, Horatio, than were ever dreamed of in your philosophy."
—Shakespeare.

Old Pierce, the Horse Thief.

The Marshall county watchmen ran down and captured a horse thief, who first gave his name as Pierce, but it turned out afterwards that his real name was Henry Walters, or at least that was the name under which he was indicted, tried and sentenced to the penitentiary at the October term of the circuit court in 1877. In that year Charles Palmer, one of the pioneers of Plymouth, resided at his country residence a mile or so west of town on the La Porte road. On the twelfth day of May of that year, as shown by the indictment, there was stolen from his barn on the premises a black horse of the value of $100. The matter was made known to the watchmen and the sheriff, who immediately went in pursuit of the thief. They got track of him somewhere in La Porte county, and after a hard struggle, in which the thief was shot, he was captured, brought back to Plymouth and placed in jail. He was indicted by the grand jury in the name of Henry Walters, and at the October term of the court was tried, convicted and sentenced to twelve years in the penitentiary. From the time of his arrest until his case was heard in the court, the wound he had received when he was arrested grew worse and worse until, at the time of his trial, he was barely able to appear in court.

A peculiar incident in connection with the length of his sentence was the fact that a man was tried at the same term of court before the same jury for murder, to which he plead guilty, and was sentenced to only two years in the penitentiary. Walters, or "Old Pierce," as he came to be known, had been under the doctor's care for some time before his trial, and after his conviction gradually grew worse and finally died in jail without the sentence being executed. Before his death, knowing that he could not live, he told the doctor that he wanted to do some good to humanity as a slight recompense for all the harm he had done, and he wanted him to have his body for dissecting purposes. There was no law at that time authorizing a proceeding of that kind, and so the township trustee took charge of the remains and buried it in the potter's field in Oak Hill cemetery, Plymouth. That same night the doctor employed a couple of men who went to the graveyard and dug up his remains and carried them back to town and put them in a room on the second floor of the Corbin building, on the corner of La Porte and Michigan streets, which had been used as a photograph gallery, having a skylight in the roof.

Not long after this one of the lights of glass in the skylight was broken, causing the rain to leak down through the floor. A tinner was sent on the roof to make the needed repairs, and when looking down through the glass he discovered the remains lying on a table, cut and carved to a finish. The tinner was badly frightened and hurrying down as fast as he could go, gave the alarm, and soon there was a general furore of excitement and all sorts of speculation as to who had killed the man and how he got there. It was not long, however, until it was surmised that it was a "stiff," and that some of the surgeons about town could explain the matter satisfactorily if they would, but they did not. The township trustee was sent for and, suspecting whose corpse it was, took the remains over to the cemetery and buried them in the same grave from which they had been resurrected. By the time night came around the facts became generally known and the excitement died down.

That night after midnight the same parties that had resurrected him in the first place took him up again, and this time placed him in the back room of the doctor's office, where his remains were subjects of the surgeon's skill for several weeks without molestation. When the flesh had all been taken off the skeleton was taken apart and carefully placed in a barrel with the head fastened tightly, into which and in the bottom auger holes were bored for the purpose of letting water pass in and out. The barrel was then taken to the mill dam north of town and fastened underneath the water that flowed over the dam, so that the skeleton in due time would be thoroughly cleansed of every particle of flesh that might have adhered to it.

After a time the barrel in some way broke from its fastenings and floated down the river, lodging in a tree top near the old brewery. One day a man was fishing down there and, happening to spy the barrel, concluded to make an investigation of its contents, and when he did so and found they were human bones, he ran off to town as fast as his legs would carry him, sounded the alarm that he had found a man that had been murdered and put in a barrel and sent floating down the river, where he had accidentally found him.

The barrel was brought to town and placed on exhibition, and after the scare and curiosity had subsided, the doctor and others let the secret out, and after a short consultation the barrel and contents were turned over to the doctor, who had the bones properly mounted and put on shelves in his private office, where they remained until his death, when they were divided among his medical friends in various parts of the county, the skull remaining in Plymouth. The writer has seen it many times, and as he has looked upon this "striking memento of mortality" he could not help but recall the many tragic scenes and incidents through which he whose vitality was encased therein during life had passed.

A Terrific Explosion.

The most destructive boiler explosion which ever occurred in northern Indiana took place on the farm of William Johnson, in Green township, on Saturday, October 1, 1876. A steam threshing machine, known as the Feary machine, but which at the time of the accident was the property of John J. Thompson, exploded, carrying death and sorrow to many homes. The machine had been set and about sixty bushels of wheat threshed when

the explosion took place. A belt had broken, and after it had been repaired and the word had been given to start up, Feary turned on steam, and while in the act and before the motion was obtained, the explosion took place with a noise and a crash which no pen can portray or imagination picture. scattering death and destruction in all directions. The only one killed outright was a boy named Isaac Jones, aged fourteen. He was standing near the firebox of the engine, warming himself, the day being cold. He was blown a distance of 110 feet against a rail fence, the top of his skull down nearly to his eyebrows being blown off, and his brains running off on the ground. His clothing was nearly all torn from him and his body badly scalded.

Standing by the boy near the engine was William Hughes, about thirty-five years of age, who was blown the same distance that the boy was, being found near where he lay. He had one arm and one leg broken, was injured internally and was badly scalded. He died on Monday following the accident. Thomas H. Wirt, band cutter, was struck by one of the heavy wheels of the engine and so badly injured that he died in about two hours. W. W. Johnson, son of William Johnson, the owner of the farm where the accident occurred, was pitching sheaves from a stack. The boiler struck the stack in its course through the air, throwing Johnson about 100 feet, breaking his skull and otherwise injuring him. He died about six hours after the explosion; having been in an insensible condition all the time. Joseph Dudgeon was on the stack with Johnson at the time the boiler struck it. He was thrown about fifty feet, had both bones of the right leg broken and the right hip bruised. David Logan, the feeder, had an arm broken and was otherwise injured. S. P. Feary, the engineer, had his arm broken in two places. Ezra Jones, father of the boy killed, was badly scalded and otherwise injured. Clem Newhouse had his arm broken in two places. Marvin Louden was slightly injured. William Johnson received internal injuries, not of a serious character, however.

No imagination could picture the scene of the disaster as it really was. The boiler, with engine attached, was thrown a distance of 160 feet, alighting on the ground in a reversed position from that in which it started, having gone through the side of a wheat stack, thrown two men fifty and one 100 feet, stripped the harness from a span of horses and smashing a two-horse wagon. It was said by some who were present that the engine turned three and a half times round while flying through the air. An examination of the boilers showed that the material was of the very best. The explosion was undoubtedly caused by lack of water.

A Bold Robbery.

During a considerable period before and after the completion of the Pittsburg, Fort Wayne & Chicago railroad, the town of Bourbon was infested with a gang of counterfeiters and robbers who kept the inhabitants in a constant fever of excitement and fear. Their operations, however, were not confined entirely to Bourbon; it was simply headquarters, from which radiated the deviltry they concocted when alone in solemn conclave assembled. Their operations were confined principally to the putting into circulation of counterfeit money of various kinds. It was not thought, however, to have been manufactured in that place, but manufactured else-

where and carried there, and from thence distributed in such manner as was thought the safest and most expeditious. The existence of this organization and many of those connected with it were well known, but the evidence of their guilt was not sufficient to warrant legal proceedings. Some of them were, however, finally arrested on suspicion, but the law's delay and the many technicalities brought into requisition enabled all of them to escape the penalty they undoubtedly deserved.

One night in the summer of 1867 a large number of housebreakers and robbers entered the residence of Joseph W. Davis, going through the house and taking everything of value that suited their fancy. Before entering they blackened their faces and otherwise disguised themselves. They procured a large scantling and, using it as a battering-ram, drove it with such force against the front door as to break it open the first blow. Two of the robbers rushed into the bedroom where Mr. Davis and wife and infant child were sleeping and laid violent hands upon them before they realized the true condition of affairs. A pistol was under Mr. Davis' head, and in making a desperate effort to procure it, he was struck several times on the head and face, making the blood run profusely. The burglars secured the pistol and holding Mr. Davis down by the throat, the remainder of the robbers went through the several rooms in the house, taking them one by one. Before they entered the house they had taken the precaution to give the watchdog, a very fine Newfoundland, a dose of strychnine, which had put him effectually out of the way. In one of the rooms they found the hired girl; in another the hired man. At each of these rooms they placed one of their number on guard, and now having everything arranged safely, they began to "rummage" every part of the house. They made Mr. Davis open his safe, from which they took all the money and papers and other valuables contained in it. They prepared an excellent supper from the supply of cooked provisions they found in the kitchen and buttery, of which they partook with evident relish. They remained about two hours, and having finished their work, bade the occupants an affectionate good-night and hastily took their departure.

When the robbery became known early the next morning the whole town was in a furore of excitement and threats of lynching suspected parties were freely made, but as nothing definite could be ascertained as to who the guilty parties were, nothing was done. Some time afterward the pocketbook and papers were found close to the railroad track near Bucyrus, Ohio, and shortly after returned to the owner. Several of the suspected parties soon left town and others were not slow to follow, and this was the last trouble Bourbon ever had with housebreakers.

A Bogus Mexican Dollar.

Some time ago Postmaster J. A. Yockey and wife, of Plymouth, were taking a vacation at the home of T. N. Peddycord, in Polk township, near Koontz's lake. Mr. Yockey, early one morning, went to dig for worms for bait for the day's fishing he expected to indulge in. He was digging under an old log near the house when, in removing the decayed leaves, he turned up a bogus Mexican dollar of the date of 1875.

There is quite a bit of local history connected with this and other similar coins manufactured in that place many years ago. In the '70s and prior to

that time the farm on which Mr. Peddycord now lives was owned by a man by the name of Francis Hungerford. Although lacking in education, he was a man of more than ordinary intelligence, and had his efforts in life been directed in the proper channel he would have been a useful man in any community in which he might have lived.

The place in question at that time was in the "back woods," the locality being sparsely settled and the neighbors few and far between. Seldom anyone visited the Hungerford family, and for weeks at a time they saw no one except an occasional hunter and fisherman passing and repassing that way. Koontz's lake was near there, and surrounding it were thick woods, underbrush, swamps and marshes, in which was an abundance of wild game, not counting the barrels and wagonloads of fish that were playing around the shores waiting to be taken out of the wet. It was in this sort of environment that Francis Hungerford conceived the idea of procuring dies and operating a bogus money manufacturing establishment, thus enabling him to earn a living a good deal easier than in chopping down trees, grubbing out the roots, plowing up the sod, splitting rails, building fences and such like drudgery. Accordingly he procured a set of dies for the manufacture of various coins, the principal ones being Mexican dollars. At that time Mexican dollars were in general circulation, and as the Hungerford spurious dollars were a very good imitation of the genuine, they passed quite readily in the ordinary course of trade. He built a milkhouse near his residence with a lookout on top. In the floor was a trap door, underneath which was a large cellar conveniently arranged for the purpose. Here he placed his machinery, dies and metal, and forged out his bogus coin by the bushel without let or hindrance.

The greatest difficulty in regard to the success of the scheme was to devise ways and means of putting the bogus money into circulation. Hungerford started a good deal of it into circulation by paying it out for such purchases as he made in Plymouth and the surrounding towns. But that was entirely too slow a process, and other individuals whose consciences did not disturb them were let into the secret, and in the course of time Hungerford had several assistants who helped him to dispose of the bogus coin.

For a considerable time everything went lovely and the financial goose honked high. Nearly every business man in the towns and villages round about had his pockets full of Hungerford's dollars, most of which had been taken as good Mexican money without making any examination or without any thought that it was spurious, when upon a close examination it was easy to detect the good from the bad, and it was not long until it was hard to pass any of them in current business transactions.

It was then that the people generally began to try to find out where the spurious coin came from and who was the manufacturer of it. Suspicion finally settled upon Hungerford. A detective was sent for, who, after many difficulties, succeeded in working himself into the good graces of Hungerford, and finally arranged to assist him in coining the bogus money. He worked away for some time until he got all the information necessary for his arrest and conviction, when he swore out the necessary papers and the officers made a raid on the mint, arrested the old man and his son, confiscated his dies, plates and machinery, metal, retorts, and stock in trade generally, and delivered him up to the United States authorities.

He was taken to Walkerton, where he was put on the Lake Erie & Western railroad train for Indianapolis. A trunk containing several hundred coins was left behind on account of not having room for it in the conveyance. After taking Hungerford to Walkerton the wagon was sent back after the trunk. When it was returned and opened at Walkerton to repack it the coins were found to be missing and brickbats had been substituted. The old lady who had been left behind said the coins had been emptied out into Koontz's lake, and if the authorities wanted them they would have to go over there and get them. It is needless to say that they are probably still there.

The old man and his son were tried, convicted, and sent to the penitentiary. On account of his age, after a few years the old man was pardoned, after which he took up his residence in Missouri. It was not long after he settled there until the old desire to dabble in counterfeit money came over him, and he was again arrested, convicted and sent to the government prison at Lawrence, Kansas, where it is said he died several years ago. His son probably served out his sentence, but his whereabouts since that time is unknown. Others in the neighborhood who were suspected of having a hand in the business managed to get out of the country without being arrested, and so ended the only counterfeiting manufactory known to exist in this section of the country.

LIX. CEMETERIES AND SEMINARIES.

The Stringer Graveyard.

The first cemetery in which those who died in Plymouth were buried was what is known as the "Stringer Graveyard," although its real name, as legally laid out and platted, is "Lake Cemetery," about two miles southwest of Plymouth. In the early settlement of the county, in that locality and farther west, there were quite a number of people from among whom the first death occurred in 1836, which necessitated the selection of a graveyard, as they were called in those early days. Joseph Stringer had settled on the land near there early in 1836, and on a high rise of ground a short distance east of his log cabin residence a burial place was selected, and to designate where it might be found it was named after Mr. Stringer. Many of the early settlers of Plymouth procured lots there, and they and their posterity continue to be buried in that place. It is a beautiful spot of ground for the purposes for which it was intended, and has been placed in a good state of repair. To the west and southwest it overlooks a splendid farming country covered with hills and dales, meandering in every direction, through which runs the beautiful Indian river, "Wi-thou-gan," known as Yellow river, and nestled in among the hills is the charming little Dixon lake, and still further away to the west the glassy surface of the ever beautiful Pretty lake peeps out from among the hills and tree tops, a veritable "thing of beauty and a joy forever," while to the east and northeast, Plymouth with

its courthouse, and schoolhouses, and numerous church spires and manufacturing establishments, and the beautiful farm and county infirmary, presents a picture of beauty and grandeur that takes away much of the dread of passing over the great divide to "that undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveler returns."

The Seminary.

The first burial ground in Plymouth was on the lot where now stands the Washington school building, west of Plum street, and between Washington and Adams streets, and it was used as such for a number of years. It came about in this way:

In the early history of Indiana the United States government set apart certain sections of land (section 16) in every township for the support of public schools. Provisions were made for the donation of grounds on which were to be built county seminaries. The lot on which the Plymouth school building now stands was so set apart by the original proprietors of the town and was shown on the city records as the "Seminary Lot." The adoption of the present school system by the state under the constitution of 1850 made unnecessary a county seminary, and in 1854 the lot in question was sold to the town of Plymouth for the nominal sum of $100, and the town thereupon erected the first schoolhouse which was the "seminary building," in time for the winter school of 1854.

Plymouth was organized and the first settlement made in 1836, the county having been organized July 20th of that year. Owing to the sickly condition of the country at that period, it was but a short time until several deaths occurred, necessitating the selection of a burial ground or "graveyard," as they were called, as they did not seem to know much about "cemetery" or "seminary." It is quite evident that there was great need of a *seminary* at that time, as it turned out that those who selected the location for the graveyard mistook the meaning of "seminary" for "cemetery" and established the town burial ground on that lot. A large number of people, young and old, were buried there, very few of whom were known to the present generation. There were no marble or tombstone factories here in those days, and few of the graves had any headboards to tell whose remains the narrow house contained. A few headboards made of thick oak plank bore the names, dates of birth and death of the deceased, but that was all. Nobody paid any attention to the graveyard, and at that time hazel brush and blackberry and raspberry briars had full possession. Sunken ground was all that denoted the last resting place of the one who slept beneath.

Before the old seminary building was erected as many of those who were buried there as could be found were resurrected and re-buried on the grounds now occupied by the Pennsylvania railroad for station purposes, the ground having been set apart by the original proprietors of the town as a public burial ground. At this time these grounds were a long distance out of town, and the coming of a railroad was not thought of as one of the possibilities. So many of the bones of the sleepers on the seminary lot were taken up and buried there. Many, however, were left where they had been buried, the ground smoothed over, and the memory of them left to rot with their bones. The old seminary building was occupied for school purposes until the erection of a new and larger building became necessary in 1874,

when the old building was sold and removed and the new brick building erected on the ground where it had stood. Several years later it became necessary to erect a large addition to the Washington school building, and in excavating for its basement many skulls and human bones were found scattered around in various places. They were boxed, carried away and buried in the potter's field. In digging further along and deeper, for a furnace, a considerable number of skulls and bones in a fair state of preservation were dug up. One afternoon the writer happened on the grounds while a wagon was being loaded with dirt from the excavation on the south side. While waiting one of the workmen dug up a skull in almost a complete state of preservation, many of the teeth being fast in the jawbones. Perpetrating a ghastly joke about it being "chap-fallen," etc., the workman threw it over among the other dry bones. It had the appearance of being a young woman, and the query was who she might have been? The performance recalled vividly the graveyard scene in Shakespeare's play of "Hamlet." The grave digger throws up a skull and Hamlet says: "That skull had a tongue in it, and could sing once! How the knave jowls it to the ground, as if it were Cain's jawbone that did the first murder!"

> "Behold this ruin! 'tis a skull!
> Once of ethereal spirit full!
> This narrow cell was life's retreat—
> This space was thought's mysterious seat!
> What beauteous visions filled this spot—
> What dream of pleasure long forgot!
> Nor joy, nor grief, nor hope, nor fear,
> Has left one trace on record here!"

The sight to the writer was a sickening one, and as he turned away these words rang out loud and clear: "To this sad end must we all come at last!"

Oak Hill Cemetery.

When the preliminary survey had been made, and it became known that the Pittsburg, Ft. Wayne & Chicago railroad was to be built through Plymouth, and that the depot grounds were to be located about or on the grounds then used as a burial place, steps were taken by the town authorities to procure suitable grounds and far enough away so that the bodies would not again have to be taken up and removed. Grounds were therefore purchased just outside of the extreme southern limit of the town, platted and regularly laid out, the lots numbered, and drives and walks laid out, shade trees set out, grass sowed and everything done to make it a creditable place to bury the dead. The dead bodies in the old graveyard were then taken up, or at least as many of them as could be found and re-buried in the new cemetery, which was called "Oak Hill Cemetery." But it can readily be seen that with the miscellaneous removal that took place from the "seminary" "cemetery" it was impossible for those having charge of the removal to tell anything about what were the names of the persons whose bodies were being removed, and so they were taken up as the workers came to them, except such as had friends to look after

their remains, and there were few left here at that time to perform that duty. This was twenty-five years after the county was organized. Many had died during the first years here, and many of their relatives, becoming discouraged, had moved away to find more inviting fields for future homes. The town authorities did the best they could under the circumstances, to give the remains of those removed a respectable burial, but throughout, up to the time of the opening of Oak Hill cemetery, the whole thing was little less than a "graveyard vaudeville."

Since that date, now fifty odd years ago, with the deaths that have occurred during that time, and those that were removed from both of the old cemeteries, or graveyards, Oak Hill now contains about 4,000 who have "taken their places in the silent halls of death."

Since Oak Hill was first purchased several additions have been made to it, and the whole has been kept in excellent repair, and it is one of the most beautiful parks of its kind in northern Indiana.

And as the living wander through this "silent city of the dead," what a lesson in right living should it teach them. Here as many as living and walking the streets of Plymouth are quietly sleeping side by side in that sleep that knows no waking. Here political antagonisms are lost in forgetfulness; church creeds and religious differences are unknown; bickerings and backbitings, and tattling and gossiping about one another is unknown; here there is no hunger nor thirst, nor heat nor cold. Peace and tranquillity reign supreme, and there is nothing to molest or make them afraid.

They do neither plight nor wed
In the City of the Dead,
In the city where they sleep away the hours;
But they lie while o'er them range
Winter blight and summer change,
And a hundred happy whisperings of flowers.
No, they neither wed nor plight,
And the day is like the night,
For their vision is of other kind than ours.

They do neither sing nor sigh,
In the burg of by-and-by,
Where the streets have grasses growing cool and long;
But they rest within their bed,
Leaving all their thoughts unsaid,
Deeming silence better far than sob or song.
No, they neither sigh nor sing
Though the robin be a-wing,
Though the leaves of autumn march a million strong.

There is only rest and peace,
In the city of surcease,
From the failings and the wailing 'neath the sun.
And the wings of the swift years
Beat but gently o'er the biers,
Making music to the sleepers every one.
There is only peace and rest,
But to them it seemeth best,
For they lie at ease and know that life is done.

LX. THE OLD FORGE.

At the lower end of Twin Lakes, shortly after the organization of the county, a forge was erected for the purpose of smelting and "forging" bog iron ore, of which there was an abundance in the region of country round about. In the beginning it was planned and operated by Charles Crocker, of Mishawaka, who afterwards associated with him French Fisher, of the same place. Timothy Barber had previously built a grist mill at that place, and it was thought by Mr. Crocker and Mr. Barber that there was a great future for "Sligo," the euphonious name they gave to the embryo city. But the country was sparsely settled at that time, and the grist mill failed to do business beyond the making of a living for the proprietor, and the forge failed to produce the amount of iron ore expected, and after paying for its "forging" and hauling a long distance to market there wasn't much left for the proprietors. The "forge" was kept going until gold was discovered in California; shortly afterwards Mr. Crocker disposed of his interest in the business and about 1850 went overland to California, where, before he died many years ago, he became immensely wealthy, leaving an estate that ran up into the millions. A few years ago, LeRoy Armstrong, who had lived in that region in his boyhood days, visited the old "forge," and wrote his impressions of it to a Chicago paper, from which the following is taken:

"The forge provided nearly the only means of earning money. Felling trees, clearing forest land, planting, tending, and harvesting the scanty crops occupied much of the pioneer's time, and after it was done there was the barest living. But now and then in the dull season they could prepare charcoal or haul it to the forge; they could mine the ore or haul it to the forge, or they could employ their teams and their time in hauling the iron to the large towns to the north.

"There was a famous axe factory and wagon works of note and excellence, both located at Mishawaka, which city was a leader in the state at that early day, dating its rise and drawing its prosperity from the bog ore found and worked in its vicinity, and to these places the Twin Lakes metal was hauled. People hereaway, Crocker and Fisher among them, hoped and believed they would see a greater city spring up here, and all their efforts were directed to that end. Crocker never made a trip to the north but he spread the news of his works at Sligo and the excellent advantages of the neighborhood. He hoped sometime to see a city on the bluffs above the lake and to be the leading man in that development. Had he remained here and continued his exertions he might have been gratified. But, after carrying on a business under difficulties that would have staggered a weaker man, he caught the California fever and abandoned Indiana for the more promising future in the west.

"From a history of Marshall county written by Dan McDonald, 1881, I take the following passage:

" 'The old forge, located at the corner of Twin Lakes, gave promise of being a place of considerable importance. Like the famous Duluth, the sky came down at equal distances all around it, and hence it was considered pretty near the center of the universe. Charles Crocker, 1850, was the presiding genius, but the *phyrixus* of fortune failed to bring him the golden

fleece, and he sought the golden shores of the Pacific slope to replenish his depleted exchequer. How well he succeeded is shown by the fact that in 1880 he was assessed for $9,000,000.'

"Jacob Gebhardt," says Mr. Armstrong, "was the hammerman in the old forge. He has loosened the lines of his recollection on recent events to tighten them more and more every day on those of an earlier period. He remembers Crocker well, and states that that man could do more business with a ten-dollar bill than all the rest of the community could with $100.

"Gebhardt's duties consisted in part in building up the fire, which was done by laying a base of charcoal, and then erecting a cone of that material mingled with ore. All the ore was kept well to the center. The mass was fired from the base, and the flame was urged to fiercer heat by a current of air from a great bellows, that filled and respired under the impetus of waterpower. Great care was required in the treatment of the work about the time when the metal began to fuse. At exactly the right moment a break was made in the wall of livid coal, and the prisoned metal ran out in shapeless masses on the ground. As it hardened into solidity the hammerman beat it with a sledge until the cinder ran from it in a stream and hardened into grotesque forms. The iron was then grappled with a pair of tongs that swung on a lever, and by slow purchases it was lifted to the anvil where the great trip-hammer was set to work upon it. The trip-hammer was itself run by waterpower from the little race that tapped the dam only a score of feet away. When the iron grew too cold for beating, it was returned to the fire, the glowing charcoal was heaped upon it again, and again it was lifted with the utmost difficulty to the anvil. They called it bar iron when all was done, but it was far from uniform in thickness and width, but was cut into lengths for convenient handling, and was then ready for transportation to South Bend and Mishawaka.

"Sometimes as many as forty men were employed about the forge. The work was prosecuted night and day, for Crocker's energy was tireless. Scores of other farmers were busy digging the ore, some just below the dam, some five miles away; others were washing it free from soil in the creeks or lake, and still others hauled it to the fire. Men were hired from far and near to make the long trip to the foundries and these brought back with them whatever Crocker found he could sell at Twin Lakes. He owned the store there and made something of a profit on his goods. It seems to be the verdict of good judges that bog ore, instead of making an inferior iron, makes the best. It was of a very compact and tenacious nature. Axes and wagon tires were the supreme test, and no metal has ever been put into them which has lasted so well.

"Crocker was just getting ready for his California trip in 1849, when the forge burned down. He was in Mishawaka at the time, and had completed a deal by which the forge passed to other parties. When the news of his misfortune reached him, he hurried to Twin Lakes and within ten days, hampered as he was by inadequate appliances, had the forge ready for work. But the disaster only delayed his departure one year. Early in 1850 he sold out and got ready to join the stream of fortune hunters, few of whom gave so little promise of success as did he. When he had settled up all his business he remarked to Gebhardt, the hammerman, that he was worth more than he thought.

"'How much have you?' asked Gebhardt.

"'Well, counting the horses at $80 apiece,' replied the future millionaire, 'I am worth $1,500.'

"And that was all he took with him out of Indiana. No, not quite all. He had fallen in love with an excellent girl at Mishawaka, the daughter of a certain druggist. The young lady's father declined to receive Crocker's suit until such time as he was worth $5,000.

"Crocker came back with that much gold in just one year, and married the girl of his choice. She went with him through the burdens and blessings of those many years, and he died with a fortune too large to count."

LXI. THE OLD TIME FIDDLERS.

In the beginning of the formation of society in Marshall county, there was nothing that was more conducive to enjoyment and to cement the young people together in the bonds of good fellowship than the "old time fiddlers" who made the music for the "Hoe Downs" that were so popular during the formative society period and for a number of years afterwards. Amusements of some kind were an absolute necessity, and during the winter season, when the few amusements of the summer had passed away, the boys and girls determined that they would have an occasional dance—"hoe downs" they were called—to relieve the monotony of the long and dreary winters. The first and most important thing to do was to procure the services of a fiddler—not a violinist, because a violinist was considered entirely too "high toned" for the "back-woods dances" in those days. Some of the younger men who came with their parents and others for the purpose of making this part of the country their home had taken time by the forelock and had purchased fiddles and learned to play after a fashion before they started to "the new country," and had learned to "call" some of the figures of the country dances, so the getting things in shape for a start was not so difficult a thing as it at first appeared. The largest house in the neighborhood was selected as the place where the dance was to be held. The beds were taken down and all the furniture removed, and upon a pinch there was room enough for two sets to dance, provided they did not spread out too much. The boys and girls for miles around were invited and generally were only too glad to accept the invitation, because in that way they could become better acquainted, and many a happy marriage resulted from the acquaintances formed and the associations of these primitive country dances.

As a matter of fact, the old fiddlers, who were artists in their way and could make a whole orchestra, with a caller to spare, were very few. The writer remembers but one in all the region of country round about that could do it up to a turn. That was Charlie Cook, who lived a short distance west of Pretty lake, and who was killed a few years ago, being gored by an infuriated bull. He was not what was called a scientific fiddler, but when he "rosumed up his bow, and plinked and plonked and plunked the strings, and tuned her up, you know," and put his quid of tobacco on the other side of his mouth, and called out: "Take partners for a quadrille," everybody knew the old fiddler would do his level best. He stood at the end of

the log cabin dancing hall, and did the fiddling and calling at the same time, and you may be assured he kept the boys and girls busy moving to the figures, "down outside and up the middle," "balance all," "doe see doe," "cross over," "swing your partners," "all promenade," etc. He played pieces that the old fiddlers of these days know nothing about, such as "The Girl I Left Behind Me," "Jamie's On the Sea," "Boyne Water," "Fisher's Hornpipe," "Arkansaw Traveler," and the like. To these inspiring strains—

"They danced all night
Till broad daylight,
And went home with the girls in the morning."

Charlie Cook was one of the pioneers of this county, having come here as an "Indian trader" in 1832, and was, therefore, probably the first white settler in the county, and a representative of that class whose early years were a continued struggle with poverty and the hardships of pioneer life. When he first came to the county there were no white people here, and his associates were the Pottawattomie Indians, who were the only residents here then. He necessarily learned their manners and customs, and learned to speak fluently their language, which he did not forget even to the day of his death.

There was a peculiar circumstance connected with his death which is not generally known, and will bear repeating here as a mystery that has not yet been solved. In the neighborhood where he lived there was a considerable number of spiritualists, who held occasional meetings, and, through the mediums that developed among the number, claimed to be in communication with those who had "passed over." Mr. Cook was not inclined to be a "believer" and had not attended many, if any, of their meetings. However, on a certain Saturday night, he had agreed that he would attend a meeting which was to be held at the house of his neighbor, Edwin Dwinnell, about three miles distant. He told them he was going to Plymouth to do some trading, and when he returned and arranged things for the night he would go over. He rode his horse to town and when he returned, in leading him through the barn lot to the stable, an infuriated bull gored Mr. Cook in the leg, inflicting a frightful wound, which was not only dangerous but painful. Those assembled at Mr. Dwinnell's waited a long time for Mr. Cook to come, but as it was getting late the "seance" opened in the usual form. One of the mediums went into a trance, and a spirit came who was asked if it could tell anything about Charlie Cook and why he had not come as he had promised. It replied that in leading his horse through the barnyard he was gored by a bull in the leg and was so badly hurt that he would die in three days. Those present were much excited at the information, and Mr. Dwinnell said he would saddle his horse and go over and see if it was true. He did so, and found Mr. Cook gored and hurt as stated. Three days afterwards he died. Mr. Dwinnell related this to the writer shortly after it occurred and declared that the information came to him as stated, and at the time and under the circumstances he had no other possible way of finding out about it. Mr. Dwinnell is long since dead, as are also most of those who were present on the occasion named, and the matter remains as great a mystery today as it did when it occurred.

It was Charlie Cook, or one of whom he was a type, concerning whom our own "Hoosier Poet" wrote the following charming bit of poetry:

My fiddle?—Well, I kind o' keep her handy, don't you know!
Though I ain't so much inclined to tromp the strings and switch the bow
As I was before the timber of my elbows got so dry,
And my fingers was more limber-like and caperish and spry;
Yit I can plonk and plunk and plink,
And tune her up and play,
And jest lean back and laugh and wink
At ev'ry rainy day!

My playin's only middlin'—tunes I picked up when a boy—
The kind o'-sort o' fiddlin' that the folks calls "cordaroy;"
"The Old Fat Gal," and "Rye-straw," and "My Sailyor's on the Sea,"
Is the old cowtillions I "saw," when the ch'ice is left to me;
And so I plunk and plonk and plink,
And rosum-up my bow,
And play the tunes that makes you think
The devil's in your toe!

I was allus a romancin', do-less boy, to tell the truth,
A-fiddlin' and a-dancin,' and a-wastin' of my youth,
And a-actin', and a-cuttin'-up all sorts o'silly pranks
That wasn't worth a button of anybody's thanks!
But they tell me, when I ust to plink
And plonk and plunk and play,
My music seemed to have the kink
O' drivin' cares away!

That's how this here old fiddle's won my hart's indurin' love!
From the strings acrost her middle, to the schreechin' keys above—
From her "apern," over "bridge," and to the ribbon round her throat,
She's a wooin', cooin' pigeon, singin' "Love me" ev'ry note!
And so I pat her neck, and plink
Her strings with lovin' hands,
And, list'nin' clos't, I sometimes think
She kind o' understands!

LXII. TELEGRAPH AND TELEPHONE.

The telegraph is one of the most wonderful and also one of the most useful inventions of modern times. The remotest portions of the world through its instrumentality are brought within speaking distance. The benefits to trade and commerce by its use are incalculable. In a thousand ways it is beneficial to mankind. In fact, so necessary has it become in the every day transactions of business that it could not be dispensed with without serious loss.

The first telegraph line built in this part of the state was what was called the Ohio and Mississippi line. It extended from Chicago through Michigan City, La Porte, Plymouth, Rochester, and thence to Logansport, where it intersected a line extending from Toledo, Ohio, along the Wabash river, and having its terminus at Evansville, Indiana. An office was opened in Plymouth in 1852, mainly for the purpose of enabling the company to keep its line in repair. Before the office was opened here there was no office between La Porte and Logansport, a distance of nearly 100 miles, and the frequency with which the line "got down," owing to the wilderness through which it was built, and the long distances the repairers had

to travel to repair it, and the difficulty of finding out where the break was, made it necessary to shorten the distance between stations. The merchants and business men of Plymouth contributed to the purchase of an instrument, and the office was established in John Cougle's store, which stood where the postoffice is now located. An operator was sent from Chicago, who put the office in shape and taught Henry Cougle the telegraph alphabet and how to operate the machine. He was an apt pupil, and it took him but a few days to master the whole thing. In those days messages were taken and conversation carried on between operators on what was called paper instruments. These instruments were made so that strips of paper an inch in width could pass through between the cylinder and pen lever when the line was being used by any operator on the circuit and the impression made on the paper, which enabled the operator to decipher the message by dots and strokes. Mr. Cougle learned very rapidly and soon became an expert operator. He and his father had a misunderstanding and he left the office in 1853 and was stationed at Kansas City, Missouri, where he had charge of the repeating office. A year later he returned to Plymouth, was taken sick and died. After he left the office it was turned over to Daniel McDonald, who was then postmaster, who operated in connection with the postoffice immediately west of the Masonic temple until the office was closed and the line removed to the New Albany & Salem railroad about two years later.

From that time until the completion of the Fort Wayne & Chicago railroad Plymouth was without telegraphic communication. Upon the completion of that road, in 1858, the Western Union Telegraph Company built a single line along the track of the railroad, when an office was again opened in Plymouth, and the writer of this history was employed as the first operator, who continued as such until the breaking out of the war in 1861. After the beginning of the war the movement of troops from west to east commenced, and as the soldier trains were usually run through in the nighttime, operators were required to remain until relieved, which frequently did not happen until morning. The business of the road increased so rapidly from that time on that it became necessary to establish a night office and employ a night operator, which was done in 1862, and has been continued until the present time. The business of the telegraph increased rapidly, also, so much so that it became necessary to erect additional lines. As the business increased lines were stretched until now there is a network of lines on either side of the Pennsylvania road, numbering probably forty. Lines have been built along all the railroads in the county and offices established in all the principal towns in the county.

It would be impossible, even were it necessary, to get the facts in regard to the date of establishing offices and building the lines that have been erected since the first line was built in 1851. The whirligig of time whirls us around too rapidly to permit us to keep track of the rapidity with which these numerous public improvements grow into existence before we are aware of it.

A Totally Deaf Operator.

Totally deaf, yet able to distinguish the dots and dashes of the Morse telegraph alphabet, William E. Elliott, of Tippecanoe, in Tippecanoe town-

ship, Marshall county, has for twenty-six years represented the New York, Chicago & St. Louis Railroad company, commonly known as "The Nickel Plate" road, as agent and operator. Just after the railroad was built through to Chicago in 1891, Mr. Elliott took a position as the sole representative of the company at Tippecanoe. At that time his hearing was far from being good and in time it gradually became worse, so that he was unable to detect any sound.

Some years prior to the time Mr. Elliott began to learn telegraphing, operators caught messages that were sent them by letting long strips of paper run through their machines, on which the pen lever left the indentations of the letters and words so that operators could take their time and decipher the message at their leisure. But since that time paper instruments, as they were called, have been entirely abandoned and operators are required to read by the sound of the instrument, and, pencil in hand, have the message written out in full when the operator at the other end of the line has finished sending and closed his key. The telegraph letters are made entirely of dots and dashes properly spaced, and to an inexperienced ear when rapidly made by an operator on his instrument, convey no more meaning than the sounds produced by the falling of shot in a tin pan.

As soon as Mr. Elliott realized that there was a time not far distant when he would be totally deaf, he set about to devise some way of reading the telegraph by which he could still continue in the employ of the railroad company. Following the idea adopted by the old-time telegraph operator, he loosened the hammer on the telegraph sounder and read the dots and dashes by sight. There were times, however, when he was not watching the instruments, and on these occasions the train dispatcher frequently called and called without a response from the "TP" station. Mr. Elliott realized that some other plan was necessary, and he tried attaching a metal cord to the sounder and holding a metal plug fastened to the cord in his mouth.

This was not altogether satisfactory and he tried other things. An old horsewhip fell into his hands. He had never paid much attention to a horsewhip before, but this particular whip interested him. He cut a piece about two feet in length from the butt, and to one end he attached a metal plate. The other end was fastened to a telegraph sounder. Elliott placed his forehead to the plate and his problem was solved. For years he has received the code through his frontal bone and through a horsewhip. Mr. Elliott is fifty-five years of age, but he is still regarded as one of the most expert sending operators on the division of the road on which he works.

The writer, having during his life been a telegraph operator nine years, four of which were under the original paper ribbon system and the remainder of the time as a "sounder," is prepared to say that the achievement of Mr. Elliott has probably never been equaled in the history of telegraphing the world over.

The Telephone.

The telephone, which came into use about the latter half of 1878, is the latest and most useful discovery in connection with electricity yet made. In its first invention it was considered only useful as a toy, but it was but a very brief and a very short space of time before it was found out that it

was to be an invention, when permanently introduced, that could not be dispensed with.

It is an instrument attached to a telegraph or other wire, similar in appearance to a mouthpiece to a speaking tube, and is so arranged that the voice of the speaker talking at it in an audible tone is forced over the wire almost any distance, and can be distinctly heard by the listener at the other end of the wire listening through a similar tube. Telephones are very useful in transacting business, and in social intercourse. In fact, they have become so thoroughly interwoven into our business and social relations that they are a part of us, and we could hardly get along without them. The Bell Telephone company was the first to start here, probably in the latter part of 1878. The price for the use of phones was, the people thought, exorbitantly high, and as they had not been educated to the necessity of their use they did not give it sufficient patronage to make it a paying investment. Mr. C. A. Reeve secured their franchise to do business in Plymouth, and later, in connection with Dr. D. C. Knott, built up an excellent system, which gave general satisfaction, and by fixing the price at living rates succeeded in securing nearly all the business men as patrons. He also extended his wires to all the towns of importance in the county and to many farmhouses as well. He also connected his system with the long-distance wires, giving his patrons facilities to communicate with all the large cities. He recently disposed of his plant to the Winona Telephone Co. Bremen, Bourbon, Argos and Culver each maintain a telephone exchange.

Wireless Telegraphy and Telephony.

The most marvelous discovery of the infancy of the twentieth century in which we are living is that of telegraphing and telephoning through the air without the aid of wires or any other mechanical appliances. The rapidity with which wireless telegraphy has come into general use is as marvelous almost as the discovery itself, and while the machinery and appliances by which it is operated are not as perfect as they undoubtedly soon will be, they are much more so than the Morse system of telegraphy was in the early history of that marvelous invention, less than sixty years ago. The government of the United States, after experimenting and thorough investigation, has adopted it in the naval service especially, and finds that it is a perfect success. The great fleet of United States battleships commanded by Admiral Evans, before leaving Hampton Roads in December, 1907, were furnished with wireless telegraph and telephone instruments and appliances, and as the fleet moved out into the boundless sea communications were carried on between the officers of the several vessels of the fleet as easily and correctly as if they were sitting together in one of the cabins of the flagship. This is the first practical application of the wireless telephone in the history of the science of navigation, and the experiments thus far have produced results that are almost incredible. For the first time the commander of a fleet can give his orders silently and secretly into a mechanical apparatus and have them communicated instantly and accurately to the subordinates for whom they are intended. This seems like a fairy story, but it is nevertheless true. It seems almost beyond belief that a man can sit in the cabin of his ship and converse across the water with a man in the cabin of another ship without even a wire—without anything but atmosphere and water

between them. But Admiral Evans reports daily to the department at Washington from across the sea that the wireless system, both as to the telegraph and telephone, is almost a perfect success. As the poet has well said—

> We are living, we are dwelling
> In a grand and awful time—
> In an age on ages telling—
> To be living is sublime!

LXIII. RAILROADS.

The project of connecting Plymouth and other parts of the country by means of railroad communication was not seriously contemplated by the citizens of Marshall county until the year 1853. The Cincinnati, Peru & Chicago route had been talked of prior to that time, and a company had been organized for the purpose of building it, but as to whether it would be constructed by way of Plymouth, or on some other line which would leave it out, no one could tell. The following notice appeared in the Plymouth Banner, the only paper published in the county at that time, July 21, 1853:

"Gov. William Bebb and John B. Niles will address the citizens of Marshall county at the courthouse in Plymouth, on next Wednesday, the 27th inst., at 2 o'clock p. m., in relation to making Plymouth a point on the Cincinnati, Peru & Chicago railroad."

The meeting was held and a lively interest awakened, but no definite action was taken by the people at that time. In the meantime the feasibility of building a railroad from Fort Wayne to Chicago had been discussed, a company formed, and a preliminary survey made. In an editorial in the Banner of April 7, 1853, the editor said:

"On the twenty-fifth day of May, 1853, the entire line will be put under contract (the Fort Wayne & Chicago route). Engineers will be here this evening. They are locating the road this time, and will pass on westward as fast as possible. An effort is being made to employ another corps of engineers. We hear rumors almost daily that it is uncertain whether the road will be built or not. It is unnecessary to spend much time in contradicting the many rumors gotten up by men who do not know anything about the matter."

The line was established on the completion of the third survey, and most of the contracts let at the time advertised. The same paper, on June 16, 1853, contained the following:

"The contractors are making arrangements as fast as possible to commence work upon their several contracts. Already shanties are being erected in many places along the line, and we are told by one of the directors that within one month from this time there will be at least 2,000 hands at work between Fort Wayne and Chicago."

The contract for building the Cincinnati, Peru & Chicago road was let to French, Tyner & Co., who agreed to make it a first-class road in every particular, with water stations and rolling stock complete, and have it completed by September 1, 1855. They failed, however, to complete

their contract by the time specified. A communication to the La Porte Times June 5, 1856, stated:

"Regular trains are now running in connection with the Logansport stage. The work on this road is pushed forward with energy, and before the Fourth of July we expect to hail our neighbors of Plymouth with a steam trumpet that will startle the natives."

The Plymouth Banner of June 26, 1856, said:

"The cars of the La Porte & Plymouth railroad will make their stoppings in a few days at the depot grounds of the Fort Wayne railroad. The track from the present landing is but a few rods west of the town seminary, and is now nearly completed."

This, however, was after the Indianapolis, Peru & Chicago railroad had been completed to the turntable at the northwest part of town. The date of its completion to that point was July 18, 1856, and the event was celebrated by a free excursion from La Porte to Plymouth, and by a "grand railroad ball" at the Edwards House in the evening. The first train that came to Plymouth over that road was an excursion train, on the eighteenth of July, 1856, and consisted of two sections. Nearly all the cars were box and flat cars. There were only three or four indifferent passenger coaches, in which only the female portion of the excursionists were permitted to ride. David Kendall was the chief conductor. He was assisted by Welcome Rice, who afterwards and until his death a few years ago was conductor on that road. It was a free ride for the La Porte people, and a large number, including railroad laborers, shop hands, etc., embraced the opportunity to visit Plymouth for the first time. The road was completed to the water tank and turntable, which stood in an old field about seventy-five rods east of where the curve in the road now is, half a mile or so northwest of the courthouse. There was no depot there then, and the excursionists were dumped out on the ground without ceremony.

A great many Plymouth people were at the end of the track when the train came in to escort the visitors downtown. The streets were crowded with people from town and surrounding country, and amid the rejoicing and general excitement of the occasion it was not long until several quarrels and knockdowns took place, which finally resulted in a general riot. The railroad laborers and shop hands openly boasted that they had come down to clean Plymouth out, and that they could whip the whole town. A number of sawmill men from south of the river bridge came to the rescue, among whom were Ben Klinger, Wm. Guy, Henry M. Logan, High Slade, John Aldrich, and perhaps others. Stacy Burden and a number of farmers from his neighborhood joined them, and from the recruits from town the Plymouth forces outnumbered the invading army two to one. The fight now became general, and Michigan street, from La Porte to Garro street, was crowded with an infuriated mob engaged in a regular fist fight. No stones, clubs or fire arms were used, but there were probably never so many black eyes and bruised faces according to the number engaged as there were in that fracas. W. W. Hill, the Plymouth bakery man, in attempting to "stay the slaughter and stop the effusion of blood," got the worst of it, and when the late Uncle Jake Klinger lifted him out of the gutter onto the sidewalk, he was more dead than alive.

The Plymouth boys finally succeeded in driving back the rioters, and

when the lines reached Garro street, between where the postoffice and the state bank now is, they became thoroughly demoralized, took to their heels, and ran for the railroad train as fast as their legs could carry them. The train men, fearing serious trouble might result if they remained longer, blew the engine whistle, and it was not long until the "invading army" were on their way home. Several were severely hurt, and one La Porte man so badly injured that he died not long afterwards. His comrades believed that the man who inflicted the injury was William Guy, of Plymouth, and they succeeded in getting him to go to La Porte, where he was supposed to have been drugged and placed on the railroad track, where he was run over by the cars and killed. This was the end of the railroad celebration of the arrival of the first train of cars into Plymouth.

The citizens of Plymouth, however, celebrated the event in the evening by giving a "grand railroad ball," at the Edwards house, then the principal hotel in the town. A copy of the printed invitation is still in possession of the present writer. Underneath the heading: "Grand Railroad Ball," is the picture of a passenger train of cars, apparently running at the rate of forty miles an hour, but that was rather deceptive, as the passenger trains on that road for many years did not make more than ten or fifteen miles an hour. In fact, they were so slow that they were the subject of the butt of all the practical jokers along the line of the road. Hugh Rose, whom all the older people of Plymouth knew very well, was one of the passenger conductors. It was told of him that on one of his trips from La Porte to Plymouth, when near Tyner he came across a man hobbling along with one wooden leg. Rose, in the goodness of his heart, slowed up his train and asked him if he would not get on and ride. The cripple thanked him and told him he was much obliged, but as he was in a hurry he guessed he would walk on.

No more we sing as they sang of old,
To the tones of the lute and lyre,
For lo, we live in an iron age—
In an age of steam and fire.
The world is too busy for dreaming,
And has grown too wise for war,
So today, for the glory of science,
We sing of the railroad car.

Then came the following invitation:

"You are respectfully invited to attend, with your lady, the ball to be given at the Edwards Hotel in Plymouth on the evening of July 18, 1856. Managers: Tom Price, G. B. Roberts, Homer Allen, Samuel Burson, Wm. H. Salisbury, La Porte; W. L. Woods, La Fayette; C. French and Lot Day, South Bend; N. H. Oglesbee, L. C. Barber, M. Pomeroy, E. S. Elliott, John Smith and David Vinnedge, Plymouth." Every one of these men is dead, as is also, Wm. C. Edwards, proprietor of the hotel. The music was furnished by Hull & Arnold's band, of Niles, Michigan, and the function was one of the most important that had occurred in Plymouth up to that time.

The track was completed from the turn table to the Fort Wayne depot, and trains stopped there about September 1, 1856. This road was not completed from Plymouth to Peru until some time in 1868.

The original survey of the Indianapolis, Peru & Chicago railroad, located the line through the northern part of Plymouth. It will be noticed that the residence of Mr. O. G. Soice, on the east side of North Michigan street, stands zigzag with the points of the compass. It was built by Lorenzo Matteson, a house carpenter, about 1854-55, and many imagine that locating it in this odd way was the result of a cranky notion Mr. Matteson had to be different from his neighbors. But such was not the case. The railroad line had been laid out there, and grading had been done in front of the house and across the river near the residence of Henry Humrickhouser, and so on southeast beyond where the Pennsylvania road now is located, and being morally certain that the road would be built on that line was the reason Mr. Matteson built his house to correspond with the angle of the road. This line had been surveyed before the coming of the Fort Wayne & Chicago railroad. When it was found that that road was to be built, the Peru road was changed and the present line established so as to intersect the Fort Wayne road at the present crossing, where it has ever since remained; so the line surveyed through the north end of town was abandoned, the grading smoothed down, leaving the Matteson house standing "cater-angling" with the world, in which position it has remained ever since.

The Fort Wayne & Chicago Railroad.

The report of Samuel Hanna, president of the Fort Wayne road, dated December 1, 1854, stated that it was the purpose of the company at that time to direct their efforts to the early completion of the division between Fort Wayne and Plymouth, to get a temporary connection with Chicago over the I. P. & C. road, which was completed to Plymouth at that time. The road to Plymouth was completed to Plymouth early in November, and the first train over it arrived in Plymouth November 11, 1856. It was a year or more before the road was completed to Chicago.

Several residents of Plymouth were connected, in one way or another, in perfecting the organization of the company and building the road. A. L. Wheeler was a member of the first board of directors and took an active part in its management until it was completed, when he resigned.

C. H. Reeve was attorney and solicitor for the company, and proved an efficient and energetic officer in perfecting its organization and in soliciting subscriptions to its capital stock, etc. J. B. N. and J. M. Klinger, G. H. Briggs, George Edwards and A. C. Thompson were connected with the engineer corps.

Charles E. Morse was the first station agent at Plymouth, and Daniel McDonald the first telegraph operator after an office was established here.

Baltimore & Ohio Railroad.

The Baltimore & Ohio railroad was completed through Marshall county in December, 1874. So rapidly and quietly was the work done that few of the people of the county were aware that it was being built. The roadbed lies across the north part of the county, about eight miles from Plymouth. There are three stations on its line in the county—Bremen, La Paz and Teegarden.

Plymouth, Kankakee & Pacific Railroad Company.

This company was organized in 1869 for the purpose of building a railroad from Kankakee, in Illinois, to Plymouth, Indiana. James A. McGrew, of Illinois, was chosen president; Charles H. Reeve, of Plymouth, vice-president; John C. Cushman, secretary, and J. B. N. Klinger, chief engineer, the last three all of Plymouth. Center and West townships in Marshall county voted aid to this company to the amount of about $60,000, but the company failing to come up to their part of the contract, only a portion of the amount voted was paid. The line was about all graded, several bridges built and ties purchased, when the affairs of the company became financially embarrassed and were placed in the hands of a receiver for final settlement. Work on the road was then abandoned, and upon final settlement the company, having no assets, disbanded and work permanently ceased. A new company a few years later was organized in Illinois, which secured the right of way of this road from Kankakee to Knox, Indiana, with all the work that had been done upon it. It is called the "Three I" road, its real name being the Iowa, Illinois & Indiana railroad. In place of coming to Plymouth from Knox the company built the road from Knox by way of Walkerton to South Bend. It has been completed and in operation more than a dozen years.

The Vandalia Railroad.

The Terre Haute & Logansport branch of the Vandalia railroad from Logansport to South Bend was completed to Plymouth in June, 1884. In 1883 a subsidy tax of $30,000 was voted in Center township by a vote of 648 in favor and 447 against, being a majority of 201 in favor of the tax. The Lake View club, at Maxinkuckee lake, composed of eight residents of Plymouth, gave the company the right of way through their grounds, which was of considerable value, as an inducement to build the road to Plymouth instead of by way of Walkerton to South Bend, as was threatened. At any rate the company got the subsidy, the road was built, and it has proved to be a good invesment.

The Nickel Plate.

The New York, Chicago & St. Louis railroad, universally known as the "Nickel Plate," was completed through the southern part of the county from the east to west in the latter part of 1882 or first of 1883. The original survey located the line something like four miles south of Argos, which had the effect of stirring up the citizens of that town, who finally induced the company to change their survey and locate it through that town. The people of Argos paid for the survey and gave the right of way, and the building of the road on that line was rapidly pushed to completion. The road is one of the important trunk lines between the east and the west, and is especially valuable to the people of the southern part of the county. The stations on its line in this county are Tippecanoe, Argos, Rutland, Hibbard and Burr Oak.

The Logansport & South Bend Traction Company.

In October, 1907, an election was held in Center and North townships on the proposition to raise about $50,000 to aid the construction of the

above named company. The vote in Center township was 251 in favor and 836 against, being a majority of 585 against the proposition. In North township the vote was 41 in favor and 251 against, a majority of 210 against, being a total against it in the two townships of 795. In 1905 this same company surveyed the line from Logansport to Argos, and from there to Bourbon and Bremen, and thence to South Bend by way of Mishawaka. They secured the voting of subsidies in Walnut, Bourbon and German townships, but so far no work has been done on the line.

Plymouth, South Bend & Niles Railroad.

For more than fifty years the building of a railroad from South Bend to Plymouth has been considered at different times, but railroad connection between the two places was not consummated until the completion of the Vandalia railroad in 1884.

A railroad meeting was held at the courthouse in South Bend November 18, 1856, at which the following resolutions were adopted:

Resolved, That a company be formed for the construction of a railroad from the town of Plymouth, in the county of Marshall, to South Bend, and from thence north in the direction of Niles, Michigan, to the northern boundary line of the state of Indiana.

Resolved, That such company, when organized, be known by the name of the Plymouth, South Bend & Niles Railroad Company.

Resolved, That the capital stock of said company be $200,000.

Resolved, That the number of directors to manage the affairs of such company be nine.

The secretary presented papers for the subscription of stock, and 610 shares, $30,500, was subscribed by citizens of South Bend.

Elisha Egbert, for many years judge of the Marshall county common pleas court, presented articles of association, which were adopted and ordered spread upon the records by the stockholders. A board of directors was then elected and the meeting adjourned.

The board of directors then met and organized by the election of Elisha Egbert, president; A. B. Ellsworth, treasurer, and John F. Miller, secretary. All these parties are long since dead. Mr. Miller became a distinguished Union general in the war of the rebellion; afterwards removed to San Francisco, where later he was elected to the United States senate, which he held until the time of his death.

The company failed to accomplish anything, and the organization was allowed to go to pieces.

Another company was organized in 1871, the line surveyed, and the engineers reported that a road could easily be built along the line of the Michigan road; but nothing was done, and the company ceased to exist.

The Plymouth & Ligonier Railroad Company.

This was the name of a company organized in 1871. At the organization the following board of directors were elected: Samuel T. Hanna, of Fort Wayne; Charles H. Reeve, John C. Cushman, C. C. Buck, C. E. Toan, J. B. N. Klinger and Daniel McDonald, of Plymouth. Of these, C. H. Reeve was elected president; John C. Cushman, vice-president; Chester C. Buck, treasurer; Daniel McDonald, secretary, and Jacob B. N.

Klinger, chief engineer. The requisite amount of stock was subscribed to enable the company to organize under the law in such cases made and provided, but none of it was ever paid, and no business transacted outside of the preliminary organization. The company was formed more for the purpose of keeping out another company about to be formed on that line in the interest of the Plymouth, Kankakee & Pacific Railroad Company than for the purpose of building a road. Having served its purpose it went into a state of innocuous desuetude, and now is a thing of the past.

LXIV. PUBLIC BUILDINGS.

There is nothing, probably, in the whole range of public improvements, that attracts the attention or makes a deeper impression on the minds of the people than the public buildings of a county. Marshall county has been fortunate in the erection and maintenance of public buildings that have been an honor and a credit to the county. They might have cost more, but possibly they might not have answered the purpose for which they were intended any better than the buildings we have erected and now have. The first public building erected in the county was the courthouse, stipulated in the agreement between the proprietors and the board of locating commissioners, and completed according to contract in October, 1836. Its dimensions were twenty by thirty feet, one story high, and it was erected on lot No. 22, being the lot on the corner of Adams and Michigan streets. This was a temporary concern and was used only about four years, when the first courthouse built by the county was erected. This first building erected in 1836 was used for the purposes for which it was intended until the county built the first courthouse after the organization of the county, about 1840. The old building was used as a carpenter shop, cabinet shop, and for other purposes, and was afterwards purchased by Mr. L. Lumis, and moved on his lot east of the Michigan road, or as it is called, "Michigan street," where for several years he used it as a barrel factory, and later overhauled it and made it into a dwelling, which at this time is occupied by the family of John Fogle.

The First Courthouse Erected by the County.

The contract for the building of the first courthouse erected by the county was awarded to Levi C. Barber, May 8, 1840. As compensation for building the same, it was agreed by the board of commissioners that he should have all the lots donated by the proprietors of the town unsold at the time the contract was made, except the lot on which the courthouse was to be built. He was also to receive a small amount of money and notes, except about $517 in notes in the hands of the county agent. From an estimate of the value of the lots at that time, it is thought the probable expense of building the courthouse was about $5,000. The lumber of which it was built was manufactured at the sawmill at Wolf creek, five miles southwest of Plymouth. The old mill has long since gone to decay, and within the last year or two the court ordered the old mill dam to be taken out, which has been done, and the old mill, which was one of the original

landmarks in Marshall county, has passed away, and not a vestige of it remains to remind one of the scenes and incidents that occurred there three-quarters of a century ago.

The rising generation and those who come after them will be interested in knowing that the courthouse in question was the finest temple of justice, at that time, in northern Indiana. Its dimensions were about fifty by eighty feet, two stories in height, with a cupola and winding stairs to the top. Offices of about fourteen by sixteen, on the first floor, were provided for the clerk, treasurer, auditor, recorder and surveyor. The second floor was used entirely for court purposes. When the second courthouse was commenced in 1870, this old courthouse was sold at auction in 1871, for

Court House, Plymouth, Ind.

$150 to A. C. Thompson, and by him transferred to M. W. Downey, who removed it to a vacant lot on the then Indianapolis, Peru & Chicago railroad west of the present school building, where it was converted into a stave factory. During a heavy thunderstorm one evening in July, 1874, it was struck by lightning, caught fire, and in less than an hour was a mass of smouldering ruins.

The Last and Present Courthouse.

In 1872 the present courthouse was completed and the several county officers moved into the various rooms assigned to them. It is an elegant brick and stone structure, complete in all its parts; with all the offices fireproof, and the courtroom, halls, offices and jury rooms beautifully frescoed.

The plans and specifications were prepared by G. P. Randall, of Chi-

cago, and accepted by the board of county commissioners, consisting of Hiram A. Rank, Jonas Miller and Henry Krause, and the contract let to Epperson and Favorite, of La Fayette, under whose direction the work was commenced in April, 1870, and from that time on was pushed vigorously.

On the twenty-fifth of August the cornerstone of the building was laid with appropriate and imposing ceremonies, under the general committee appointed to make the arrangements, consisting of John C. Cushman, William W. Hill, Henry G. Thayer, O. H. P. Bailey and Martin H. Rice, of whom Henry G. Thayer was subsequently made secretary and W. W. Hill treasurer. H. G. Thayer was also selected as grand marshal. The following was the program of exercises prepared by the committee:

1. Music by the Fort Wayne band.
2. Invocation by Rev. George H. Thayer, of Bourbon.
3. Song, "Oh, Hail Us, Ye Free," by the Glee Club.
4. Laying the cornerstone, by Grand Master Martin H. Rice.
5. Song, "We Meet Upon the Level," by the Glee Club.
6. Address by Hon. Charles H. Reeve.
7. German song, by the German Glee Club.
8. Music by Nevins & Dean's band, of Chicago.
9. Anvil Chorus, Plymouth Silver Cornet band and Glee club, under direction of Daniel McDonald.
10. Music by Bremen band.
11. Music by Warsaw band.
12. Doxology, by all the bands and audience.
13. Benediction by Rev. L. C. Buckles.

The editor of the Voice of Masonry, Chicago, being present, gave among other things the following in regard to "the day's doings:"

One of the many interesting incidents of the day was a dinner, provided for the masonic bodies by the citizens and masonic body in Plymouth, before the ceremonies of the day, in the beautiful grove of trees belonging to the seminary, in which the ladies of Plymouth acquitted themselves admirably in all the arrangements to supply the wants of the inner man. The provisions were ample and most excellent, while the abundant supply of iced crystal water, and splendid coffee, was such as to indicate that the ladies of Plymouth know how to keep an open-air hotel to perfection. May they often be employed in a like good work, which we need not say we should be happy to witness.

In reviewing the accomplishment of the exercises upon the program, we deem it a duty and pleasure to note the excellencies of, indeed, all concerned; especially, however, we may remark that the No. 1 music by the Fort Wayne band was a credit to the musical talent of the band, and exhibited great proficiency and beauty in the piece executed—we did not learn its name. The glee club also did splendidly for an open air concert, which is always a great difficulty to keep in time and harmony. In that beautiful song, however, of Brother Past Grand Master Rob Morris, of Kentucky, which will render his name immortal, "We meet upon the level, and part upon the square," they were sublime. Brother A. C. Thompson, of Plymouth, sang the solo with great feeling, perfect harmony and in a key that sent the sentiments thrilling through every heart. Again, in the Anvil Chorus by this club, under the direction of Daniel McDonald, aided by

the Plymouth Silver Cornet band, the music was rendered in a manner unsurpassed, while the silver chimes on the half dozen anvils were most beautifully smitten, in time and tune. The local bands of Bremen and Warsaw were also in excellent time, order and beauty. As to the Chicago band of twenty pieces (Nevins & Dean's Band), who that knows what they are capable of will be otherwise than convinced that they discoursed music hardly surpassed by any band in existence.

Hon. A. L. Osborn, of La Porte, who was then judge of the Marshall circuit court, had been selected by the committee as orator of the day, but owing to sickness was unable to attend. Hon. Charles H. Reeve, the oldest member of the Marshall county bar, was then selected "on the spur of the moment," and although he had but a few hours to prepare what he had to say, made a splendid effort, which will last in the memory of the people until the cornerstone itself shall crumble to dust. Since then the distinguished C. H. Reeve has passed over the mystic river to the great beyond, and it seems fitting that at least a portion of this address, which contains much food for thought for the present and future generations, as a memorial to his name and fame should be given. After a few preliminary remarks he said:

"The people of Marshall county have met to lay the cornerstone structure, which will be their temple of justice, and within which must be kept the records of her whole history, past and future, and where must be transacted all the business relating to her people and their prosperity. Her representative business men must sit here to hold intercourse with other municipalities like herself, with the state, and with all individuals having public business within her borders; and from the impression made by them must go abroad the opinions of men as to the capacity of the people to govern themselves. The extensive interests involved in her administration, and the important duties demanded by mankind, so far as they affect her people, center here; and from here must emanate—in wisdom or folly—that kind of administration of public affairs which will make her people prosperous and wise, or bring them burdens and ignorance, and offer great inducements, or none at all, for capital or intelligence to make their home with her. The management of schools and the funds to maintain them; the valuation of property; the levy of taxes; the collection of and accounting for the public money; the care of the poor; the directions for public improvements; the provisions for the safekeeping of persons charged with crimes; the preservation of the records of the titles to property; the administration of justice at the hands of the ministers of the law—all will have their center here, and from here will go out the reputation that shall make her fame—good or bad. It is fitting, then, that the chief cornerstone of this temple shall be laid with ceremonies, amid scenes and in presence of witnesses that shall constitute the act an era in the county's history; and it is an occasion when eloquence could give utterance to thoughts in words which would leave impressions on the memory not to be forgotten.

"That ancient craft, organized when the glory of Israel's inspired king filled the known world with fame in the erection of that wondrous temple their hands created in all its magnificence, and whose order now is found in every land beneath the sun, have laid the cornerstone of almost every public building in the land, and here, today, with their imposing ceremonies,

lay down for us the corner of this structure, in which shall hereafter center so many vital interests of our people. Within that stone now lies a synopsis of the record of her history to this day. There are names of men—our sometime public servants—who have long since gone down the dusty road on the march to the home of the dead, and their busy minds, which once sat here in judgment for us, have ceased to think and plan. For each of them, 'the dome of thought, the temple of the soul,' has crumbled back to dust; but their names live here, and 'their works do follow them.' Time shall crumble the walls to be here erected. We shall be where those dead servants are, and our names shall not be known; but in the long years yet to come, nations who come after us may find these records and these names here deposited, and thus are formed the links in the great chain of history which binds the past to the ever-existing present.

"Here, too, for us as well as those to come, is food for thought. Only thirty years ago, and we numbered 126 voters; now we number 6,309! Then our whole population was only 630; now it is about 25,000. Then we had only $461,000 of taxables—supposing the valuation to be one-third—and that mostly in wild lands owned by non-residents; now we have nearly $15,000,000, owned mostly by residents. Then we had no railroads, no telegraphs, no church buildings, few and widely scattered log schoolhouses, no educational system or public funds to sustain one; now see the contrast, and realize that nearly all the vast improvements that bring all the world together in a week—a day—an hour—have principally emanated from the minds of American citizens, and are the legitimate outgrowth of that system of government of which our counties form a part.

"See here today the thousands assembled, who, a few short hours ago, were at their homes long miles away, and in a few hours hence will be there again, moving all the time with the ease and comfort of an afternoon visit at the residence of some friend; again, behold the contrast. These men whose names we have preserved beneath that stone in their day would have been weeks, by rude conveyance and camping out, in making such a round.

"Ah me! Well I remember all their faces. And I remember, too, many of the faces of the wild Indians among whom they came to open up the wilderness that has given place to all this civilization we now enjoy. I knew these men, and how they lived. And I saw the red men and their wives and children torn from their homes here by the soldiers and driven from the graves of their fathers, almost in sight of this spot where I now stand, by the sharp bayonet of the soldier, leaving the land for us.

"And all these names of the early judges and members of the bar—how their forms and faces now come back to me! The invincible, punning Everts; the English-like judge, S. C. Sample; the Websterian-looking Liston; the wily Jernegan; the eloquent Hannegan; the scholarly Bradley; the scientific Niles; the witty Orton; I cannot pause to name them all, but their faces rise up before me as they were. Some live yet; some have gone to visit 'that bourn whence no traveler returns.' But they were with us and of us; and no portion of the state, or of any state, has seen better lawyers, truer men, or, as a class, those who have left a better record. Peace to the ashes of those who are gone; a serene and prosperous old age to those who are left! It makes me sad to go back in memory to those early days and note the havoc made by death. It makes me proud to

note the progress made within the space upon which these men have left the impress of their actions and their thoughts. Within the walls here to be erected, no profounder logic, no more thrilling eloquence, no more sparkling wit, will e'er be heard than has fallen from their lips—now cold in the silent chambers of the dead!

"But the living claim our attention. Here before us is the foundation, and about us are the materials and the workmen; what shall come of it? A beautiful and substantial structure, to battle with time and with the elements. For what use? The administration of public justice, the protection of private rights, the punishment for public wrongs, the preservation of the public records. Who shall inhabit here? The servants of the people. By what rule shall they be selected? Because of their fitness, both as to capacity and moral integrity, let us hope. What a trust is here! Shall we ever have a Jeffries on the bench? God forbid! Shall Justice sit blindfolded, while Ignorance, in the person of her minister, the judge, directs her to strike right or left with her sword, without regard to the right or without the ability to see which is right? Heaven forbid! Shall public opinion, founded on rumor, walk into the jury box and dictate the verdict without regard to evidence? May a just system of education make it impossible. How shall we insure the non-pollution of this temple and make it the fit home for justice to dwell in? By being just ourselves, and fit to be her ministers. By rejecting demagogues. By respecting the law and its ministers, and by making them respect us. By refusing to select them in party or political caucus, and by selecting the purest and most competent men we have, and then paying them a salary sufficient to command their attention to our call for their services, and pension them when they have served till they are old. By crushing, with the contempt of an outraged public, the men who enter the political arena to use its contaminating influences to reach the bench. Above all, having, as a people, permitted such a system to be inaugurated, and many of our good men to be dragged within its action against their sense of right, let us do away with it at the earliest possible moment, and recognize the fact—as patent as sunlight—that cheap salaries command cheap men, and cheap men will degrade justice and bring the law into contempt; the *lex talionis*—the mother of anarchy—follows.

"May no such fate follow the imposing ceremonies of this day. May no such contamination pollute the beautiful structure whose cornerstone has this day been laid. May our judges be wise lawyers and honorable gentlemen, and may our people recognize their right to commensurate respect and compensation. May our county offices be always filled by the best men we have who are best fitted for the stations to be filled. May our prosperity continue and our county become the home of still greater intelligence, industry and enterprise, and may the reputation of her public men be such as to bring to us the wealth and intelligence from abroad which would seek a resting place only amid an honorable people, whose public servants can be safely trusted with the public interests, and where courts and the law are respected."

Daniel McDonald, being clerk of the court when the several county offices were moved from the old to the new courthouse, spread upon the judge's docket of the court on the day named, the following:

"Be it remembered, that, on the eleventh day of June, 1872, the records, books and papers of the several county offices were removed into the new courthouse, just completed at a cost of $105,000. The officers of the county at this time are: Daniel McDonald, clerk; Hiram C. Burlingame, auditor; John Soice, treasurer; John W. Houghton, recorder; Daniel K. Harris, sheriff; Morgan Johnson, surveyor; John Bauer, Jr., coroner; Hiram A. Ranck, Jonas Miller and Henry Krause, commissioners."

Judge Thomas S. Stanfield, of South Bend, presided at the first term of court held in the new building, and Daniel K. Harris, sheriff, first opened court therein with the usual "Hear ye! hear ye! hear ye! the honorable Marshall circuit court is now in session, pursuant to adjournment, and all persons having business herein can now be heard."

Daniel McDonald, clerk of said court, then spread upon the order book of said court the following entry:

"Be it remembered that, at a term of the circuit court of Marshall county, state of Indiana, began and held at the new courthouse, in Plymouth, Indiana, on the first Monday of August, 1872, and on the first judicial day of said term, the same being August 5, 1872, there were present the Hon. Thomas S. Stanfield, judge of the ninth judicial circuit of said state, and, ex-officio, judge of the circuit court of Marshall County; William B. Hess, deputy prosecutor of the ninth district; Daniel McDonald, clerk, and Daniel K. Harris, sheriff of said county, and court opened in due form of law."

This was August 5, 1872. The names of the Marshall county bar who were in attendance at the opening of said term were Charles H. Reeve, James O. Parks, Horace Corbin, A. C. Capron, M. A. O. Packard, D. E. Van Valkenburgh, John G. Osborne, Amasa Johnson, A. B. Capron, William B. Hess, John S. Bender, J. Darnell, S. D. Parks, Z. D. Boulton and R. D. Logan.

Of those mentioned as being the officers of Marshall county in the above entry on the eleventh of June, 1872, only Daniel McDonald, then clerk, is still living, and of the fifteen attorneys noted as being present only M. A. O. Packard, Wm. B. Hess, John S. Bender and A. B. Capron, now of Denver, Colorado, are still living.

The entire cost of the building, including furniture, heating apparatus, grading the square, and superintendency, was $105,000; and the entire county indebtedness for the same was, at date of completion, only $50,000, for which bonds had been issued and sold at par, which, two years later, were fully paid.

The First County Jail.

The first county jail was built of hewn logs, and was completed August 1, 1838. From the plans and specifications it appears that the building was "to be sixteen by twenty, of white or burr oak timber, to be well hewed, and counter hewn, twelve inches square; the foundations to be three sills, twelve by twenty inches, let into the ground twelve inches; the lower floor to be laid with timbers hewn as above, twelve inches square, to be well laid and perfectly level; the walls of the first story to be made of timbers twelve inches square and hewed as above, to be built seven and a half feet high; then the second floor to be laid with timbers hewn as

above, twelve inches square, to be laid in a complete, workmanlike manner; the above-said wall to be raised with a half 'duff-tail,' so as to fit down close and tite! to be two windows, twelve inches square and eighteen inches long; the grates to be let in the centers of the timbers at equal distance; the said lower floor to be covered with inch boards, well seasoned and well matched, and spiked down with spikes two inches in length, and the spikes to be two feet apart one way and six inches the other; the said walls to be well lined with good white oak plank, well seasoned and matched together, two inches thick, spiked on with four inch spikes, twelve inches apart one way and four inches the other, the whole building to be weather boarded with good half-inch boards; the door of entrance to be five feet high and two and a half wide; said door frame not less than two inches thick, to be made of good timber, well seasoned, and hung with good strong hinges in the upper story of the north side, near the east end; one trap door, made of good oak timber, five inches thick, two and a half feet square, to be hung with good iron hinges, made for the purpose; the said door to be let down even with the floor, in a place cut through the floor for the purpose, to rest on two iron bars, three feet long, one inch square, with a good and sufficient hasp and staple, lock and key, to be placed three feet from the wall of the west end."

The contract for erecting this magnificent building was let, in 1837, to Oliver Rose and James Currier, for the sum of $399. The building was completed according to contract, and many who read this will remember the trap-door aforesaid, through which prisoners were let down to the "bottomless pit" in the regions below. This structure was used until the completion of our present (1879) old brick jail, which in time has given place to our elegant brick and stone jail, and sheriff's residence, completed as stated further on.

Second County Jail.

The plans for the second county jail, which stood in the southwest corner of the public square, were drawn by William M. Dunham. The contract for its erection was let, through a mistake in reading the bids, in 1849, to A. M. La Peere, E. Compton and W. G. Norris. This was afterward corrected, and the contract let to Albert Bass for $2,380. The building was completed according to contract and delivered over to the county June 1, 1851. The building proved to be a very poor one, and of late years it has been almost impossible to keep an expert thief from escaping through the tumble-down walls. Some five or six holes, or places where holes were made through the walls, could be seen on the east, north and west sides. Several years ago one end was knocked out by a stroke of lightning, but no serious damage resulted. It was recently demolished by Enoch Belangee.

Third Jail.

In the early part of 1879 the board of commissioners resolved to build a new jail, secured plans and advertised for bids. The plans adopted were drawn by J. C. Johnson, of Fremont, Ohio, and the contract let to William H. Myers, Fort Wayne, for the sum of $16,970. The heating apparatus,

furnishing, painting, fencing, etc., will probably bring the total cost to $22,000.

County Infirmaries.

The first county asylum, or "poor farm," as it was then known and called, was purchased in 1849, of John Murphy, for the sum of $1,671.11. It was situated on the Plymouth and La Porte road, then known as the "Yellow river road," about three miles west of Plymouth. For some cause which does not appear of record it was ordered sold June 19, 1853, for not less than $1,350, and the auditor was ordered or authorized to sell the same to Joseph Evans for $900 in Fort Wayne & Chicago railroad stock, and $450 in two equal annual payments. Why the county should have wanted to invest $900 in Fort Wayne & Chicago railroad stock, the road at that time not being built, or even in the course of construction, is one of the historical facts we have been unable to find out. Practically the stock was worthless, and whatever became of it is not known. The record of the sale of the "poor farm" does not appear, but the offer of Mr. Evans was probably accepted, as he afterwards owned the land.

Second Poor Farm.

After the sale of the "poor farm" as above related, the commissioners purchased a tract of land about one mile northeast of Tyner, on which was erected a two-story frame building, thirty-six by thirty-four. This was in 1862. The building was a frame structure, not very substantially built, but answered the purpose until the erection of the present buildings. The first superintendent was Minard Taplin, who was appointed in 1862. Prior to that time the poor of the county were taken care of by contract among the farmers and people. This building was sold by the county about 1890.

The Present Infirmary.

About 1890 the board of commissioners decided to purchase land and build a more modern and commodious asylum, and therefore arranged to sell the farm and house near Tyner and purchase ground elsewhere, and therefore purchased of Henry Humrickhouser, two miles east of Plymouth, 195½ acres for the sum of $20,000, for which bonds were issued. Contracts were then let for the erection of the asylum and other buildings, and the work was completed and accepted by the commissioners June 12, 1893. The total cost of the building is set forth in the following statement:

J. D. Wilson & Son, for work and material	$24,882.22
J. D. Wilson & Son, for windmill	140.00
J. D. Wilson & Son, for well	127.75
J. D. Wilson & Son, extra brick, stone and ceiling	383.70
Hattersly & Son, plumbing and heating	4,692.94
Hattersly & Son, gas pipe, closets	70.00
W. & J. J. Geik, contract stone	398.25
Wing & Mahuran, architects, 5 per cent on coast of building	1,551.50
Wing & Mahuran, trips to make estimates	158.35
Matthews Gas Company, contract for lighting	430.00
Matthews Gas Company, contract for oil, etc	195.12
Henry Humrickhouser, 195½ acres land	20,000.00
Total cost of infirmary	$53,365.83

The following are the names of those who have been appointed superintendents of the county farm and infirmary since that part of the public service of the county was organized: Minard Taplin, George W. Boyd, Henry W. Steckman, Sanford E. Jacox, William B. Kyle, Jonas Haag, Nathan E. Bunch, Prosper N. Mickey, Peter J. Kruyer.

LXV. "BRIGHTSIDE," THE JULIA E. WORK TRAINING SCHOOL.

Brightside, the Julia E. Work training school, was established at Plymouth, February 1, 1899, on Mrs. Work's farm, formerly owned by John Ellis, one and one-quarter miles north of Plymouth on the Michigan road. The object of the school is the care and training of dependent, delinquent and physically defective children. At the time of the transfer from La Porte to Plymouth the number of children was seventy, and the buildings completed for their accommodation included the new building now known as No. 1, and the farm house. The rapid increase of patronage made it necessary in 1900 to erect a second building, and thereafter for a period of four years a building was completed each year until the present capacity—280 children—was reached. The institution equipment now includes a 270-acre farm, five large buildings for the care of the children, and all necessary out-buildings for the use of stock and the farm implements used on a big farm.

The children are classified as follows: Normal dependent, defective dependent, delinquent and difficult, and private pupils. Complete sex separation is maintained, and the ages range from six to eighteen. A township school employing four teachers is maintained on the place a few rods from the main building. This school is supported by the enumeration and transfers provided by law. The industrial training given the boys includes all kinds of farm work, the care of stock and gardening. The equipment for teaching these fundamentals is firstclass in every respect. No expense is spared in the purchase of suitable farm machinery or the employment of a farm superintendent who is an expert in his line. The girls are all under the supervision of ladies who understand the several branches of housework, including laundry and dairy work, and the girls are thoroughly grounded in the essentials for good housekeeping and good homemaking. No attempt is made to give manual training in the general acceptance of the term, but the aim is "foundation building"—giving the boy or girl a fair chance to start in life with a rudimentary knowledge that will enable him or her to make a living.

As a result of this training numerous boys and girls past the age of eighteen are now supporting themselves along the lines taught in the institution.

"Brightside" is maintained by the legal per diem, the amounts paid for private pupils and the products of the farm. It has no bequests, no endowment, and solicits no funds for current expenses. The management is vested solely in Mrs. Work as superintendent and Annie A. Barr as assistant superintendent and secretary. The property is owned and managed by

Mrs. Work, and the institutional work is under the supervision of the board of state charities and the several child-saving organizations patronizing it. The legal per diem, which is inadequate for the maintenance of a child except under very favorable circumstances, is in this case supplemented by the products of the farm. A sufficient supply of potatoes, cabbage, navy beans, turnips and all kinds of garden truck is raised and used in the institution, besides all the grain, hay, etc., consumed by the cattle, hogs, sheep and horses. A herd of firstclass cows supplies all the milk and butter used. Special attention is paid to the raising of hogs for market, and the fund from these sales and the sales of surplus grain goes into the general maintenance fund.